

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2278.—VOL. LXXXI.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1882.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS AND SIXPENCE.
COLOURED SUPPLEMENT By Post, 6½d.



1. The Fire. 2. Refugees from the fire at the White Rose Hotel. 3. The Ruins on Friday morning: the Scene-Room. 4. View from the Stage. 5. Sufferers. 6. A Fairy out of work.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

BIRTH.
On the 9th inst., at Ellerslie, Great Malvern, the wife of Edmund A. N. Roysds, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.
On the 12th inst., at St. John's Church, Grove Park, Chiswick, by the Rev. Lawford Dale, M.A., Vicar of Chiswick, assisted by the Rev. Thornhill Webber, M.A., Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Holborn, Charles Molesworth Tuke, M.R.C.S., third son of Dr. Tuke, of the Manor House, Chiswick, and Almarie-street, London, to Mary Ella, second daughter of William H. Wyld, Esq., C.M.G., of Westfield, Putney, Lieutenant-Colonel 2nd South Middlesex Volunteers.

DEATHS.
On the 12th inst., at Cambridge-gate, Regent's Park, Kate, widow of James Blyth, Esq., late of Hamilton-place, Piccadilly, and daughter of the late Rev. George Heriot, of Fellow Hills, Berwickshire, aged 33.
On the 6th inst., at The Knowle, Hazelwood, near Derby, Eliza Matilda Hull, widow of William Winstanley Hull, Esq., M.A. Deeply regretted.
On the 7th inst., at St. Andrews, Fife, N.B., in his 16th year, Gilbert Douglas, youngest son of Sir Charles M. Ochterlony, Bart., of Ochterlony, Forfarshire, N.B.
On the 8th inst., at San Remo, Riviera, Italy, after a long illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, of Florence, Member of the London Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and wife of Henry John Murray, Esq., many years in H. M.'s Consular Service.

NOW READY,
PRICE ONE SHILLING; INLAND POSTAGE, 2½d.
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK
FOR 1883,
CONTAINING
SIX COLOURED PICTURES,
PRINTED BY LEIGHTON BROTHERS' CHROMATIC PROCESS;
TWELVE FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS;
DIAGRAMS OF THE DURATION OF MOONLIGHT;
ASTRONOMICAL SYMBOLS AND REMARKABLE PHENOMENA.
The SHILLING ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK is published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS
LONDON and NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.
THE EXPRESS TRAINS
of the London and North-Western Railway afford the most expeditious means of reaching the principal Towns in the North of England, the Midland Manufacturing Districts, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, including Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Chester, Dublin, Slough, London, Wolverhampton, Preston, Carlisle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness.
A FAST AND FREQUENT SERVICE OF TRAINS IS RUN FROM LONDON TO BIRMINGHAM in 3 Hours.
LONDON TO MANCHESTER in 4½ Hours.
LONDON TO LIVERPOOL in 5 Hours.
WEST COAST ROUTE TO AND FROM SCOTLAND.—Direct trains to and from London (Euston), Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., and Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, and the North.
For particulars of Train Service see the Company's Time Books and Bills.

OMNIBUSES FOR USE OF FAMILY PARTIES
Travelling by London and North-Western Railway.
The London and North-Western Railway Company provide Small Omnibuses, capable of carrying six persons inside and two outside, with the usual quantity of luggage, to meet Trains at Euston Station, London; Lime-street Station, Liverpool; and at London-road Station, Manchester, when previously ordered.
Orders for these vehicles can be given either direct to the Station Masters at the various Terminals, or by advising the Station Master at the starting point of the journey (if a London and North-Western station).
The charge for the use of an Omnibus will be One Shilling per mile (Driver and a reasonable quantity of luggage included), with a minimum charge of Three Shillings.
Euston Station, December, 1882.
G. FINDLAY, General Manager.

BELGIAN STATE MAIL STEAMERS.
DOVER and OSTEND.
The shortest and most direct route from London to Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Brindisi, and the East.
These splendid Mail Steamers are the swiftest and best manned in the Channel.
London to Brussels, 9½ hours; Cologne, 15; Lucerne, 23; Milan (via St. Gothard), 25 hours. Daily departures from Dover, 9.30, and 10 p.m.; and from Ostend, 10.30 a.m. and 8.10 p.m. for England. Fares to Brussels—First Class, 49.50; Second Class, 36.35. Return Tickets, First Class, 75.10; Second Class, 55.50. Children half price Single Tickets only. Sleeping Cars between Brussels, Germany, Switzerland, Italy (via St. Gothard). Carriage of postal packets, valuables, &c. Head Agency, Continental Parcels' Express, 53, Gracechurch-street, London.

CHRISTMAS LECTURES.
ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.
Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, W.—Professor TYNDALL, D.C.L., F.R.S., will give a Course of SIX LECTURES (adapted to a Juvenile Audience) on **"LIGHT AND THE EYE,"** on THURSDAY NEXT, DEC. 28, at Three o'Clock; to be continued on Dec. 30; and Jan. 2, 4, 6, 9, 1883. Subscription (for Non-Members) to this Course, One Guinea (Children under Sixteen, Half a Guinea); to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas. Tickets may be obtained at the Institution daily; or sent by post on receipt of cheque or Post-Office Order (crossed Drummond and Co.).

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS.—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION;" "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM;" "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," with all his other Great Pictures.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street. Daily, 10 to 6. 1s.

WILL CLOSE THIS DAY (Saturday).—THE
EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS,
by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools, at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling.

THEATRE MONTE CARLO,
from JAN. 15 to MARCH 16, 1883.
LYRICAL REPRESENTATIONS
(French).
LES NOCES DE FIGARO.
LE PARDON DE PLOERMEL.
PAUST.
VIOLETTA.
MIGNON.
GALATHEE.
LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.
LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.
LE DOMINO NOIR.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.

ARTISTS ENGAGED.
Madame VAN ZANDT.
Madame JULEBRONN.
Madame HAMAN.
Madame ENGALLY.
Madame BRAUDIN.
Madame MANSOUR.
Madame STUARDA.
Monsieur MAUREL.
Monsieur TALAZAC.
Monsieur DUFRICHE.
Monsieur PLANCON.

LYCEUM.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, EVERY
EVENING, at 7.45.—Benedict, Mr. Henry Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry.
MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, and SATURDAYS, Dec. 23, Dec. 30, Jan. 6, and Jan. 13, at Two o'Clock. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open, Ten to Five.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.
ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL, REGENT-STREET AND PICCADILLY.
RETURN OF THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS
after one of the most brilliantly successful tours on record.
REOPENING AT THE ST. JAMES'S HALL
with
ENTIRELY NEW and MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT
on BOXING-DAY, DEC. 26.
Tickets and places can now be obtained at Mr. Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, for every performance up to the end of January. Visitors from the country can secure places or tickets by sending P.O.O., with stamped and directed envelope, payable A. Austin, Piccadilly.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.
The World-famed
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS
will commence their
EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL SERIES OF HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES.
on BOXING-DAY, TUESDAY, DEC. 26,
with one of the Strongest and most Attractive Programmes ever presented.
EVERY AFTERNOON at THREE. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT,
until JAN. 10,
after which date they will be resumed in their regular order.
FIVE THOUSAND SHILLING SEATS.
Doors open for the day performance, on Boxing-Day, at 1.30; for the evening, at 6.30.
All other days at TWO and SEVEN.
Tickets and places can now be secured at Austin's Ticket-Office, St. James's Hall.

MISS MINNIE BELL'S ENTERTAINMENT.
EGYPTIAN HALL DRAWING-ROOM.—Costume Recitals, Sketches in Character, Songs, Ballads, &c., assisted by eminent artists. **WILL OPEN MONDAY,** DEC. 18, for the Season. Twice Daily, at Three and Eight. Box-office now open; and Mitchell's.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT
(Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain), ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Closed from Dec. 18 till Boxing Day. **BOXING DAY,** at Three and Eight, **A STRANGE HOST,** a new First Part, followed by an entirely New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled **EN ROUTE.** Concluding with **THAT DREADFUL BOY,** a New Afterpiece. Morning Performances, Thursday and Saturday at Three; Evenings, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 6s. No fees.

THE SECOND EDITION
OF
OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER
IS NOW PUBLISHING.
WITH IT IS GIVEN
A LARGE PICTURE, PRINTED IN COLOURS,
ENTITLED
CINDERELLA,
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.,
Which formed one of the chief objects of attraction in last year's Royal Academy Exhibition, and for which the Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS gave Three Thousand Guineas, it having been specially commissioned for this Christmas Number.

THE NUMBER CONTAINS
LOVE ME FOR EVER,
A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE,
By **ROBERT BUCHANAN,**
AND CONTRIBUTIONS BY
FRANCIS C. BURNAND, GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,
AND OTHERS.
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
BY EMINENT ARTISTS.
The whole inclosed in a Handsome Coloured Wrapper, and published apart from the Ordinary Issue.
Price One Shilling; Postage Inland, Threepence-Halfpenny.

NOW READY,
FATHER CHRISTMAS.
A CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR THE YOUNG FOLK.
ETHEL'S DREAM.
A STORY BY MR. F. C. BURNAND,
EDITOR OF "PUNCH."
EIGHTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
A BEAUTIFUL COLOURED PICTURE,
RUDDY AS A CHERRY.
FROM A PAINTING BY MARIA CORNELISSEN.
AND
SEVERAL OTHER COLOURED PICTURES.
PRICE ONE SHILLING; Inland Postage, TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY.
Published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, Strand.

NEW STORY BY WILLIAM BLACK.
In the First Number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for the New Year will be commenced a New Story, entitled "YOLANDE," by WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "A Daughter of Heth," "The Princess of Thule," "MacLeod of Dare," "Sunrise," &c.

POSTAGE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.
Copies of the number this week (Dec. 16) forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—
The whole of Europe, Canada, and United States of America:—thick edition 2½d., thin 1½d.
Africa, Australia, New Zealand and West India Island:—thick edition 3d., thin 2d.
Aden, Borneo, Ceylon, India, Java, Labuan, Mozambique, Penang, Philippine Islands, Surawak, Singapore, and Zanzibar:—thick edition 4½d., thin 3d.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.
LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1882.

The compilers of "annual registers" will not fail to record that the past week has been unusually prolific of varied events—some of great consequence in themselves, others more suggestive than important, not a few adapted to excite sorrow or sympathy. The "seasonable weather" that has come upon us is, as it has been for many days past, the foremost topic of general interest where Britons congregate. Just now we are able to translate the picturesque romance of Christmas Numbers into actual reality, and the comparison does not enhance the popularity of a hard winter. Great snowstorms have followed hard upon the great floods of a week or two since. They have deranged our industrial machinery, throwing multitudes of workmen out of employ when their earnings are most needed; blocked up railways, and buried trains in their drift; entailed a considerable loss of life by exposure, cold, and accident; and brought discomfort to all and much hardship and misery to the poorer classes. Dense fogs have, in London, aggravated the return of cold weather and easterly winds, and the denizens of the Metropolis, in breathing their stifling atmosphere, have hardly been comforted by the news that Brighton, and other favoured places, have simultaneously been basking in sunshine and luxuriating in open-air promenades. But although the great Christmas Cattle Market was held amid Stygian gloom, it is some slight relief to know that the supplies of animal food, as well as of all the other good things of life, are not likely to fail during the coming Christmas, whether the season be severe or mild. England has no monopoly of inclement weather. Grumblers abound all over the Continent, where, also, destructive floods and storms have been diversified by intense frost.

To invalids and persons of delicate health this disagreeable weather is peculiarly trying. Possibly it may have shortened the days of the late Mr. Anthony Trollope, whose facile pen and fertile imagination as a novelist have made the reading world familiar with certain phases of our social life without lowering the

public taste by sickly sentimentalism or sensational situations. Probably the productions of no English writer of fiction of the present era have been more widely read or quietly enjoyed. The same cause, we fear—our chilly atmosphere—has helped to retard the recovery of Mr. Fawcett, whose splendid services as Postmaster-General, apart from other claims, are remembered by all classes with vivid sympathy while his strong constitution is contending, we hope successfully, with complicated ailments.

Fickle as is our climate, it did not, at some favoured spots in the British Isles, prevent a clear view of that rare celestial phenomenon—the Transit of Venus over the face of the Sun—which was seen in unclouded splendour on many parts of the earth's surface, and in places so far apart as New York and Patagonia, the Cape and the Bermudas, Algeria and Australia. There is reason to hope that the astronomers of the civilised world will be rewarded for their elaborate scientific preparations, and that when they come to compare notes, not only the distance of our earth from the Sun will be measured with an approach to accuracy, but that some of the curious phenomena seen while the bright planet was passing across the disc of the great centre of the solar system, such as the illuminated horn and the dazzling ring that encircled its atmosphere, will throw light upon the composition, peculiarities, and relations of Venus herself, whose brilliant charms will not, however, be again unveiled to mundane spectators till after the present century has completed its years.

Fanciful people who find coincidences between the spots on the sun and planetary phenomena, on the one hand, and terrestrial disturbances on the other, might quite as reasonably trace the great fires of the past week to the same causes. The conflagrations which in a few hours destroyed the Alhambra Theatre, and a range of warehouses in Wood-street, filled with costly goods valued at a million sterling, teach us more practical lessons. Invaluable as are the services of the London Fire Brigade, the gallant force is quite inadequate to the needs of our spreading metropolis, and there is a growing conviction that scientific appliances more efficient and less destructive of property than deluges of water might be devised for the extinction of fires. Most of our theatres and other public buildings are so ill constructed that a sudden panic, which any malicious person could create, might bring about a frightful catastrophe, owing to the inadequate means of egress. How many such disasters as the sudden destruction of the Alhambra—which, it may be said, has suddenly deprived of their means of livelihood many hundreds of hard-working employes—will be necessary before adequate precautions are taken against such calamities?

A more cheerful subject is the opening of the new City of London School, which has emerged from the crowded purlieus of Milk-street to the breezy expanse of the Thames Embankment. This palatial edifice, which has cost about £100,000, and stands on a site (the gift of the Corporation) of almost equal value, is well worthy the distinction of being inaugurated by the Prince and Princess of Wales. More than 600 youths are educated in this well-equipped seminary, which already vies in efficiency with many of the long-established public schools, and has been the training-ground, during the last thirty years, of a goodly number of men eminent as University scholars, or in public life. In declaring the new building open on Tuesday, his Royal Highness did not fail to note that the present accomplished and popular Head Master, Dr. Abbott, as well as the Lord Mayor of London, were formerly pupils in the school, and to express a fervent hope, in which all will join, that it may prove worthy of its past reputation, and continue to flourish and prosper.

This week is also memorable in a political sense. Tuesday was the Jubilee of Mr. Gladstone's entrance into public life. Happily, the rumours of his early retirement are premature, if not entirely unfounded. The Prime Minister's marvellous energy and capacity for laborious work forbid the idea of such a dire political misfortune. Mr. Gladstone is acting more reasonably in so reconstructing his Cabinet as to diminish the pressure upon its illustrious head. The speedy accession of Lord Derby to office will bring to his Administration the prestige of a great reputation, and the services of a wise and experienced statesman, who cannot be suspected of revolutionary leanings, and who will find an ample sphere for his abilities and industry in the office of Secretary for India. The transfer of Lord Hartington to the War Office—over which department he presided from 1863 to 1866—would, if it should be decided on, enable Mr. Childers, should health permit, to accept the less onerous responsibilities of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and thereby relieve the Head of the Cabinet, who will continue First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons. There is still room within "the charmed circle" for Sir Charles Dilke, whose pre-eminent services as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs entitle him to such promotion. As it is highly improbable that, as long as he remains in power, Mr. Gladstone will change his policy, we may conclude that Lord Derby's somewhat Conservative instincts are no bar to his entrance into the Cabinet.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Commenting on the announcement that Victor Hugo would be present at the funeral of Louis Blanc, a Roman newspaper, in a not inexcusable vein of hyperbole, likens the illustrious patriarch of French literature to the Colosseum standing, all blasted and riven as it is, but still erect and solid, surrounded by the wrecks of dead ages. I say that the hyperbole is excusable when questions of climate and race are taken into consideration. If anybody in England likened Mr. Alfred Tennyson to the Tower of London, or Mr. Robert Browning to Westminster Abbey, the audacious adventurer would be laughed at (although Shakspeare could with impunity compare Julius Caesar with the Colossus of Rhodes); but what is derided as "buncombe," "high falutin'," and "tall talk" in the North is often accepted as real eloquence in the South.

So the Roman sheet writes of the Colossus of "Notre Dame de Paris" and the "Odes et Ballades":—

Around the grand old man (*il gran vecchio*) are assembled the records of joy and woe. The roses of his youth revive; but they bloom among the cypresses overshadowing a hundred tombs. Everything is perishing, everything is renewed round Victor Hugo. He remains. (*Egli sta.*) He loves the people. He has laboured for the people. Louis Blanc fought for the same cause. It is meet that the great poet should follow the bier of the author of *l'Organisation du Travail*.

This, published in an English paper, would probably be sneered at as "penny gush." But the Italians have been "gushers" for many centuries; and they like it.

Poor Louis Blanc! I thought, when I recorded in this page the death of Charles Blanc, that the "Corsican Brother" would not long survive the death of the kinsman whom he so passionately loved. In England the death of this accomplished and upright man and true patriot will be sincerely mourned, not only as a public but as a personal loss; for during his long (and, for the most part, voluntary) exile among us he made hosts of friends. As a writer on English life and manners, he did not equal Alphonse Esquiros, nor was his appreciation of English literature so thorough, so acute, and so refined as that acquired by Henri Taine. Still, Louis Blanc shares with Guizot and with Montalembert the merit of having thoroughly and equitably judged English institutions.

His career was long, brilliant—and disappointing; and perhaps the most disappointed at the results of a life-long struggle for the interests of the working classes was Louis Blanc himself. I am old enough to remember when, after the Revolution of February, 1848, he had the prime hand in organising the "Ateliers Nationaux," and presided at the Luxembourg over conferences between masters and workmen. Once he boasted that the fruit of his work had been that the employers and the employed, who had approached the Luxembourg from different directions, left it by a common road. To what extent capital and labour have been reconciled in the France of 1882 a casual glance at any newspaper will show. The Italian paper which I have quoted remarks that Louis Blanc dwelt in Utopia, but in the noblest province of that shadowy kingdom. "Come gran parte di ogni Utopia, germe di realtà future." The Italians are not by any means inhabitants of Utopia. For all their jabbering, gesticulation, and "Orator Pop" style of rhetoric they are a very shrewd, long-headed, and practical people, in the main thoroughly contented with a perfectly free Constitution, and an entirely honest King; and when they have been cured of the national vice of idleness, engendered less by the climate than by ages of misgovernment, ignorance, and excessive Church *feste*, they will become, I believe, an exemplarily business-like people, as their ancestors, who invented bills of exchange, pawnbroking, and book-keeping by double entry, were.

It was not only against the tyranny of capitalists that Louis Blanc had to fight. Hawks pick out hawks' eyes among advanced politicians. The agreeable Citizen Proudhon ("la Propriété c'est le vol" Proudhon), who had made war against the Phalansterians and the Humanitarians—against Cabet, Considérant, Pierre Leroux, Felix Pyat, and Thouret—did not spare Louis Blanc, but denounced him as a sham revolutionist and sneered at the Organisation of Labour Scheme as "an absurd generalisation of mercantile and proprietorial routine borrowed from Royer Collard."

I have heard Louis Blanc tell (it was at a dinner at the Café Anglais, Paris) with incomparable vivacity and graphic force the story of his last interview with Louis Napoleon. It was at an hotel near Leicester-square; and there the incorruptible author of the "Histoire de Dix Ans" finally broke with and renounced all alliance with the problematical adventurer who, in his prison-house at Ham, had written the "Idées Napoléoniennes" and the "Extinction of Pauperism." Louis Blanc, I remember, did not speak with the slightest personal bitterness about Napoleon III. He seemed to think him parcel dreamer and parcel fanatic, personally kind and generous, but wedded to the fatal doctrine that it is pardonable to do evil that good may come of it.

It was after the events of April, 1848, that Louis Blanc, a member of the Provisional Government, was forced to fly from France. I remember that one of his last appearances in the National Assembly was marked by a very droll but almost inconceivably petty piece of spite on the part of his political opponents. He was, as most of us know, although symmetrically proportioned, the merest *homunculus* in stature, the tiniest of grown men on this side dwarfishness. In view of his diminutive stature, he was accustomed, when he ascended the tribune to address the House, to mount upon a stool. On the occasion to which I refer the triumphant Opposition incited the *huissiers* to take away the stool, and the unfortunate member of the Provisional Government found that his chin scarcely reached to the ledge of the tribune.

'Tis but fancy, no doubt; but to me it has long appeared

that the death-roll of celebrities just before and just after Christmas is heavier than at any other season of the year. "The Last Chronicle of Barset" is closed for ever; and the ready writer, the just and good man, Anthony Trollope, is gone. "Dr. Thorne," "The Bertrams," "Barchester Towers," "Castle Richmond," "Framley Parsonage," "The Warden," "Orley Farm!"—to the making of his books there seemed to be no end. And yet novel-readers tell me that "Ayala's Angel," "The American Senator," and "The Way We Live Now" are as interesting and satisfying fictions as those capital books of his that we used to read, nearly thirty years ago.

Those who expect to find, in famous men of letters, embodiments of the spirit of their works are doomed, as a rule, to bitter disappointment. The only two authors of real celebrity whom I can remember as having looked "like themselves"—I mean their books—were Douglas Jerrold and Alexandre Dumas the Elder. Sham celebrities, on the other hand, "dress for the part," and contrive to look that which they are, really, not. Hemstich, the æsthetic poet, "makes up" capitally as Torquato Tasso, and Vandyke Brown, the dauber, is, outwardly, remarkably like Giulio Romano.

But Anthony Trollope was, from the ideal point of view, more disappointing even than Dickens, who in middle age came to look "like a Dutch Admiral"—even than Thackeray, who reminded you equally of a chairman of quarter sessions and a governor of the Hon. East India Company. Mr. Trollope looked like a country schoolmaster who did a little farming on his own account, and who occasionally rode to hounds. He was, I believe, very fond of field sports; but he certainly failed to impress you with the persuasion that he cared about the recreations of the library. Nor, with nearly three decades of employment in the public service to his credit, was there aught of the bureaucrat in his mien or bearing. The head was very massive—leonine I have heard it called—but it seemed to betoken the massiveness of the man of business, not of the man of intellect. Yet here was the author of fifty romances—at the very least—all "written out of his own head"—the writer who copied nobody, imitated nobody, and will have, I should say, but few followers.

The first time that I ever saw Anthony Trollope was at one of the "Cornhill" dinners—the monthly symposium of the contributors to the earlier numbers of the famous magazine with the orange-hued cover, first edited by Mr. Thackeray, and now conducted by Mr. James Payn. They fought on bright fields—those who wrote and drew for the *Cornhill* A.D. 1860. Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, Lord Houghton, George H. Lewes, Sir Edwin Landseer, John Everett Millais, Frederick Leighton, Frederick Walker, Richard Doyle, these "and many more" used to meet at the board of the most hospitable of Amphitryons and munificent of publishers, Mr. George Smith; and thither, too, came Anthony Trollope. I had long entertained an enthusiastic admiration for his writings, and, as I have said, was at first disappointed with the bodily man, who, looking much older than he really was, seemed a singularly gruff and ponderous personage, rather blundering in converse, and slightly addicted to "snapping your head off" if you differed from him.

He was, in reality, a very large and tender hearted man, generous, tolerant, and considerate, with good deeds and words for all who were absent or were in distress. His literary record is one altogether noble and pure; and he was as modest as he was gifted. Whether his books will live or not it would be at present utterly futile to predict. His mother, Frances Anne Trollope, was as copious and as versatile as he; yet who reads "The Widow Barnaby" nowadays? Nay, who reads "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw," an anti-slavery novel, which, I have more than once ventured to point out, is scarcely second in dramatic power to Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?

An English gentleman, long resident in Rome, and skilled in every branch of Italian literature, has asked me a somewhat curious question. He wishes to know the origin of the familiar expression, "Lingua Toscana in Bocca Romana." According to my querist, educated Italians unanimously and resolutely disclaim any Peninsular paternity for this locution, and maintain that it is either of native English coinage, or that some teacher of Italian domiciled in England formulated the maxim as a guide to his pupils as to how they should construct and how they should pronounce Italian. My querist has two hypotheses on the subject: first, that the expression may be found somewhere in the writings of the ingenious Joseph Baretti, the friend of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, who gave lessons in the Tuscan speech to the genteel youth of England; and next, that it may have been devised by the Della Cruscan clique so mercilessly satirised by Gifford. Perhaps, if these lines fall in the way of Mr. Antonio Gallenga, he may be able to answer my question. He must know all about Baretti, and the English Della Cruscan, to boot.

And here is a little question on my own account; but it is addressed only to that industrious and careful race the hunters after proverbs. I bought lately in the capital of Lombardy a collection of comedies and farces (be not afraid, O ye London managers, I am not about to turn dramatic author) forming the "Repertorio del Teatro Milanese." They are all in the Milanese dialect—that interesting jargon in which the word "minga" seems to occur in about two out of every five lines. The spoken Milanese I can no more follow than I can follow Chinese; but it is easy enough to read. Among these productions in the Milanese "Tim Bobbin," I light upon a play entitled "Ona Man lava l'altra, e tutt e Do laven la Faccia"—one hand washes the other, and both hands wash the face. Have we any English equivalent to this proverbial locution? I hold it to be a wonderfully expressive one. How applicable it would be to a combination of determined liars or a "syndicate" of unscrupulous speculators bent on bolstering up

a "bogus" financial enterprise. A would whitewash the fraudulent operations of B; while both would combine to cover, with an ægis of resplendent plaster, the colossal knavery of C—say the Hand-in-Your-Pocket-Universal-Market-Rigging Company, Unlimited.

Perhaps I shall find this to me hitherto unknown proverb (I daresay somebody will write from Popweazelton-cum-Suetton or Fryingpan-cum-Firely to say, "Sir,—I am surprised at your being ignorant of the fact that, &c., &c.") in a wonderful storehouse of linguistic erudition which I have just obtained, "Proverbi Latini, illustrati da Alto Vannucci" (Milan, 1882). Signore Vannucci, evidently thinking that there is nothing new under the sun, draws a curious parallel between Cromwell's (?) "Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry," the Spanish "A Dios rogando y con el mazo dando," the French "Dieu donne fil à toile ourdie," the Italian "Invoca i Santi e dà di piglio all' aratro," and the Latin "Dei facientes adjuvant." Unfortunately, I have only the second volume of Vannucci. The bookseller has sent to Milan for the first volume; but Rome was not built in a day, and booksellers' parcels, in Italy, are long in coming to hand.

"London. The Alhambra Theatre destroyed by fire. No victims." That was the startling announcement which I read in the telegraphic intelligence of the *Fanfulla* this morning. But, respected *Fanfulla*, many scores of "victims" must necessarily be made through the burning down of the great theatre in Leicester-square. It is towards Christmas-time that "the Ants behind the Baize" are most laboriously busy. Scene-painters and scene-shifters, stage carpenters and property men, supernumeraries, ballet-girls, and "extras" are all toiling and moiling night and day, with the intent of diverting you and your children at Christmas-time; and all for a little bit of bread. The burning down of a great theatre means not only the throwing out of employment of a great tribe of industrious and harmless folk, but the destruction of workmen's tools and the dresses of poor young women, and the spreading far and wide of misery and destitution. But there is no calling more thoroughly and spontaneously charitable than the theatrical one; and if there are any victims in purse through the burning of the Alhambra they will be helped at once, I hope and believe.

The house has had a strange history. I mind it when it was "a place with a Greek name," as Cobbett used to say of Exeter Hall—a "Panopticon," or something of that kind, of Science and Art, started under illustrious auspices, which turned out a dead failure. I mind it as a circus, under the lesseeship of the late indefatigable E. T. Smith, and as an arena for Mr. Rarey's exhibition of horse-taming—every stage in which process is represented on a *reposé* vase more than two thousand years old, found in the tomb of one of the ancient Scythian Kings, which is now in the Kertch Museum of the Palace of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. And I think that I once attended a Revivalist service at the Alhambra.

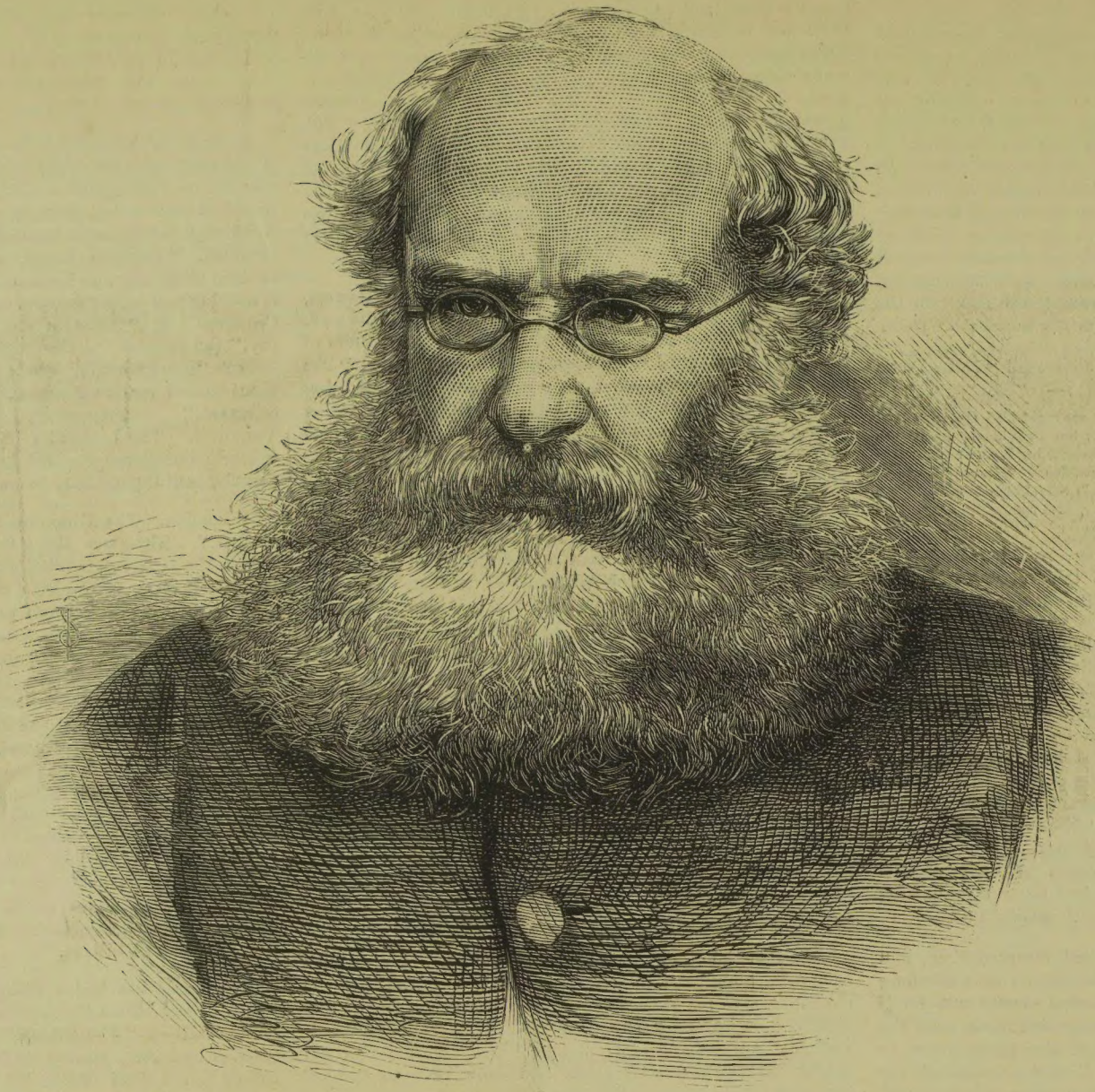
Its career as a Music Hall, and its disestablishment as such at the hands of the Middlesex Magistrates, are matters of more recent history. Do you remember the "War Whoop at the Alhambra"? That was during the Franco-German war in 1870—in the late Mr. Sawyer's time, and just after the refusal of the dancing license to the place. The enterprising lessee, not to be baffled by the unkind action of the Areopagus of Clerkenwell-green, determined to "take it out" in international noise; so, every evening towards the close of the performance he organised one band, which played the "Marsellaise," the strains of which were immediately followed by the enlivening notes of the German "Wacht am Rhein." Then ensued the Alhambresque "War Whoop." The Frenchmen in the house cheered their own melody to the echo, and groaned, whistled, and yelled at the Teutonic air. The Germans, on their side, received the "Wacht am Rhein" with clamorous exultation, and hooted and bellowed at the "Marsellaise." The English portion of the audience impartially screamed and howled. The appalling *charivari* nightly drew crowds to the Alhambra; but the excitement did not last long.

The Samuel Pepys Memorial. A circular in explanation of this excellent movement reaches me from home; and I am very glad to advocate the intent set forth by the promoters. At the head of the committee-list I find the name of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh; as Master of the Trinity House. Mr. Pepys, you will remember, was fond of dining with the Elder Brethren, whom for some reason, to me occult, he styles the "old jokers" of the Trinity House. Then come, among others, the Master of Magdalen College, Oxford; the President of the Royal Society; the late Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, Bart.; the Secretary of the Admiralty; the Master of the Clothworkers' Company; and the Rector of St. Olave's, Hart-street, and All Hallows', Staining, the Rev. Alfred Povah, M.A. In all these cases it may be said, without exaggeration, that *noblesse oblige*. The Admiralty, the Trinity House, the Corporation, the University, the Royal Society, and the City parishes are all associated with and have reason to be proud of Sam Pepys.

It is well observed in the Circular now before me that there is no place more intimately associated with the Diarist than the old Church of St. Olave, Hart-street, where lie the remains of his wife, to whose memory he raised an imposing monument, and where his own body (removed from Clapham, where he died) was interred in 1703. It has, therefore, been resolved to make an appeal to the public to assist in obtaining funds for the purpose of raising a suitable monument to Samuel Pepys in the church in which he worshipped for so many years, and in which his ashes and those of his wife and brother repose. The treasurer of the Pepys Memorial Fund is Mr. Owen Roberts, M.A., F.S.A., Clothworkers' Hall, E.C.; and the Honorary Secretary is Mr. H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A., 6, Minford-gardens, West Kensington Park, W.

Mem.: Samuel Pepys was something more than a gossiping Diarist—something more than a musician, an antiquary, and a bibliophile—something more than one who has amused the leisure hours of a nation. In an age of almost unparalleled venality and profligacy, he was an honest, upright, and patriotic man; he was a public servant to whom England owes an immense debt of gratitude as the reorganiser of her Navy.

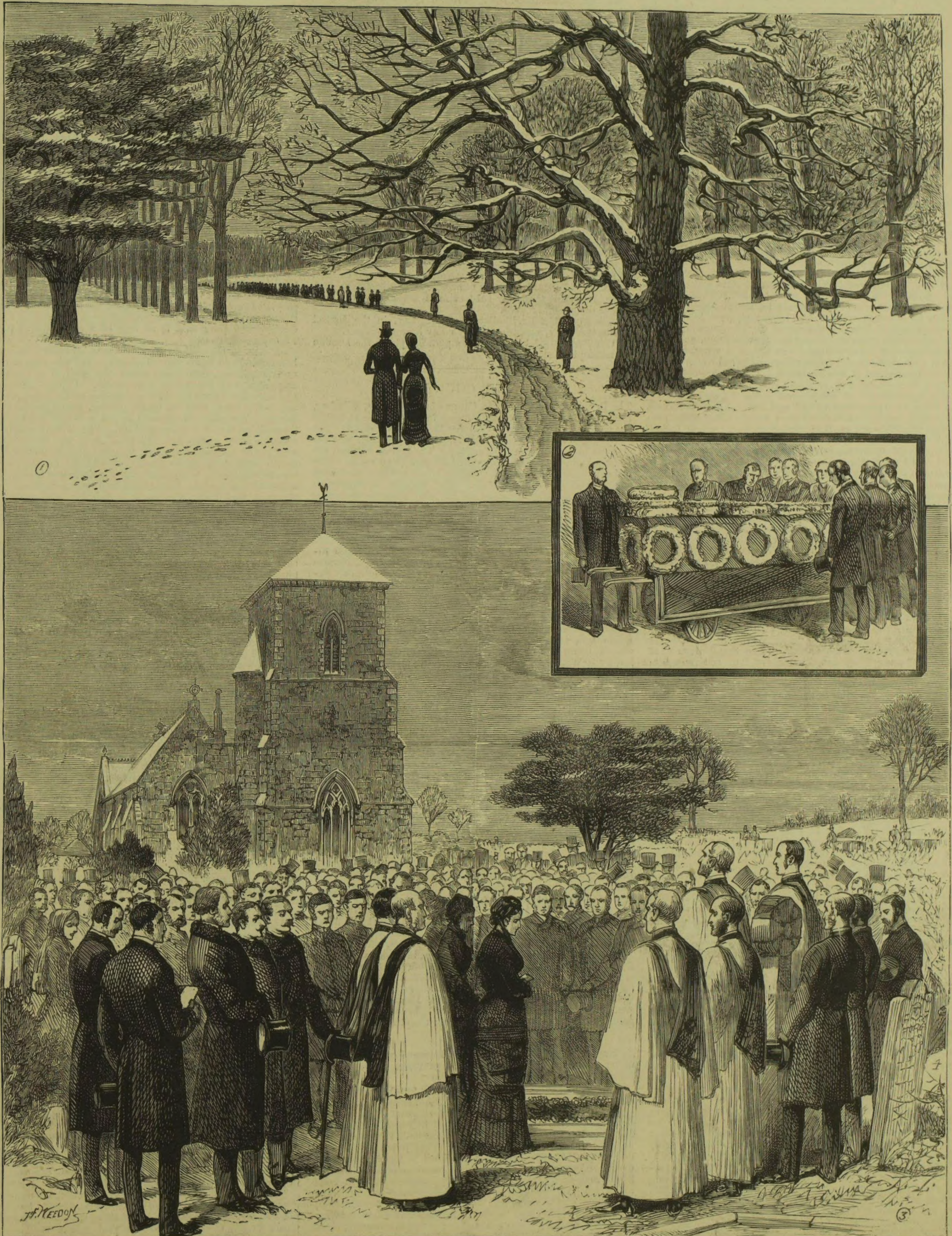
G. A. S.



THE LATE MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.



THE FIRE IN WOOD-STREET, CITY.



1. The Funeral Procession passing through Addington Park.

2. The Coffin on the Parish Bier.

3. The Ceremony in Addington Churchyard.

FUNERAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AT ADDINGTON.

THE LATE MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Another—and few are now left—of the favourite popular authors and literary contemporaries of the elder generation, by which is here meant the elderly or middle-aged persons now living, has been taken away. Anthony Trollope has followed Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot, and Lord Lytton, whom some of us knew first and best as Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer—with the secondary names of Charles Lever, Charles Kingsley, and Whyte Melville, and other clever novelists—not to mention the wits and humourists, or the playful satirists of society, the pleasing writers of slight essays, sketches, farces, and comic *jeux d'esprit*, who contributed to our mental recreation a quarter of a century ago. The supply of interesting, or at least entertaining fiction, will probably be kept up for the demand of the younger generation in sufficient quantity, and it may be of equally sound and may quality, in the years to come; but it can hardly represent the same mood and vein of thought. Symptoms of a considerable alteration in public taste, arising perhaps from a change in the general drift of social habits and manners and in the sentiment of domestic life, whether for better or for worse, are tolerably apparent in the tone and style of current novels. It is not intended, however, upon this occasion to analyse the literary characteristics of the past or present day; only to point out that Anthony Trollope, as well as Thackeray and Dickens, belonged to the middle period of the nineteenth century, though he has lived and worked on, with scarcely abated vigour, to within less than twenty years of its approaching end.

Mr. Anthony Trollope—to speak more properly of the deceased gentleman's personal career—was born on April 24, 1815, second son of Mr. T. A. Trollope, barrister-at-law, and of Mrs. Trollope, authoress of "Domestic Manners in America" and of "Widow Barnaby" and other popular novels, who died in 1863. His elder brother is Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, born in 1810, who has resided many years at Florence, and has written a history of the Florentine Commonwealth, and other works of Italian history, biography, and local description, besides a variety of tales and sketches. Mr. Anthony Trollope was educated at Winchester and Harrow Schools, and under private tuition at Brussels, after which he obtained a clerkship in the General Post Office. He continued in that department of the Government service till about eight years ago, rising to a high position, and being much employed in travelling to inspect and reorganise the postal arrangements, not only within the United Kingdom, but in the Colonies and in foreign States. A prolonged sojourn in Ireland, upon official duty, enabled him to write two Irish stories "The Macdermotts of Ballycloran" and "The Kellys and the O'Kellys," published in 1847 and 1848. He then turned, for a short time, to a different line of imaginative fiction, producing "La Vendée, an Historical Romance," which had no great success. In 1855 he won the hearts of the novel-reading public by his engaging portraiture of "The Warden," who is the Rev. Septimus Harding, a modest, faithful, amiable clergyman holding an almost sinecure post on an old charitable foundation in a cathedral town, which is threatened by the sweeping hand of modern Radical Reform. This story was followed, in 1857, by the appearance of "Barchester Towers" in the *Cornhill Magazine*, then under Mr. Thackeray's editorship; and here it was that Mr. Anthony Trollope's keen perception of the peculiar influence of clerical and other professional habits upon the characters of men, and of men's wives, began to be shown in such personages as Dr. and Mrs. Proudie, the Bishop and Bishoppers, Archdeacon and Mrs. Grantley, and others of the admirable "Barchester series" of his successive productions. No finer specimens of humorous insight and delicate exactness in the representation of class types of English society have been wrought out by any novelist or essayist since Addison wrote the "Spectator." The Barchester stories properly include "Dr. Thorne," "The Warden," "Barchester Towers," "Framley Parsonage," "The Small House at Allington," and "The Last Chronicle of Barset;" though in several other tales, which belong to a different range of social life, the author chose to re-introduce some of the persons who had figured in the vicinity of his ideal English county capital, with its Cathedral Chapter, its doctors and attorneys, and the nobility and gentry of the shire.

We expect that this series of Mr. Anthony Trollope's novels will be studied, enjoyed, and believed in, as truthful pictures of English country life in the nineteenth century among the upper classes of a provincial neighbourhood, long after his other works shall have been forgotten. They will probably outlive the realities which are so vividly delineated in the behaviour and sentiments of "the dignified clergy," when our ecclesiastical establishments shall have undergone a process of modification demanded by the ideas of the age. In some of these stories, more especially, "The Small House at Allington," and "The Last Chronicle of Barsetshire," Anthony Trollope has achieved the far higher success of a true conception and impersonation of noble and beautiful individual characters, which are too seldom met with in the remainder of his novels. Although himself, like Fielding and Thackeray, of robust masculine fibre of mind, one such as whom Thackeray used to call "a man's man," he could equal Richardson in delineating the emotional and moral nature of woman; in giving true expression to her feelings, her scruples, doubts, and fears; and in appreciating not only the mutual play of complacency in the converse of persons of the opposite sexes, but the confidences exchanged by women apart, or the reserves which they may keep towards each other. It is likely that Anthony Trollope's novels owe their acceptance, in some degree, among lady readers who have acquired a certain experience of life, to his remarkable command of this field of observation, in which he excels both Thackeray and Dickens, if not every male author of his time. His female critics, indeed, are often found not so well satisfied with the manner in which he disposes of Lily Dale, whose character and conduct we must hold, on the contrary, to be just, perfectly consistent, genuine, noble, and true to the best moral instincts of her sex. The question of her deciding never to admit a second love, after being made the victim of unmanly treachery in her first love, is one that turns upon her experience of the unworthiness of men, not upon an absolute loss of the capacity of loving in her own heart; and she remains herself as worthy to be loved as before. The sisterly kindness of Bell to Lily is portrayed in a charming manner; and the author has presented to our acquaintance, in the best of his other young women, Grace Crawley, Lucy Robartes, and several more, good models of feminine disposition. It must be confessed that not one of his male characters, though true enough to the ordinary tenor of conduct and demeanour in their class, and to broad indications of prevailing motive, has much originality of conception. They are men of common types, devoid of high aspirations, seeking in different ways the immediate objects of personal gratification, incapable of heroic self-devotion, or of any kind of valiant enterprise. Their best praise, when supposed to be virtuous, is that of honestly discharging their precise obligations and practising no concealment; but prudential

abstinence from all that might compromise his freedom of action is the implied first duty of man in his social relations. Such characters may be trustworthy and respectable, but cannot be interesting as heroes of fiction. Poor Mr. Crawley, the awkward, meagre, ascetic rural pastor, half-wild from domestic misery and tortured by a false criminal accusation, is more of a hero than any of these clever gentlemen and smooth men of the world.

The above remarks may serve to indicate what in our judgment are the limitations of Anthony Trollope's powers of conceiving, or at least representing, the varieties of human character, and the workings of human emotion. All his other writings, skilfully constructed as the stories are, clearly designed in their plots, the incidents naturally brought about, the dialogues easy and familiar, seem to lack the supreme interest of a generous and elevated passion. The leading personages, if once removed from some embarrassing complication of apparent duties, or from the accidental responsibilities of a false position towards each other, would be rather tame and insipid; unlike those in the novels of George Eliot, each of whom has an originality and force of character, independent of external adventures. We cannot here enumerate all Mr. Trollope's stories and other contributions to literature; we name only "The Three Clerks," "Castle Richmond," "Orley Farm," "Rachel Ray," and "Can You Forgive Her?" "Miss Mackenzie," "The Belton Estate," "The Claverings," "Phineas Finem," "He Knew He Was Right," "The Vicar of Bullhampton," "Ralph the Heir," "The Eustace Diamonds," "The Way We Live Now," "The Prime Minister," "The Duke's Children," "The American Senator," and "Kept in the Dark," novels published between 1857 and the present year. His books of travel, "The West Indies," "North America," "Australia and New Zealand," and "South Africa," are very brightly and pleasantly written, but with a very superficial knowledge of the affairs of those countries. He wrote also some essays upon fox-hunting, a sport of which he was fond, and a biography of Cicero, as well as a neat critical review of Caesar's Commentaries in the "Ancient Classics for English Readers." With his mastery of a facile and agreeable English style, he could treat any subject in a manner that would please the general reader.

The funeral of Mr. Trollope last Saturday, in the Kensal Green Cemetery, was attended by many literary friends.

Our Portrait of him is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE COURT.

The Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, Canon of St. George's, Windsor, performed Divine service on Sunday in the private chapel of the castle; the Queen and Princess Beatrice attending. The Premier had an audience of her Majesty on Monday, and the Marquis of Hartington on Tuesday. The Queen received the Italian Ambassador, who presented his letters of recall. The Russian Ambassador and the Chilean Minister were introduced and presented their credentials. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, received an Embassy from the Queen of Madagascar. The Duke and Duchess of Albany have passed a few days at the castle. Lieutenant Albert Victor Jenner, of the Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own), has been presented to the Queen by his father, Sir William Jenner. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove to the Prince Consort's Farm, and inspected the fat stock of the Royal farm previous to the Christmas sale, at which the stock realised £4378. The Duke of Connaught contributed to the sale ten shorthorns fed on the Bagshot estate, which were sold for £364. The Queen was represented at the Archbishop of Canterbury's funeral by Earl Sydney. The Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Albany attended personally, and the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Christian were also represented; wreaths being sent by the various members of the Royal family. Mr. F. J. Williamson has submitted to the Queen the busts of the late Dean of Windsor and the Duchess of Albany. Her Majesty has honoured Mr. Edward Hughes by inspecting the portrait of a lady which he has recently painted. The Queen has presented portraits of herself to the Rev. Arthur Robins, of Windsor, and to Beaumont College, Old Windsor. The annual gifts of cast linen from the Royal stores have been forwarded to the metropolitan hospitals.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at Marlborough House yesterday week from the country. His Royal Highness, accompanied by Captain Shaw, inspected the ruins of the late fires at the Alhambra Theatre, and in Wood-street, Cheapside, on Saturday, and also visited the injured fireman Berg at the Charing-cross Hospital. In the afternoon the Prince was present at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum, and subsequently presided at a general meeting of the trustees. In the evening their Royal Highnesses went to the Savoy Theatre. The Prince and Princess attended Divine service on Sunday, and the Italian Ambassador and Marchesa Menabrea de Val Dora lunched with them at Marlborough House. On Monday the Prince presided at a dinner given by the members of the Cosmopolitan Club at the Buckingham Palace Hotel to General Lord Wolsley. His Royal Highness and the Princess visited the collection bequeathed by the late Mr. Jones to the nation, at the South Kensington Museum, on Tuesday. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh lunched with their Royal Highnesses at Marlborough House. The Prince, accompanied by the Princess, opened the new City of London School on the Thames Embankment, and in the evening they went to the Princess's Theatre. His Royal Highness has sent from Sandringham presents of pheasants and other game to the metropolitan hospitals, for the patients.

Buy *Punch's Almanack*, Mr. F. C. Burnand and his band of merry artists excel themselves, and provide a richer banquet for laughter than ever.

Diaries and calendars of great variety for the ensuing year are published by Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Co., of Queen-street, Cheapside; and fastidious indeed must be the person, or most out-of-the-way his business, if he cannot find among them a journal suited to his requirements. Ladies also will be able to select among these numerous publications some diary fitted to their needs. All contain a large amount of useful information.—Messrs. Hudson and Kearns, of Southwark-street, make a special feature of diaries in book form, for the use of architects, builders, surveyors, civil engineers, and contractors, the miscellaneous information, calculating tables, &c., which are furnished in these volumes being of a kind especially adapted to the wants of these classes. They issue an extensive variety of date-indicating blotting pads and other diaries, besides new forms of a serviceable kind. The memorandum tablets and paper slips at the right-hand side of the solid pads are a useful addition.—Messrs. Letts and Co., of the Royal Exchange, publish their "Olde Almanack" and a Church Calendar for 1883.—A Railway Diary and Officials' Directory is issued by Messrs. McCordua & Co.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. B. Charles Stephenson has, in his new play "Impulse," handled an extremely delicate subject with discretion and good taste. If I mistake not, the tone and temper of a first-night audience—ever leaning towards fault-finding—the management at the St. James's Theatre has secured an interesting dramatic study and a popular success. Already this carefully constructed, vivid, and vigorous work has been dismissed with the sneer that is the inevitable outcome in these days of "adaptation from the French." Mr. Stephenson has candidly owned that his play has been "founded on 'La Maison du Mari.'" That may mean very much or very little. It may signify that the germ of a French author's idea is in Mr. Stephenson's work, the mere outline or skeleton of another man's brain child, or it may be that whole scenes and acts have been translated from a French play. I do not profess to say. I never before heard of "La Maison du Mari." I do not know when it was produced, where it was produced, who played in it, or anything about it. It was surely never a very popular or favourite play in Paris, or I suppose somebody learned in such matters would know something about it; so, being entirely ignorant of the character and scope of the work, I shall refuse to infer, as some have done, that "Impulse" is far more due to a Frenchman's ingenuity than to that of a clever and capable author. Some indeed, with strange inconsistency, are ready to infer that it must be a translated French play because there is a Frenchman in it! Are not authors, in the position of Mr. Stephenson, placed in a rather awkward dilemma? If, having borrowed the merest shred of a notion from a French play or novel—a notion that may be no more original than the plot of "Hamlet," "Othello," or "Romeo and Juliet"—he says nothing about it, and contents himself with calling his work exactly what it is, "a new play," he is called over the coals for "suppression veri," for disingenuousness, for falsification, and Heaven knows what besides. If he boldly puts a plain fact into the mouth of the critics, and cannot explain his indebtedness in detail, away they all rush and assume a familiarity with a work of which they are as ignorant as of the Chinese alphabet. When I have seen or read "La Maison du Mari" I shall be able to say how much of it is in the new play, "Impulse;" but until I have done so I shall take the liberty of believing it to be a clever work by a facile author, containing a story that is as true of English life as it is of French manners.

A Mrs. Macdonald, married to a man far older than herself, honourable and in his way affectionate, but who does not quite understand her, has fallen under the spell of a handsome, impulsive, and passionate Frenchman. Colonel Macdonald has been away from his wife on service at the Cape, and has left her at home with her family, young, pretty, amiable, and loving. Now, Mrs. Macdonald is not a vicious woman at all. There is no vice in her composition. She is weak, easily persuaded, more easily led. They all love her at home—her father, her widowed sister, her friends. This handsome Victor de Riel weaves his spells about her, and she gently yields to the enchantment. With great skill the dramatist tries to show, and with fine insight Miss Linda Dietz succeeds in conveying the fact, that Mrs. Macdonald is fighting hard against an irresistible impulse. Her conscience tells her she is doing wrong, and she never yields to a daily recurring temptation. At last she has summoned up sufficient courage to decline an unworthy proposal of flight with the man who has so strangely influenced her, when she hears that her husband is to return that very day. Then comes shame. She has wronged her husband in thought, if not in deed. She dare not meet his trusting gaze. She dare not take his loyal hand. She is of that nature that she cannot conceal. If she meets him she must tell all. Distracted and distressed, she prefers flight to that, and agrees to meet De Riel at a wayside village inn, where he is lodging. The husband returns to find his wife gone, and, after some admirable dramatic complications, goes to meet his wife instead of her lover. A fine scene ensues, sarcastic sorrow on the one side, bowed humiliation on the other. At the close of the interview the husband announces that his wife's father is dying, and has called for his daughter. The old man knows nothing of the sorrow. Colonel Macdonald, crushed as he is, can still be merciful. He will spare father and child the humiliation that awaits them. In a voice of stern sorrow he promises to take his wife home, her character shall not suffer, but he never can love her any more.

Now is there anything so very French in this prelude to the play? Is this not all true to life and nature as we see it? Are there no Colonel Macdonalds and Mrs. Macdonalds in England? Are there never any skeletons in domestic cupboards on this side of the silver streak? Does Sir James Hannen never listen to tales more criminal and cruel than this? I conclude not; for buzzing about our extremely virtuous stalls I hear, "Very Frenchy, is it not?" "Mightily Frenchified?" "Such things don't occur in England, Mrs. X., I am happy to say." Oh! these dear beguiled, self-deceived English people! But as to the second division of the story, I am not prepared to say that there is not something un-English and uncomfortable in the attitude of the black sheep in the fold. All is forgiven and nearly forgotten with regard to Mrs. Macdonald's scandal, when, as ill-luck will have it, Victor de Riel turns up again under another name, he having acquired his father's title and property. He immediately assumes a kind of prior right over Mrs. Macdonald, as if, in virtue of her promise of flight, she were a good and chattel of his, and he threatens that he will do something very dreadful unless the unfortunate nervous woman introduces him into the family and keeps him by her side. His power of will is so tremendous that she, in an agony of terror, yields; and the remainder of the play is devoted to making the husband discover De Riel's identity and in proving the absolute innocence of his wife. This is done in a dangerous scene, reminding one very much of a position in Sardou's "Nos Intimes." The husband surprises a struggle between passion and resistance, and learns from his wife's lips how true and how loyal she has been. If, then, these two divisions of the story do not dovetail very well together, the scenes are, at any rate, full of interest and point, and the acting is throughout so admirable and discreet that any inherited danger from such a subject is immediately avoided.

For instance, one false step on the part of the actor who undertakes the Frenchman, Victor de Riel, would have completely shipwrecked "Impulse." Mr. Arthur Dacre may be highly commended for his good taste and his accurate discrimination in gauging the temper of an English audience. He was not a bit like a French actor of lovers, because he understood moderation and restraint. He felt what he said, but he was not effusive. He looked well, and there was that sympathetic power in his voice and manner that might well have influenced such a delicate, sensitive creature as Mrs. Macdonald. In the character of this interesting lady Miss Linda Dietz surprised her audience. It was the kind of personation that comes at rare intervals. This young actress accurately portrayed the mind of the tempted heroine in all its difficulties, doubts, and distresses. She became that woman for the time being. She identified herself with the part at the outset, and never left it. Miss Linda Dietz before

the husband's arrival was really tormented with an agony of doubt; at the painful interview she was truly heart-broken and crushed. In the Paris scenes her alarm was vivid, her dejection was visible. This is the style of acting that we see so very seldom in England. Characters are acted; but they are not personated. Actresses pretend to be certain people, but they are only themselves. Miss Linda Dietz, for the time being, was Mrs. Macdonald. Another very excellent performance was that of Mr. Wenman, the soldier, the stern husband, the disciplinarian, but with a warm and affectionate heart beating under his waistcoat. This was a very able instance of acting, and compares very favourably with much one sees and hears highly applauded on the French stage. In fact, there are scenes in this play that would not be nearly so well interpreted at the Vaudeville in Paris. Should we prefer Berton to Mr. Arthur Dacre? I say no. Should we ask for dear old Parade instead of Mr. Wenman? Certainly not. And I do not believe there are many French actresses who would play Mrs. Macdonald better than Miss Linda Dietz.

And then the comedy. They have comedians at the Vaudeville. They have Dieudonné and Alexis, and many more. But could we in such characters as the widow Mrs. Beresford, as the thoroughly genial "swell" Captain (Richon), or as the inquisitive spinster Miss Kelmere improve upon Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Gaston Murray? I really think not. The acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the assistant scenes of this play is comedy in its most exhilarating and refreshing guise. They are pictures of manners and of English character. There is not a trace of over colour or gaudiness in tint. We know the semi-affected, good-hearted English officer; we appreciate the light-hearted, the merry widow. Let us give honour where honour is due. We have all studied French acting, and skimmed the cream off it. There is plenty of bad acting in France, as there is in England. Before the Co-operative Stores were called into action, it was the fashion to abuse the greedy tradesmen; but when the tradesmen lowered their flag, there was no use in advocating the stores. It is just the same with acting. There was a time when we wanted the corrective example of French art. We do not want it nearly so much now—if at all. Mr. Hare has done wonders with the stage management and the intelligent direction that is the making of successful plays. We need not take the night mail to Paris to see a play more interesting or better acted than "Impulse" at the St. James's Theatre.

The importance of the play just discussed necessarily makes me a little in arrear in posting up my dramatic diary. Next week I must supply the omission. Then I shall have to tell of the clever revival of "The Rivals," with an excellent cast, at Mr. Thorne's Vaudeville Theatre; of the opening of a pretty little play box, called "The Novelty," opposite the famous Freemasons' Tavern; and of the success, I hope, of Mr. Savile Clarke's jeu d'esprit, "An Adamless Eden," at the Opéra Comique. But the managers do not intend to allow the dramatic critics any rest this Christmas. Here is the "impulsive" Mr. Stephenson ready with another play at the Court Theatre, called "Comrades," next Saturday; here is Mr. John S. Clarke dying to produce a play called "Elopement," by the late Tom Taylor, and to appear as Beetles, in which I scent a memory of "Babes in the Wood"; and, lo and behold! our Christmas Eve will be spent with Mrs. Bernard-Bere at the Globe Theatre, crying our eyes out over the new version, by Mr. W. G. Wills, of "Jane Eyre." And then the pantomimes! that will be fun! C. S.

MUSIC.

Another fine performance of M. Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," was given by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on Saturday afternoon, when the four principal solo vocalists were the same as at the first hearing of the work at the recent Birmingham Festival. Again Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley gave all possible effect to their solo music, that for the second soprano having been efficiently rendered by Miss Santley, as at the first Albert Hall performance of the work. On this second occasion the orchestra was augmented, and additional rehearsals enhanced the general effect of the performance. Mr. Barnby and Dr. Stainer officiated, respectively, as conductor and organist. There was again a very large attendance.

Herr Joachim made his second appearance this season at the Popular Concert of Saturday afternoon, when his leading of quartets by Mozart and his performance of solo pieces by Spohr and Paganini were worthy of his reputation. Mr. Abercrombie was the vocalist, and Miss Dora Schirmacher was again the solo pianist. Herr Joachim will be the leading violinist at all the concerts before Christmas, and will reappear on Feb. 26.

Mr. Willing's newly instituted choir gave the first of a series of four concerts at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when his programme was well calculated for effective choral display. The works performed were Handel's charming pastoral "Acis and Galatea" and Herr Gade's dramatic cantata "Psyche." A fine and complete orchestra—led by Mr. Carrodus—was engaged; and the chorus consisted of about 150 selected voices, including some members of the recently-dissolved Sacred Harmonic Society. The chorus singing was generally bright in quality and efficient in execution, the male voices having occasionally been somewhat too predominant. "Acis and Galatea" is too well known to need comment, and Herr Gade's cantata was sufficiently noticed in our report of its very successful production at the Birmingham Festival last August, when, as at Mr. Willing's concert, the important soprano solo music of the title-character was finely sung by Madame Marie Roze, who, on Tuesday evening, also sang the music of Galatea with great effect. Mr. E. Lloyd was to have sung the tenor music at Tuesday's concert, but was replaced, on account of illness, partly by Mr. Boyle and partly by Mr. A. James; Mr. Bridson having been the bass in Handel's work, and Mr. F. King in that by Gade, in whose cantata Misses Coward and J. Rosse rendered, with much efficiency, respectively, the second soprano and the contralto music. Mr. Willing conducted with steady care. He will do well to make his future programmes of shorter duration. The next concert takes place on Jan. 30, when "Elijah" is to be performed.

Miss Alice Aloof's third subscription recital (and last of the season) of instrumental and vocal music took place on Tuesday evening at Brixton Hall.

The fourth of Mr. Henry Holmes's interesting Musical Evenings took place at the Royal Academy of Music on Wednesday evening, when the programme included Beethoven's posthumous quartet in E flat, op. 127, and other classical works. The annual concert in aid of that excellent institution, the Post Office Orphan Home, also took place (at St. James's Hall) on Wednesday evening, when an attractive programme was offered.

Madame Sainton-Dolby gave the third and last subscription concert of the pupils of her Vocal Academy on Thursday evening, when the programme included some important

choral pieces for female voices; among them having been Mendelssohn's beautiful motet, "Laudate Pueri."

A grand performance of "The Messiah" is announced for this (Saturday) evening, at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cousins; an important feature in the programme being the engagement of Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Santley.

The twenty-seventh performance of new compositions by the Musical Artists' Society takes place this (Saturday) evening at the Royal Academy of Music.

With the approach of Christmas there will be some lull in musical activity—only comparative and brief, however. The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts will be suspended after that of this week until Feb. 10—the Popular Concerts will have a shorter interval, as there will be a Saturday afternoon performance next week, and the series will be resumed on the evening of Jan. 8.

The competition for the Bonamy Dobree prize for violoncellists (£10 10s.) was competed for on Monday at the Royal Academy of Music. The prize was awarded to James E. Hambleton.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

In Lombard-street the value of money is sustained partly in consequence of the feeble condition of the New York Exchange, which has been hovering about the gold remitting point, and partly in consequence of the shortness of the floating supply of cash. In regard to the first influence, this is now likely soon to disappear. The New York Associated Banks, according to last week's return, have now a surplus of £1,000,000 over and above the legal limit of 25 per cent of their net deposits, the gain in their resources being due to the release of cash by the Treasury in redemption of debt, and to a reflux of currency from the circulation. Henceforth the London money market, relieved from anxiety from the side of New York, will be swayed by purely home conditions. These will serve to give firmness to the rates until the letting out of the January dividends, when a reduction in bank rate may be looked for.

As usual at this season, business in the Stock Exchange has sensibly slackened, and since I last wrote few incidents of importance have occurred. Among these may be mentioned a marked enhancement in Egyptian bonds, chiefly on Paris buying, that seems to have been stimulated by a presumed popular acceptance of the British quasi-protectorate in Egypt; and by the encouraging accounts that come to hand regarding the revenue collections. Brighton Deferred has fluctuated between 113½ and 109½, having fallen from the highest point owing to a series of very discouraging daily traffic statements. The outstanding "bear" account is still of great dimensions, but receives support from the fact that something like £1,500,000 of new Deferred stock will be created in January by a division of the existing ordinary stock. Business in Grand Trunk stocks has been at a complete standstill, and prices have dragged in consequence, while in other sections the incidents have been singularly colourless. Electric Light shares have been dull, those of the parent Brush Company having been thrown down by the decision of the courts removing the name of a shareholder from the list of the Great Western Company on the grounds of a misrepresentation inadvertently made in the prospectus concerning the company's "exclusive" right to use or sell the Lane-Fox incandescent lamp. This decision, it is feared, may be taken advantage of on an extensive scale by original shareholders, both in this and other subsidiary companies who have similarly erred, and ultimately lead to litigation with the parent company for a recovery of a substantial portion of the money paid to it for concessions.

According to a telegram received by the London Manager of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, the accounts to the 30th ult. show approximately an available surplus for the year 1882, after meeting all fixed charges, of \$75,300 dollars, which is equal to a dividend of 2½ per cent on the share capital. As there is a good deal of over-due interest on portions of the company's capital having claims prior to those of the ordinary shareholders, the form in which the official announcement was made has caused much surprise; and a notification of the Directors' intentions in regard to the disposal of the surplus is awaited with interest.

A meeting of the bond and share holders has been called by the trustees for the 21st inst., to consider certain resolutions in connection with the report of Messrs. Allport and Swarbrick, among them being a proposal for the appointment of the former gentleman as a fifth voting trustee. Mr. Allport has, however, disclaimed all intention of working with the present trustees, as, according to a circular issued by him since the convening of the meeting, an alliance with a body of gentlemen whose policy he has so strongly condemned would be an act of self-stultification, and could lead to no good to the proprietors. The effect upon the market of Mr. Allport's letter has been prejudicial, for though it is taken for granted, probably with good reason, that the trustees will show a majority of proxies in their favour, many holders will, no doubt, be impressed with Mr. Allport's views up to the point of turning their back on the undertaking for ever.

I last week spoke of the recent unfortunate experience of fire insurance companies, and before the words were in print property was destroyed in the very heart of the City to the extent of at least a million sterling. The first idea was that the loss would exceed two millions, and some surprise appeared to prevail that fire insurance shares did not thereupon decline. But the claims are believed to be as already stated, not much, if at all, in excess of a million, and it is understood that the losses are scattered over about thirty offices. These companies have an accumulated fund of about £16,000,000, and a paid-up capital of about £7,000,000, exclusive of liability to calls amounting to about £40,000,000. There is, therefore, no question of the ability of the companies to meet with ease not only what has befallen them, but all that seems possible. But the several newly-formed companies must suffer greatly; and it will not be surprising if the experience over recent fires leads to a substantial development of all that is involved in protection from fire, its limitation when once broken out, and provision for the losses incurred by it.

With reference to the publication, noticed last week, of a series of compositions by Sir J. Noel Paton, of the Royal Scottish Academy, illustrating Shakespeare's "Tempest" and Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," we are informed that these drawings were made by him when a student, so long ago as 1845, and that they are now republished without the artist's consent. Sir Noel Paton early gained high distinction, winning premiums in the Westminster Hall competition of designs for fresco-painting, and his pictures in oil-colour, especially those representing subjects from poetry, have been made widely known by published fine engravings, and have been justly admired.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 12.

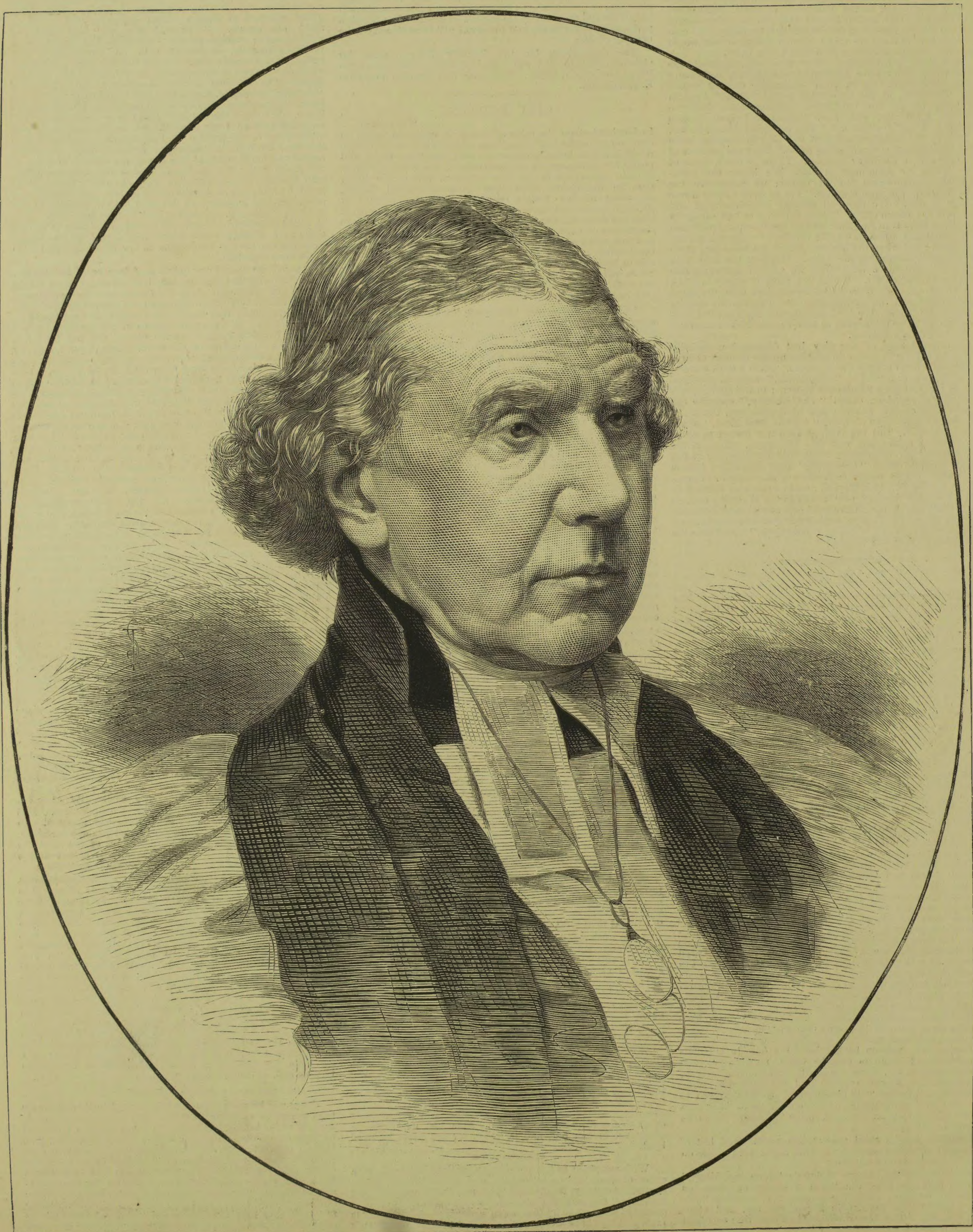
Such is Paris, the production of Sardou's new piece, "Fedora," and the début of Sarah Bernhardt after her exploits as a nomad star, throws all other subjects into the background. The deaths of Louis Blanc and of the advocate Lachaud are minor events as compared with a new play. Since Augier and Dumas, those two masters of the modern stage, have retired upon their laurels, Sardou and Pailleron alone remain to write dramatic fictions. Pailleron confines his efforts to agreeable and sometimes witty comedy; Sardou alone copes with vast conceptions and burning subjects—in short, with those grand passions of drama which captivate and violently move the crowd. "Fedora," the new play produced with immense success at the Vaudeville last night, is a veritable tragedy, beginning with an assassination and ending with a suicide, after passing through four acts during which the interest of the spectator is maintained at a feverish pitch. The Princess Fedora is about to be married to Vladimir Garishkine, son of the chief of police at St. Petersburg. One night Vladimir is found assassinated in an isolated house. Who has killed him? There is no clear proof; but suspicion falls on Loris Ipanoff, and, as Vladimir is the son of the chief of the terrible third section, it is concluded that the crime is a Nihilist vengeance. Fedora vows to avenge the memory of her betrothed. The second act takes us to Paris, to the salon of the Comtesse Olga. Fedora has met there Loris, who has been forced to go into exile; she allows herself to be loved by him; she is almost ready to love him herself; but mastering her feelings and devoting herself entirely to her work of vengeance, she makes Loris confess his crime. Yes, he killed Vladimir. Why? The story is too long to be told there in a strange salon where they might be overheard. Fedora gives Loris a rendezvous at her own house that same night after midnight.

There is no longer any question of love or of indulgence. Loris has confessed that he killed Vladimir; Fedora thinks only of her vengeance. When Loris arrives at the rendezvous, Fedora has already sent to the chief of police at Saint Petersburg announcing that Loris, the Nihilist, has confessed his crime, and that his accomplices were Ploton Seconoff and his brother Valerian Ipanoff. Furthermore, she has posted in her garden some agents of the secret police, kept at Paris by the Russian Government, with orders to seize Loris as he goes out; to gag him, and carry him by force to Havre, where Fedora's yacht will transport the criminal to Russia. Loris arrives, full of love and tenderness, and finishes his story. He killed Vladimir because Vladimir was the lover of his wife Vanda, and he shows Fedora a letter of Vladimir explaining to Vanda that his marriage was purely a matter of interest and of finance. What a revelation for Fedora! That man Loris, whom she has tracked like a wild beast, and whom she is about to deliver up to the police, has killed not Vladimir the ideal lover, but Vladimir the traitor. Loris in avenging his own honour has avenged Fedora! The situation is splendid. If Loris goes out he is lost. Fedora's passion for Loris becomes all the more profound as she feels that she is the cause of all his misfortunes, and so she forces him to remain at her house until daylight. But how can she undo the work she has done? This question leads us to the fourth and final act. Loris receives a telegram announcing that the Tzar has pardoned him, and that his friend Boroff will arrive that day to tell him the name of the woman who has betrayed him. A letter, arrived at the same time, announces the death of Loris's brother in prison and the death of his mother from grief. Fedora comprehends that she is lost; the love of Loris will turn into hatred when he learns the horrible truth. The mute acting of Sarah Bernhardt in this scene, the succession of expressions of fear, remorse, and grief on her visage, is simply marvellous; those who have not seen her in this scene do not know how great an actress she is. The dénouement is terrible. Loris divines the truth, flings Fedora on the floor, half strangles her, she struggles, frees herself from his grasp, drinks a cup of poison, and dies pardoned after this supreme proof of love. The success of the piece is immense and undisputed; Sardou has never shown more talent and never written a more sensationally dramatic work. Of Sarah Bernhardt, I can only say that she is a prodigious artist—one of the greatest artists that the stage has ever seen. Her success defies description. Sarah Bernhardt is admirably supported by M. Pierre Berton, who, by the side of Sarah, has achieved in "Fedora" the greatest triumph of his career.

In presence of the monopolising personality of Sarah Bernhardt all other Parisian topics become diminutive. This week the chronicler can only grant them brief mention. On Thursday last the French Academy elected two new members, M. Charles de Mazade, the political reporter of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and M. Edouard Pailleron, the author of the successful comedy of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie."

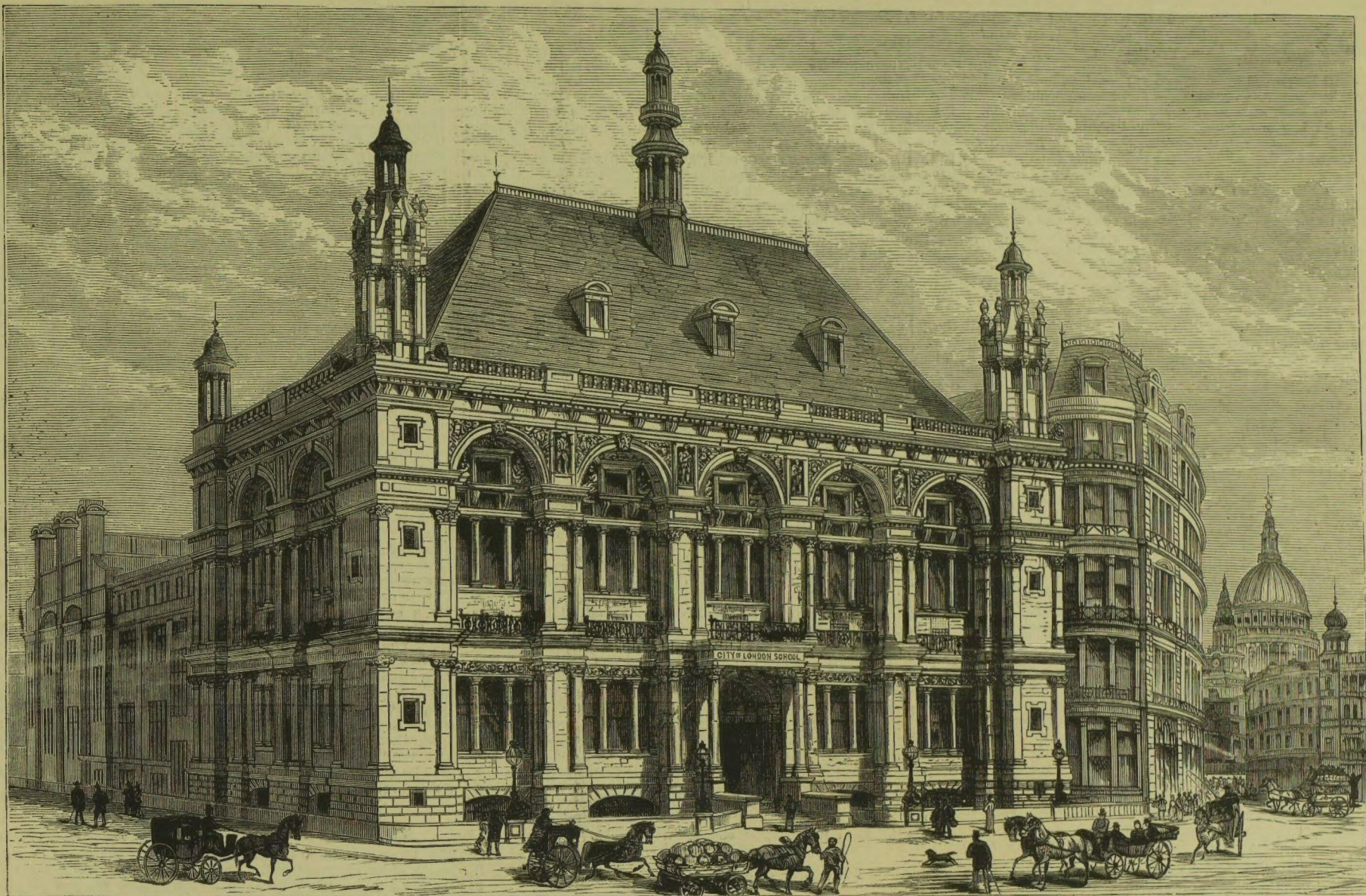
Within the limited space at my disposal I shall not attempt to summarise the life and career of M. Louis Blanc. The eminent Republican died last Wednesday at Cannes, after having suffered tortures during the past two years from a stranguary. His funeral was celebrated to-day at the expense of the State, a credit of 10,000fr. having been voted for that purpose. The cortege consisted of political notabilities and delegations from a large number of Parisian and provincial political and working men's clubs. The streets from the Rue de Rivoli to the cemetery of Père Lachaise were lined with crowds of people; the Faubourg Saint Antoine turned out in a body to salute the remains of their great advocate. At the cemetery the crush was terrible. More than 20,000 persons entered, and as many tried in vain to enter. Over the grave a speech by Victor Hugo was read by M. Charles Edmond, the testamentary executor of the deceased. The funeral was a very imposing manifestation, and, as far as I can learn, was troubled by no unseemly incidents beyond the terrible and, at times, dangerous crush.

There will be more difficulty this year than there has ever been before in selecting Christmas and New-Year Cards, on account of the beauty and variety of these missives published by numerous firms. Messrs. J. and E. Schipper and Co. (late Rothe), art-publishers, of King-street, Covent-garden, contribute several tasteful designs, distinguished by the excellence of the colour-printing.—Warm praise can also be bestowed upon the cards issued by Messrs. Philip Brothers, art-publishers, of Silk-street, which will please many by reason of their subdued tone. This firm sends a sample of a novelty to which they have given the name "Imperial Ornate." It consists of a folding card with plush exterior, prettily arranged. Mr. Harding, of 157, Piccadilly, has brought out some clever etchings of hunting-scenes, and other novelties.—Finally, specimens are to hand of "Patience" and "Old Style" cards by Messrs. George Falkner and Sons, of Deansgate, Manchester; the quotations on the former being taken, with Mr. Gilbert's sanction, from the popular opera of "Patience."

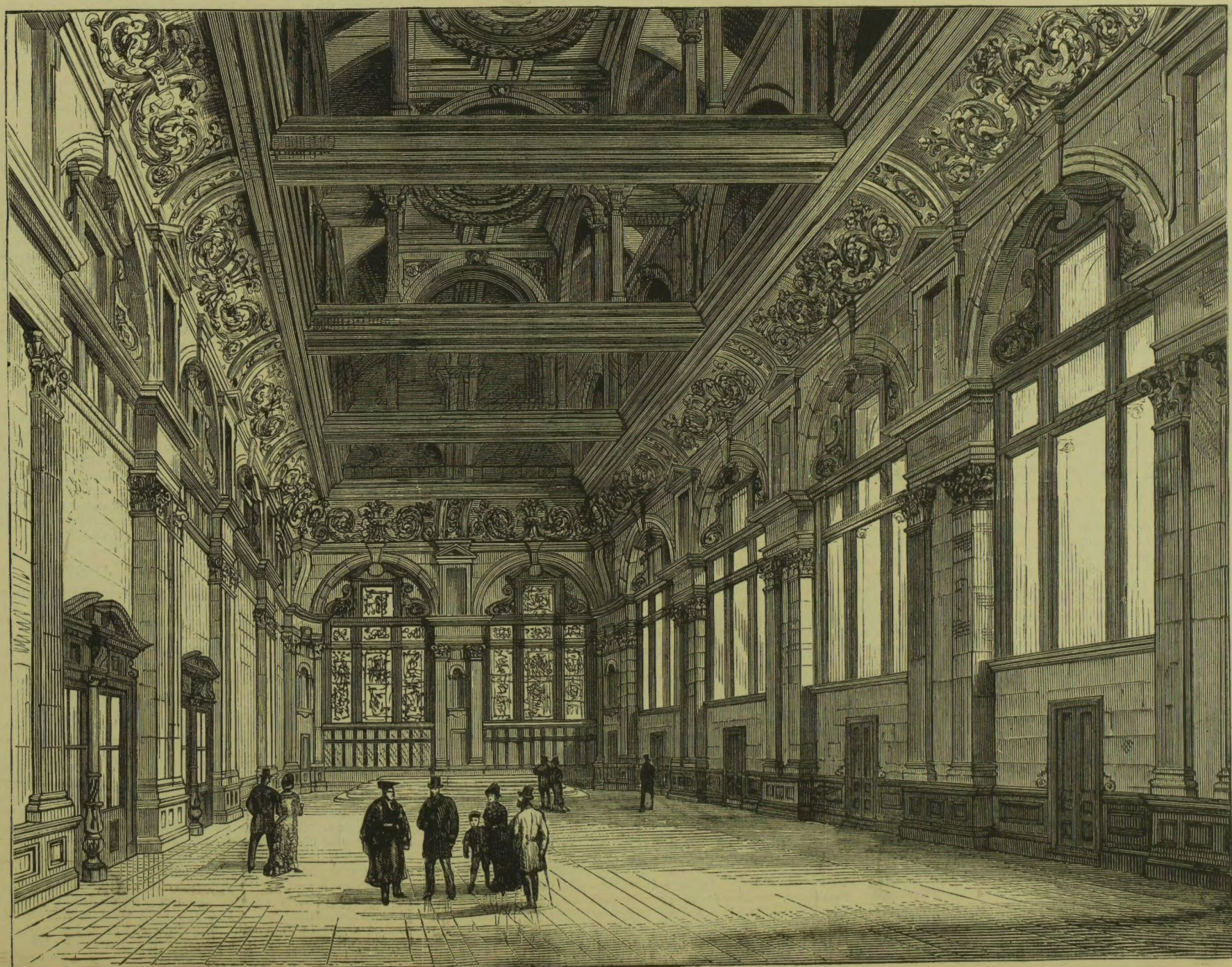


THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—SEE PAGE 635.

THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL: NEW BUILDINGS.



THE FRONT ON THE VICTORIA THAMES EMBANKMENT.



THE GREAT HALL.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

SPAIN.

The Ministry has been victorious in the Chamber of Deputies, which has rejected an Opposition proposal by 116 to 61. A cry of fire was raised by a person in the Odéon Theatre at Barcelona on Friday evening last week, and a panic ensued, which resulted in the death of one person and injuries to eighteen others. Traffic for carriages and tramcars has been blocked in Madrid by a snowstorm.

GERMANY.

The Emperor has addressed to the family of the late ex-Premier Baron von Manteuffel an autograph letter expressing his deep sympathy with them in their bereavement. His Majesty has subscribed 1000 and the Empress 300 marks towards a fund for the construction of a new English church at Bonn. A theatrical representation has been given in the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, in aid of the sufferers by the floods in Rhineland. The affair was arranged by the ladies of the National Society, and was a great success. The Empress, in a letter to the committee, referring to the performance, says:—

I desire to express my thanks to the artists who, in spite of their professional engagements, have, with real devotion to a noble object, given their great talents to assist a work which has my fullest sympathy. The National Ladies' Societies who are helping wherever help is required stand greatly in need of the announcement of the generous assistance which the German artists have offered, and of whose charity I rejoice to hear on my return to Berlin. December, 1882.—AUGUSTA.

The Crown Prince and Princess have requested that all the money which has been subscribed in the Rhineland towards the congratulatory gifts to be presented to their Royal Highnesses on the occasion of their silver wedding should be exclusively devoted to the relief of the sufferers from the recent disastrous inundations there. Once more the German Parliament has emphatically rejected Prince Bismarck's proposal of biennial Budgets. The discussion on the subject concluded on Tuesday, and the motion to consider the estimates for the two years was defeated by 224 votes to 43.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Emperor, who has spent most of the autumn in his favourite Hungarian château at Gödöllő, returned on Monday to Vienna. The Empress and her daughter, Princess Valerie, remain for some time in Hungary. The Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath adopted last Saturday, without debate, the bill for the continuation of the present rates of taxation for the next three months. In the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet on Saturday, during the debate on the Estimates, a member declared that there existed in the Ministry a band of scoundrels, of which M. Hieronymi, the Secretary of State, was the head. On being called to order, the speaker asked pardon of the House, but said he would never ask pardon of M. Hieronymi. The latter thereupon rose and declared the member's conduct was indecent and villainous, an expression which was severely condemned by the President. In consequence of this scene a duel with pistols was fought on Sunday between M. Rohonczy and M. Hieronymi. Two shots were fired on each side, without effect. M. Rohonczy made some apologies in the House on Monday.

RUSSIA.

The Imperial Family came to St. Petersburg yesterday week in order to attend a grand reception and parade in the Winter Palace in honour of the Knights of St. George. The jubilee of the Nicolai Academy, St. Petersburg, for officers of the general staff, was celebrated last Saturday, the Emperor, the Grand Dukes, many distinguished personages, and delegates from learned bodies being present.

EGYPT.

Several others of the rebel leaders were on the 7th inst. arraigned at Cairo, all pleading guilty. They were: Mahmoud Pasha Sami, Ali Pasha Fehmi, Abdellal Pasha, and Toulba Pasha. After a short adjournment, sentence of death was pronounced; but, as in the case of Arabi, it was commuted by the Khedive into one of exile. Arabi, Abdellal, Ali Fehmy, Mahmoud Sami, and Toulba are to be sent to Ceylon. They have already delivered to Mr. Broadley in writing their parole not to leave the island without authority from the Khedive.

CANADA.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise arrived at San Francisco on Sunday in the corvette Comus. Orders have been given by the American Secretary of War to provide an escort of ten men and an officer to accompany the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise as far south as San Antonio, in Texas.

According to a Jamaica despatch, the business part of Kingston has been destroyed by fire, involving an estimated loss of £6,000,000. Hundreds of persons have been rendered homeless, and, as many stores have been burned, food is scarce.

All the Powers have recommended the Porte to come to a direct understanding on the frontier question with Montenegro.

Sir F. Leighton presided last Saturday at the distribution of medals and prizes to the successful students at the Royal Academy of Arts.

The second trial of Patrick Higgins for the murder of Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs at the Dublin winter assizes resulted, on Wednesday afternoon, in a verdict of guilty. The prisoner was sentenced to death.

In a paper read to the Society of Arts as to the safety of our future harvests, Mr. Gibbs reports the progress made since his first prize essay on that subject. The simple and inexpensive harvest-savers therein described are still doing good service in many parts of the kingdom, but, in addition to these, there are now gigantic machines in use on the estates of noblemen, county gentlemen, and large farmers which have been proved able to dry twenty loads a day at a cost of 6s. per load for labour and fuel. Many of the owners of these machines have publicly stated that they recoup their cost in one, two, and three seasons respectively. On larger estates, where the loss by a bad season is acknowledged to be £1000, a harvest-saver would repay its cost in the first season and leave £750 profit as well. An important application of these machines has been proved this year at the sewage-irrigation farm at Reading, where Lord Ashburton's harvest-saver dried 185 tons of rye-grass and saved a large sum of money. This machine was afterwards lent for a farm in Gloucestershire, and has just restored 120 loads of barley that had been lying out in the field for two months. The Reading Council have ordered a harvest-saver for next season, and all towns where irrigation farming is carried out can now, by this process, insure a profit instead of incurring a loss. Stack-cooling was adverted to as a valuable aid to this process, and as enabling a farmer to carry his hay a day or two earlier than usual; but with regard to the lately suggested revival of "ensilage," it was shown that to secure 216 tons of hay on this system an outlay of £1200 would have to be made. Whereas at the Duke of Northumberland's Albury Park estate 210 tons of first crop and 50 acres of aftermath were saved by a £210 machine, which also, in the same season, restored a stack of mouldy hay to good value. Professor Voelcker (the Consulting Chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society) was in the chair, and commended Mr. Gibbs' system as scientifically perfect.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

The eighty-fifth annual Christmas Cattle Show of the Smithfield Club, which was formerly held in Baker-street, took place, as regularly for some years past, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, from Monday to Friday last week. It comprises not only fat oxen and other horned cattle, but sheep and pigs, and implements of agriculture, roots, grasses, and seeds, which several departments were all fairly represented. The machines attracted much notice, especially Hornby's patent reaper and string sheaf-binder; Fowler's locomotives; and other steam-machines which economise the fuel; J. and F. Howard's steam-ploughs and various implements; and the apparatus contrived by Mr. W. A. Gibbs, of Chingford, for the artificial drying of harvest crops by the heat of a coke-furnace. Specimens of grass and other green crops preserved by "ensilage," which means compression and burial in air-tight tanks or pits, were exhibited by Messrs. Sutton, of Reading. But the objects to which popular admiration was chiefly directed were the noble live stock. The Devon breed of cattle, in which class one large contributor was the Prince of Wales, made as good a show as any. In the shorthorns, her Majesty the Queen, whose "Lady Maid" won a first prize at Birmingham, gained only a fourth prize with her upon this occasion. The best shorthorn, and, as it afterwards proved, the champion beast in the show, was adjudged to be Mr. R. Stratton's (Newport, Monmouthshire) "Lilian, 3 years 10 months 3 weeks 6 days, bred by the exhibitor, sire Protector 32,221, dam Lily, sire of dam Brilliant, 28,084." In the page of Sketches drawn by our own Artist, the reader will see, as the first and most important of these subjects, "the Monmouthshire Beauty;" and will further observe the crowd of "Lilian's Admirers," over whose heads the Artist, who is luckily a tall man, has to practise his "Sketching under Difficulties," which he did with good success. This excitement was due to the contest for the 100-guinea Champion Plate given by the Agricultural Hall Company, by agreement with the club, and the club's gold medal, to the breeder. For a long while the chances seemed to be equal between the best Hereford, Devon, crossbred, and shorthorn. The shorthorn Lilian eventually received the coveted decoration (red and green), having won for her owner, who is also breeder, a £20 first prize, a £30 silver cup, a £50 silver cup, and the champion plate and gold medal. She weighs 16 cwt. 3 qrs. 8 lb. The heaviest beast in the show, which gained no prize, and weighs 23 cwt. 1 qr. 22 lb., belongs to Mr. T. C. Lucas, of Horsham. The department next in popular interest was that of sheep, in which the South Down breed showed a notable superiority; and the wethers of this breed reared in Norfolk by Lord Walsingham, at Merton Hall, Thetford, gained the first-class prize, the Cup for their breed, and the Champion Plate for the finest sheep in the whole show. The other breeds of sheep were good; but, of the Kent or Romney Marsh breed, there was only one exhibitor, Mr. Henry Page, of Walmer; and our Artist has sketched the fine wether, aged twenty months, which took the first prize and silver cup. We scarcely know what to say of his fancy portraits of the two substantial country gentlemen and the corpulent farmer, respectively designated as typical exhibitors of "Cattle," "Sheep," and "Pigs."

THE RETURN.

Here is another young soldier—positively the last our readers will see—come home from the brief Egyptian campaign, and joyfully welcomed, of course, by the womankind and other domestic stay-at-homes of the parental household. Their Christmas hospitality and mirth of the festive season will not be the less fervent, nor will their sense of religious thankfulness for all the blessings of life, since he has been restored in health and safety to the family circle. It will, indeed, be desirable for them not to dwell too much upon the victorious battle that he has helped to fight; lest the thought of several thousand men there slain, who can never return to their wives and children, or to their mothers and sisters—poor sorrowing women and girls of Egypt—should check the spirit of exulting pride. As the greatest of British soldiers once said in the House of Lords, "I know nothing more sad than the day after a victory, unless it be a defeat"; such is the character of War.

THE CAUSE OF THE DELAY.

In some rural neighbourhood, in such days as we had last week, disappointment may have been felt in the household of squire, parson, or farmer, at the non-delivery of expected letters, perhaps to fix the exact date of a friend's promised Christmas visit, to which many of us are now looking forward with hopeful pleasure. Worse inconveniences of this kind have been experienced in our time. We can remember how, not thirty years ago, the great commercial city of Manchester, one severe January, was utterly deprived of postal and telegraphic communications with London till the third day, and was even cut off from traffic or correspondence with the nearest towns of the surrounding district. Again, on Thursday week, railway trains were stopped by the snow between Leeds and Manchester, and on the Great Northern line from Sheffield, while the North-Western Railway, traversing a level open country, was not so liable to complete interruption. In narrow valleys, where the line passes between steep banks at the foot of moorland hills or mountains, there is frequently, at such times, a formation of deep snow-drifts through which no engine can force its way until the obstruction has been removed by a multitude of hands and shovels. The train in North Wales, at a place called Arenig, between Festiniog and Bala, lay all day and night immersed in nine feet depth of snow, two passengers, two engine-drivers, and two guards suffering a cruel ordeal of extreme cold and hunger. Compared with such miserable accidents of scientific modern travelling, we need hardly bestow much pity upon the solitary driver of the mail-cart, who appears in our Artist's drawing to be furnished with the means of keeping himself tolerably comfortable for a few hours. Neither he nor his horse can be expected to like it; but let us hope that some assistance will soon arrive, and that a good roadside inn may be found at no great distance.

The Double Number of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* is particularly attractive this year. Commending this remarkably cheap three-pennyworth, the *Daily News* says it is "full of woodcuts and accompanied by a supplement entitled 'Little Mother Hubbard,' printed in colours after the picture painted expressly for this purpose by Marie Cornillissen (Mrs. Seymour Lucas). The literary contents of the number comprise original Christmas sketches and tales by Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. G. R. Sims, Captain Mayne Reid, Philander Smiff, Miss Annie Thomas, Mr. Manville Fenn, Mr. Howard Paul, Mr. Archibald McNeil, and, lastly, by the Editor, Mr. John Lathey, jun.—more familiar to readers under his sobriquet of 'The Showman'—who contributes the leading story—a bright, yet exciting and pathetic tale, of which the heroine is no other than the little lady of the coloured supplement.

THE LATE M. LOUIS BLANC.

Those who are old enough to recollect the political alarms of 1848 consequent upon the February Revolution in Paris, and the French Republic of that year, will remember then first hearing of Louis Blanc as the leading champion of a formidable demand for "the Organisation of Labour;" which he and others proclaimed in a spirit of enthusiastic philanthropy, but which immediately took the shape of a Communist attack upon all private property, and an imminent peril to the social order. Louis Blanc was born at Madrid, on Oct. 29, 1811. His family, originally from Roverga, in Corsica, had suffered severely in the French Revolution, and its head had been put to death during the Reign of Terror. His father was Inspector-General of the Finances in Spain under the Government of Joseph Bonaparte, and his mother, née Estelle Pozzo de Borgo, was a sister of the celebrated diplomatist. After the fall of the Empire, young Louis Blanc was brought to France, and became a teacher of mathematics, a lawyer's clerk, finally a journalist, writing for the *National* and other organs of the advanced political party, to which he consistently adhered throughout his life. In 1838 he founded the *Revue du Progrès*; and ten years later, upon the downfall of King Louis Philippe, an opportunity offered to put in practice the doctrines he had advocated in "The Organisation of Labour." He proposed by means of a Government loan, to create social workshops for all the most important branches of national industry, upon a novel plan, which failed, like many other theories unsupported by facts. The part that Louis Blanc performed in the stormy days of 1848 has become matter of history. He was a member of the Provisional Government from February to May. The Communist movement resulted in the insurrection of June, which was repressed with sanguinary severity. In September the Assembly ordered him to be prosecuted for conspiracy, and, after some narrow escapes, M. Louis Blanc quitted France on his way to England. Here he lived in retirement, employed in writing his great work, "The History of the French Revolution," which was published in twelve volumes. He had previously written the "History of Ten Years," this being the first portion of the period of the French Restoration. In 1865 he married, at Brighton, Miss Christina Groh, who died at Paris in 1876. While in England he acted as correspondent to several French journals. He returned to France on the fall of the French Empire in 1870, not having taken advantage of the permission to do so granted in 1869. In Paris he was elected the first of forty-three Deputies for the Seine to the National Assembly. Since the peace he has sat in the Chamber at the extreme Left, and in 1879 strongly supported Victor Hugo's proposal of an amnesty for the political prisoners. The funeral of Louis Blanc, on Tuesday last, in the Père la Chaise Cemetery, was provided by a vote of the Legislative Assembly, but was attended with no greater pomp than a simple military escort, and with speeches made by several orators at the side of the grave.

The Portrait is from a photograph by F. Mulnier, of the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

THE ASSASSINATIONS IN DUBLIN.

The hideous state of demoralisation among some part of the lower class of the Dublin population, shown in dastardly attempts to murder policemen and jurymen for the proper performance of their duties, has lately drawn down severe comment from the Judicial Bench. On Saturday, the 25th ult., about eleven o'clock at night, Constable Cox, of the Detective Police, was in Sackville-street, nearly opposite the *Nation* newspaper-office, with other police constables at a short distance, when he was suddenly attacked by four ruffians armed with revolvers, who shot him dead. Constable Eastwood, his nearest comrade, shot him up, and seized the actual assassin, one named Dowling, who had fired the shot; but prompt assistance was rendered by a soldier, Sergeant Thomas Danvers, of the 1st Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles. A police officer, Sergeant Stratford, had already come to the scene of conflict and fired three shots at Dowling, who fell disabled by his wounds. Eastwood had next laid hold of a second man, John Devine, the number of the assailants having increased from four to six; but while Eastwood and Devine were struggling with each other, the gallant soldier cut in with his drawn sword, drove off the rest of them, and helped to secure Devine, amidst a parting volley from the revolvers of the murderous band. Four of them have been captured and committed for trial, their ringleader being Joseph Poole, who seems to have directed the whole affair. The funeral of Detective Police-Constable Cox, in the Glasnevin Cemetery, was attended with military honours. On Monday evening, the 27th, Mr. Denis Field, a respectable tradesman of Westmoreland-street, who had served on the special jury in the trial of one of the recent agrarian outrages, was villainously waylaid in North Frederick-street, and was stabbed by persons who got away upon a car, like the assassins of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Mr. Field, however, is now happily recovering from his wounds. Our Illustrations of this hateful subject are the portrait of Sergeant Danvers, from a photograph by Mr. L. Werner, of Leinster-street, Dublin; and a Sketch of the manner in which the police are now ordered to patrol the streets of that unhappy city. They have been assisted of late by a detachment of Royal Marines, dressed in plain clothes, and some additional police have been sent from English towns. On Saturday the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in the presence of the fellows and students, presented a silver salver and spirit stand to Sergeant Danvers, signifying their admiration of his conduct as a good citizen and brave soldier, in assisting the police.

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

A complete and minute description, with several Illustrations, both of the exterior and the interior of the grand new building which the Queen opened on Monday week, for the accommodation of all the Courts of Law and Equity, with their respective subordinate offices, was given in our last publication. It is therefore only requisite that we should refer to the former account, in directing our readers' notice to the further Illustrations which are now presented; the one being that of the Strand front entrance to the great inner Quadrangle, separating the eastern block of building, towards Bell-yard, Temple Bar, from the main building, which contains the Central Hall with the surrounding Courts; and the other Illustration representing the Judges' Chambers Hall, which has a fitting aspect of stately comfort, and to which their Lordships will ascend by a magnificent staircase from their own carriage entrance on the western side. There are twenty-four Judges' rooms, handsomely fitted up and furnished, in a special grand corridor, so arranged that each Judge will have his own chamber directly opposite the upper door of his own Court, and will at once reach his seat upon the Bench. We may expect that the new Law Courts, or some of them, will be made the scene of judicial administration when the next term begins, in the second week of January. The New Rules of the Supreme Court of Judicature will be promulgated at the same time.

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

A few drops of the FRAGRANT FLORILINE on a wet tooth-brush produce a delightful foam, which cleanses the teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the breath a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The FRAGRANT FLORILINE is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to cold and young.

The FRAGRANT FLORILINE should be used in all cases of bad breath, and particularly by gentlemen after smoking. The Floriline combines, in a concentrated form, the most desirable, cleansing, and astringent properties. At the same time, it contains nothing which can possibly injure the most sensitive and delicate organisation.

It beautifies the teeth and gums.
It cures the decay of the teeth.
It acts as a detergent after smoking.
It renders the gums hard and healthy.
It neutralises the offensive secretions of the mouth.
It imparts to the breath a fragrance purely aromatic and pleasant.
Put up in large bottles (only one size) and in elegant toilet-cases, complete, at 2s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.
Sole Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon-road, London.

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

Sweet as the ambrosial air,
With its perfume rich and rare;
Sweet as violets at the morn,
Which the emerald nooks adorn;
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth
From the richly-laden earth,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
Which scented as the flowers of May,
Which cost their sweetest from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand
Cast upon it its mystic and,
And produced from fairy's bow
Scented perfumes from each flower;
For in this liquid gem we trace—
All that can beautify and grace—
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco-smoke.

For children and adults whose teeth show marks of decay its advantages are paramount. The "Floriline" should be thoroughly brushed into all the cavities; no one needs fear using it too often or too much at a time. Among the ingredients being soda, honey, alcohol, and essential extracts from sweet herbs and plants, it forms not only the very best dentifrice for cleansing ever discovered, but one that is perfectly delicious to the taste and is harmless as sherry. The taste is so pleasing that, instead of taking up the toothbrush with dislike, as is often the case, children will on no account omit to use the "Floriline" regularly each morning if only left to their own choice. Children cannot be taught the use of the toothbrush too young; early neglect invariably produces premature decay of the teeth. "Floriline" is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world, at 2s. 6d. per bottle.

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

If teeth are white and beautiful,
It keeps them so intact;
If they're discoloured in the least,
It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

One trial proves conclusive quite,
That by its constant use
The very best effects arise
That science can produce.
It is the talk of every one;
An all-absorbing theme;
Whilst general now becomes the use
Of "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

It makes the breath as sweet as flowers,
The teeth a pearly white;
The gums it hardens, and it gives
Sensations of delight.
All the secretions it removes,
However long they've been;
The enamel, too, it will preserve,
The "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

It may or may not be generally known that microscopic examinations have proved that animal or vegetable parasites gather, unobserved by the naked eye, upon the teeth and gums of at least nine persons in every ten; any individual may easily satisfy himself in this matter by placing a powerful microscope over a partially decayed tooth, when the living animalcules will be found to resemble a partially-decayed cheese more than anything else we can compare it to. We may also state that the FRAGRANT FLORILINE is the only remedy yet discovered able perfectly to free the teeth and gums from these parasites without the slightest injury to the teeth or the most tender gums.

Read this—From the "Weekly Times," March 26, 1871:—"There are so many toilet articles which obtain all their celebrity from being constantly and extensively advertised that it makes it necessary when anything new and good is introduced to the public that special attention should be called to it. The most delightful and effective toilet article for cleansing and beautifying the teeth that we in a long experience have ever used is the new Fragrant Floriline. It is quite a pleasure to use it, and its properties of imparting a fragrance to the breath and giving a pearly whiteness to the teeth make it still more valuable. Of all the numerous nostrums for cleaning the teeth which from time to time have been fashionable and popular, nothing to be compared with the Floriline has hitherto been produced, whether considered as a beautifier or a valuable cleanser and preserver of the teeth and gums."

From the "Young Ladies' Journal":—"An agreeable dentifrice is always a luxury. As one of the most agreeable may be reckoned Floriline. It cleanses the teeth and imparts a pleasant colour to the breath. It has been analysed by several eminent professors of chemistry, and their opinion in their testimony to its usefulness. We are frequently asked to recommend a dentifrice to our readers; therefore we cannot do better than advise them to try the Fragrant Floriline."

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to-day,
That the reason that teeth decay
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is,
If the mouth is not wholesome and clean;
And also have heard to preserve them from the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh, yes! it is true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certainly and silently do they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath;
But a certain preservative has now been found,
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right, for your tooth to preserve,
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"

"Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger its use can attend;
For over the seasons and dentists as well
Their uniform praises now blend.
They say it's the best preparation that's known,
And evident proofs have they seen,
That nothing can equal the virtues that dwell
In the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

The "Christian World" of March 17, 1871, says, with respect to Floriline:—"Floriline bids fair to become a household word in England, and one of peculiarly pleasant meaning. It would be difficult to conceive a more efficacious and agreeable preparation for the teeth. Those who once begin to use it will certainly never willingly give it up."

Mr. G. H. Jones, the eminent Dentist, of 27, Great Russell-street, in his valuable little book on Dentistry, says:—"The use of a good dentifrice is also indispensable, and one of the best preparations for cleansing the teeth and removing the impure secretions of the mouth is the liquid dentifrice called 'Fragrant Floriline,' which is sold by all respectable chemists."
The words "Fragrant Floriline" are a Trade-Mark.
Sole retail everywhere, and Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon-road, London.

THROAT DISEASES.—BROWN'S

BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have proved so successful in America for the cure of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported, and sold in this country at 1s. 1½d. per Box. Put up in the form of a lozenge, it is the most convenient, pleasant, safe, and sure remedy for clearing and strengthening the voice in the world. Children will find them beneficial in cases of whooping-cough. No family should be without them. Some of the most eminent singers of the Royal Italian Opera, London, pronounce them the best article for hoarseness ever offered to the public. Hundreds of Testimonials from some of the most respectable sources may be seen at our office. The genuine has the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" on the Government stamp around each box.

London Depot, 33, Farringdon-road; and of all Chemists.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Coughs.

CONSUMPTION AND WASTING DISEASES.

IN "NOTES ON CONSUMPTION AND WASTING DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH HYDRATED OIL," with Cases showing the immediate increase in weight by it," see Book published by Diprose, Bateman, and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields. The ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33, Farringdon-road, will send a copy free on application.

G. OVEREND DREWRY, M.D., Physician to the National Free Dispensary for Consumption and Wasting Diseases, Author of "Common-Sense Management of the Stomach," &c., referring to cases treated at the National Free Dispensary for Consumption and Wasting Diseases, says that "Hydroleine" (or Hydrated Oil) produces an effect such as neither cod-liver oil nor any preparation of it with which I am acquainted even faintly approaches, and patients are unanimous in their statement that the appetite is much increased by taking 'Hydrated Oil,' and that, so far from possessing the unpleasant taste of ordinary cod-liver oil, the taste of 'Hydrated Oil' is agreeable rather than the reverse, and is described by some as resembling Devonshire cream. These, I submit, are very important points in cases usually attended by great irritability of stomach. The general improvement in strength shown within a fortnight was in many instances surprising, even to myself, who had seen already in private practice many startling results from its use. My experience, however, shows that in cases where cod-liver oil or an emulsion of it has been depended upon, increase of weight is rarely obtained."—Page 16.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil),
Equal to Ten times the quantity of Cod-Liver Oil.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil)
Entirely supersedes plain Cod-Liver Oil.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil)
Produces rapid increase in flesh.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil)
Is certain in result, and is pleasant to take.

TRY YOUR WEIGHT!!**TRY YOUR WEIGHT.—HYDROLEINE**

(Hydrated Oil) has proved of the highest value as a food in consumption and all wasting diseases, invariably producing increase in flesh and weight. This preparation of Hydrated Cod-Liver Oil is tonic, digestive, and ten times more strengthening and nourishing, as well as far more pleasant to taste, than plain cod-liver oil. Hydroleine may be described as partially digested oil, which will nourish and produce increase of weight in those cases where oils or fat, not so treated, are difficult or impossible to digest. All tendency to emaciation and loss of weight is arrested by the regular use of Hydroleine, which may be discontinued when the usual average weight has been permanently acquired. Of all Chemists, 48, 49, or sent direct, carriage paid, to any address in England, for 6s.—Sold Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33, Farringdon-road, London.

READ the following Extracts from a few among the hundreds of letters received, showing that **HYDROLEINE** will nourish, and cause young or old to increase in weight where plain cod-liver oil will not; the original letters, with many others, may be seen at our Office.

DR. AUSTIN, of Sunnyside, East Grinstead, writing on May 13, 1880, says:—"I recommended one patient to get it, and he gained 8 lb. weight in a week; left it off next week, and lost 4 lb. This speaks well."

MR. JAS. STEWART, Chemist, of Dalkeith, writing April 28, 1877, says:—"I weighed only 108 lb. on March 23, took the Hydroleine very irregularly, and must confess, and on April 19 weighed 120 lb. I found it very pleasant to take, never experienced the least approach to flatulence, and rather think it acted very much as a tonic."

WRITING of Hydrated Oil on May 14, 1877, Mr. KENNELL McDONALD, of Dunkeith, says:—"I had been taking cod-liver oil of winter myself, and thought I would first experiment on myself with the Hydroleine and I must say, whether it is that or not, I am much better; in fact, all right again, and I certainly give it the credit, and will recommend it to all in preference to the ordinary oil—it is much easier taken."

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) has been favourably received by all classes of people, as well as the press, as the following extracts will show:—
MRS. ELLEN COOKE, Weston-super- Mare, in a letter dated May 24, 1879, says:—"I think the last bottle you sent me has saved the life of a little boy three years old."

MR. J. H. GREGORY, Master of Caxton Workhouse, Cambs., writing on March 12, 1879, says:—"The effect of the bottle I received from you was marvellous, as I increased nearly 4 lb. in weight, and felt better in every way."

MRS. MARYATT, Bayswater, W., writing on Jan. 22, 1877, speaks of the Hydrated Oil in the following terms:—"My little boy (aged five and a half years) is so extremely fond of it that he will take it just as it is, without the ginger or orange hue, and will smack his lips after it. As for myself, I can never sound its praises too loudly. I consider it a perfect life-giver."

MR. JOHN MILTON, writing from Liverpool on May 7, 1877, says:—"Five weeks ago a small pangloss was handed to me descriptive of your hydroleine, and since that time my wife has been taking just one bottle a week, with certain benefit."

MR. A. BOYCE, Chemist, Hayward's- Heath, writing on July 9, 1877, says:—"I have given it to several convalescent cases, and am pleased to inform you with very good result. The effect of it on two persons (children) has been wonderful. I am trying to make it known everywhere I can."

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) is not a patent medicine.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) Has the formula upon every bottle.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) Is used to increase flesh.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) May be relied upon to increase weight.

THE CHEMICAL PRINCIPLES upon which **HYDRATED OIL** is prepared were first described in a treatise on the Assimilation and Digestion of Fats in the Human Body, by H. C. Bartlett, Ph.D., F.R.S., published by Messrs. J. and A. Churchill, New Burlington-street (lat in the Human Body, page 41).—"Nothing appears to restore the healthy functions of the liver and pancreas in these cases except the frequent ingestion of oil or liquid fat, so treated artificially that it is already partially transformed by fermentation and the reaction of bile. Seized on with avidity by the absorbents, it is insensibly assimilated by the digestive organs, until they gradually become strengthened, not only to provide their own nourishment, but to transform a sufficient quantity of fat to supply the inevitable waste throughout the body."

ALL persons taking HYDROLEINE are particularly urged to keep an ACCOUNT from WEEK to WEEK of their WEIGHT, that the gain and improvement may be shown. The makers, having devoted special attention to perfecting a process by means of which uniformity in the production of **HYDRATED OIL** is secured, desire to direct the attention of the medical profession and the public to this preparation, to distinguish which the name of **HYDROLEINE** (Hydrated Oil) has been registered under the Trade-Marks Acts. Ask your Chemist for it. If your Chemist has not the "Hydroleine" in stock, a bottle will be sent from the Factory (carriage paid) to any part of England, on receipt of Post-Office Order, 6s. Sold Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33, Farringdon-road, London. Pamphlet sent free to any address.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.

If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**; for it will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair colouring beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed.

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days. It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling out, radiating dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.

It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness. It is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but produces the colour within the substance of the hair.

It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per bottle. In case the dealer has not "The Mexican Hair Renewer" in stock and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct by rail, carriage-paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of England. Sold Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33, Farringdon-road, London.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**WHAT BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR?**

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And places each one's tresses?
What adds a charm of perfect ease,
And Nature's gift enhances?
What gives a bright and beautiful gloss,
And what says each reviewer?
That perfect result is the use
Of "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And makes it bright and glossy?
What keeps it free from dandruff, too,
And healthy in its growing?
What does such wonders? Ask the press,
And what says each reviewer?
That most excellent and approach
"THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
Like some bright halo beaming?
What makes the hair a perfect mass
Of splendid ringlets streaming?
What gives profusion in excess?
Why, what says each reviewer?
The choicest preparation is
"THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And makes it so delightful?
Because to speak the honest truth
Is only just and right.
What say the people and the press,
And what says each reviewer?
That most superb for ladies' use
Is "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!"

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

has gained for itself the highest reputation, and a decided preference over all other "hair dressings," as evidenced from testimonials and testimonials from the most respectable sources. Being compounded with the greatest care—combining, as it does, all the most desirable qualities of the best hair preparations of the day, without the objectionable ones—it may be relied on as the very best known to chemistry for restoring the natural colour to the hair, and raising new hair to grow on bald spots, unless the hair glands are decayed; for, if the glands are decayed and gone, no stimulant can produce them; but if, as is often the case, the glands are only torpid, **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER** will renew their vitality, and a new growth of hair will follow. Read the following Testimonial:—
Messrs. Wm. Mayes and Co., Chemists, 12, Grafton-street, Dublin, write:—"We are recommending **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER** to all our customers as the best of the kind, as we have been told by several of our friends who tried it that it has a wonderful effect in restoring and strengthening their hair."

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**AN IMPORTANT QUESTION FOR LADIES.**

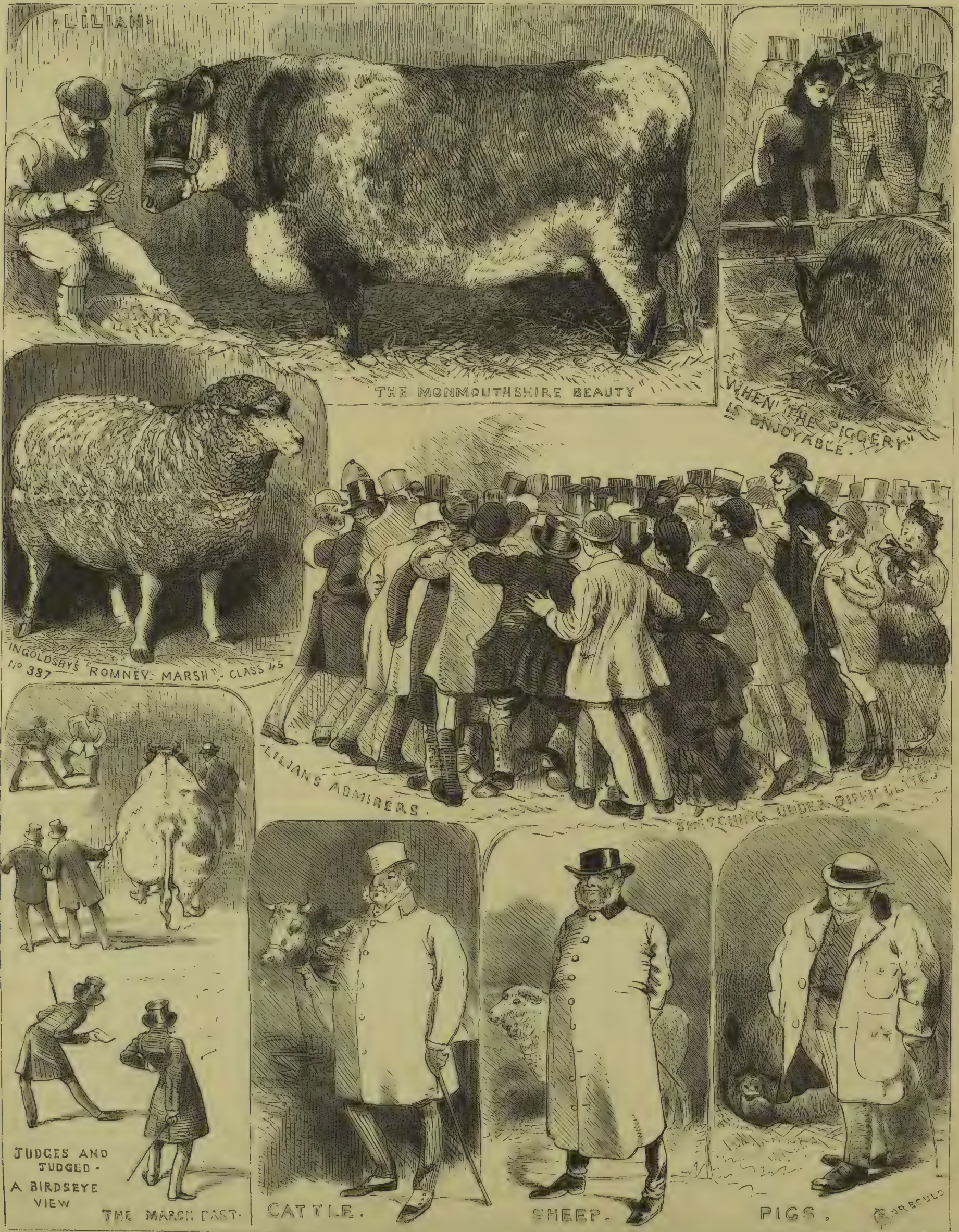
Would you have luxuriant hair,
Beautiful and soft and bright,
Would you have it soft and bright,
And attractive to the sight?
This you really can produce
If you put in constant use
"THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER."

The hair it strengthens and preserves,
And thus a double purpose serves;
It beautifies—improves it, too,
And gives it a most charming hue,
And thus in each essential way,
It public favour gains each day—
"THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER."

If a single thread of hair
Of a greyish tint is there,
This "Renewer" will restore
The hair to its natural colour,
And thus it is that vast renown
Does daily now its virtues crown—
"THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER."

No matter whether faded grey,
Or falling like the leaves away,
It will renew the human hair,
And make it like soft appear:
It will revive it, beautify,
And every ardent wish supply—
"THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER."

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.



SKETCHES AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.



THE LATE M. LOUIS BLANC.
FRENCH POLITICAL WRITER.



SERGEANT DANVERS,
WHO ASSISTED THE DUBLIN POLICE.



THE RIGHT HON. H. CECIL RAIKES.
M.P. FOR CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.



THE STATE OF IRELAND: POLICE PATROL IN DUBLIN.

HOVE TOWNHALL.

The old quiet village of Hove, at the west end of the Brighton beach, on the road to Shoreham, with the modern suburb of Cliftonville, has of late years grown into a fashionable town, almost a new Brighton. Its Commissioners have erected a handsome Townhall, which was opened last Wednesday. The architect is Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, A.R.A. A good central site has been chosen, having a southern aspect, with the principal frontage to Church-street, and side elevations to Norton-road and Tisbury road. The tower occupies the centre of the Church-street elevation, and the central hall is immediately behind it. The extension along Norton-road, nearly as long as the hall, incloses a parade-ground for the police. The principal entrance is in the middle of the south front, under the tower with a glass and iron porch extending over the footway. This entrance leads to the corridor, which runs right and left along the wings. The principal Hall, north of the corridor, is 91 ft. by 60 ft. by 40 ft., with a gallery at the south, east, and west sides. At the north end the orchestra is in a covered recess, behind a large semicircular arch, with a smaller recess at the back for the organ. There are



NEW TOWNHALL OF HOVE, BRIGHTON.

three stories of offices. On the ground floor, in the east wing, are the reception-room, the supper-room, and service-room; also the post-office, which occupies the south-east corner of the building, and is open only to the street. In the west wing are the town clerk's offices, the rate-collectors', and police. On the first floor are the Commissioners' board-room, and committee-room, the district surveyor's and School Board, magistrates' and solicitors' rooms, and police court. The first stone of this building was laid on May 22, 1880, by Mr. James Warne Howlett, Chairman of the Hove Commissioners. Mr. Chappel, of London, was the builder.

It is stated that the Treasury, the General Post Office, and the railway companies have all come to an agreement as to the terms on which the proposed parcels post is to be worked. In order to ensure the successful working of a reform of such magnitude numerous details have had to be very carefully considered, and some delay must yet ensue before the Post Office authorities will be able to give the public the benefit of the scheme. It is, however, expected that within two months the parcels post will be in effective operation.

JAY'S, Regent-street.

MOURNING for FAMILIES.—Messrs. JAY'S experienced Dressmakers and Milliners travel to any part of the Kingdom, free of expense to purchasers. They take with them Dresses and Millinery, besides patterns of Materials, at 1s. per yard and upwards, all marked in plain figures, and at the same price as if purchased at the Warehouse in Regent-street. Reasonable estimates are also given for household Mourning, at a great saving to large or small families. Funerals, at stated charges, conducted in London or Country.

FIVE-AND-A-HALF GUINEA BLACK DAMASK SILK COSTUMES (with sufficient silk for bed-lace included). Engraving of Messrs. JAY'S Five-and-a-half Guinea Costumes forwarded on application, gratis. Also a Pattern of the quality of silk from which these Costumes are made.

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT-STREET, W.

THE LOUIS VELVETEEN

IN BLACK AND ALL NEW WINTER SHADES.

These Celebrated VELVETEENS are recommended this Season in preference to those previously sold.

They have a more Velvety appearance, and the name

"LOUIS"

being stamped on the back of every yard is a guarantee of wear.

CHARLES GASK and CO. (Limited),

have secured a beautiful assortment in Black and all Colours,

which are supplied at most moderate prices at

122, 124, 126, 128, 130, and 132, OXFORD-STREET;

and 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, WELLS-STREET, LONDON.

Patterns post-free.

SPENCE'S DRESSES.—GREAT WINTER SHOW.

The latest Novelties

at Wholesale City Prices.

Enormous Del-

iveries from several

SPENCE'S DRESSES.—Large Manufactures of Winter

Novelties.

Their Plain and

Check Materials,

Silks, Brochés,

Satins.

SPENCE'S DRESSES.—Rare opportunity

for Ladies to Purchase.

The latest Novelties

wonderfully cheap.

Sole Proprietors of

Indiana Cloth (Regd.).

SPENCE'S DRESSES.—Supplied to H.R.H.

Princess of Wales.

Patterns post-free

to all parts of the globe.

SPENCE'S MANTLES.—Winter Novelties.

Manufacturers' Prices.

Fashion Magazine,

Illustrating Latest

Styles.

SPENCE'S FURS.—Wholesale Furriers'

Prices. 1000 Fur-lined

Cloaks.

New Fur Capes.

5000, all sizes, and Furs.

LADIES' DRESSES.—Style and Economy.

SPENCE'S SYSTEM OF SENDING

PATTERNS of all the latest Novelties in Dress, marked at

wholesale London prices, has proved one of the greatest booms,

Ladies residing in the country or abroad can choose their dresses

at home from the splendid assortment of patterns sent, saving

time and trouble; also purchase at the wholesale City price. The

New Winter Patterns, now ready, sent free on application to

all parts of the globe. Parcels over £1 value sent carriage paid.

JAMES SPENCE and CO. find it is

absolutely necessary to keep their stock clear of Short

Lengths, which accumulate daily; so have adopted the plan of

"bundles," which is an immense success, as it keeps their

stock thoroughly free from obsolescence, and gives their cus-

tomers splendid Bargains of New Materials. J. S. and CO. have

hundreds of repeat orders for their Bundles; and every Lady

requiring Frocks or Skirts for Children, or Pieces for Charitable

Distributions, should write for SPENCE'S BUNDLES OF

REMANANTS.

THE 25s. BUNDLE OF STUFF

REMANANTS.—Some of the Material sold by us in our

25s. Bundles could not be bought under 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per

yard. There are 50 yards in each 25s. Bundle, being at the rate

of 6d. per yard.

THE 41 BUNDLE OF WASHING

REMANANTS contains 40 yards. Some of the Satens, &c.,

were sold at 1s. 4d. and 1s. 6d. last season, and they are not

soiled or damaged, the only drawback being they are old pieces.

JAMES SPENCE and CO., 76, 77, 78, 79,

St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

S. T. AGG and MANTLE,

2, 3, and 4, LEICESTER-SQUARE, W.C.

Recommend special attention to that fashionable article,

THE LOUIS VELVETEEN,

which they are now showing in all qualities in Blacks and a

splendid assortment of the most fashionable shades

at special prices.

The wear of every yard is guaranteed by the Manufacturer,

and the name "Louis" is also found on the back of

every yard.

Patterns post-free.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

RE JACKSON and GRAHAM, IN

LIQUIDATION.

THE ORIENTAL GOODS

order d from Agents in Japan and China, previous to the sus-

pensions of the firm, for this year's Christmas Sale, have arrived,

and are

NOW ON VIEW,

and

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE, REGARDLESS OF COST.

By order of Trustee.

70 to 85, OXFORD-STREET, W.

T. R. ROBERTS,

216, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, and 227, UPPER-STREET,

ISLINGTON, N.

supplies all qualities of the fashionable

LOUIS VELVETEEN

In Black and New Winter Shades of Colourings at most moderate

prices. Patterns post-free.

The word "LOUIS" stamped on the back of every yard

guarantees the wear.

PRATT'S WATER PAD TRUSSES

are the

MOST EFFECTUAL CURE FOR RUPTURES.

PRATT'S ELASTIC STOCKINGS,

for VARICOSE VEINS, &c.

J. F. PRATT,

Surgical Mechanician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital,

43 (late 42b), OXFORD-STREET, LONDON.

F. CATER and CO., 133 to 139,

FINSBURY-PAYMENT, supply all qualities of the

celebrated

LOUIS VELVETEEN

In Black and all Colours at most moderate prices.

Patterns post-free.

The wear of every yard guaranteed.

ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate-hill,

INVITES INSPECTION of all that is new and beautiful

in useful and ornamental CHINA and GLASS, including

Dinner Services ("Cottage"), 50 pieces, .. 13 6

Dinner Services for 12 persons (the pieces) .. 35 0

China Dessert Services for 12 persons, Gift, 17s., 18s., 20s., 22s., 24s., 26s., 28s., 30s., 32s., 34s., 36s., 38s., 40s., 42s., 44s., 46s., 48s., 50s., 52s., 54s., 56s., 58s., 60s., 62s., 64s., 66s., 68s., 70s., 72s., 74s., 76s., 78s., 80s., 82s., 84s., 86s., 88s., 90s., 92s., 94s., 96s., 98s., 100s., 102s., 104s., 106s., 108s., 110s., 112s., 114s., 116s., 118s., 120s., 122s., 124s., 126s., 128s., 130s., 132s., 134s., 136s., 138s., 140s., 142s., 144s., 146s., 148s., 150s., 152s., 154s., 156s., 158s., 160s., 162s., 164s., 166s., 168s., 170s., 172s., 174s., 176s., 178s., 180s., 182s., 184s., 186s., 188s., 190s., 192s., 194s., 196s., 198s., 200s., 202s., 204s., 206s., 208s., 210s., 212s., 214s., 216s., 218s., 220s., 222s., 224s., 226s., 228s., 230s., 232s., 234s., 236s., 238s., 240s., 242s., 244s., 246s., 248s., 250s., 252s., 254s., 256s., 258s., 260s., 262s., 264s., 266s., 268s., 270s., 272s., 274s., 276s., 278s., 280s., 282s., 284s., 286s., 288s., 290s., 292s., 294s., 296s., 298s., 300s., 302s., 304s., 306s., 308s., 310s., 312s., 314s., 316s., 318s., 320s., 322s., 324s., 326s., 328s., 330s., 332s., 334s., 336s., 338s., 340s., 342s., 344s., 346s., 348s., 350s., 352s., 354s., 356s., 358s., 360s., 362s., 364s., 366s., 368s., 370s., 372s., 374s., 376s., 378s., 380s., 382s., 384s., 386s., 388s., 390s., 392s., 394s., 396s., 398s., 400s., 402s., 404s., 406s., 408s., 410s., 412s., 414s., 416s., 418s., 420s., 422s., 424s., 426s., 428s., 430s., 432s., 434s., 436s., 438s., 440s., 442s., 444s., 446s., 448s., 450s., 452s., 454s., 456s., 458s., 460s., 462s., 464s., 466s., 468s., 470s., 472s., 474s., 476s., 478s., 480s., 482s., 484s., 486s., 488s., 490s., 492s., 494s., 496s., 498s., 500s., 502s., 504s., 506s., 508s., 510s., 512s., 514s., 516s., 518s., 520s., 522s., 524s., 526s., 528s., 530s., 532s., 534s., 536s., 538s., 540s., 542s., 544s., 546s., 548s., 550s., 552s., 554s., 556s., 558s., 560s., 562s., 564s., 566s., 568s., 570s., 572s., 574s., 576s., 578s., 580s., 582s., 584s., 586s., 588s., 590s., 592s., 594s., 596s., 598s., 600s., 602s., 604s., 606s., 608s., 610s., 612s., 614s., 616s., 618s., 620s., 622s., 624s., 626s., 628s., 630s., 632s., 634s., 636s., 638s., 640s., 642s., 644s., 646s., 648s., 650s., 652s., 654s., 656s., 658s., 660s., 662s., 664s., 666s., 668s., 670s., 672s., 674s., 676s., 678s., 680s., 682s., 684s., 686s., 688s., 690s., 692s., 694s., 696s., 698s., 700s., 702s., 704s., 706s., 708s., 710s., 712s., 714s., 716s., 718s., 720s., 722s., 724s., 726s., 728s., 730s., 732s., 734s., 736s., 738s., 740s., 742s., 744s., 746s., 748s., 750s., 752s., 754s., 756s., 758s., 760s., 762s., 764s., 766s., 768s., 770s., 772s., 774s., 776s., 778s., 780s., 782s., 784s., 786s., 788s., 790s., 792s., 794s., 796s., 798s., 800s., 802s., 804s., 806s., 808s., 810s., 812s., 814s., 816s., 818s., 820s., 822s., 824s., 826s., 828s., 830s., 832s., 834s., 836s., 838s., 840s., 842s., 844s., 846s., 848s., 850s., 852s., 854s., 856s., 858s., 860s., 862s., 864s., 866s., 868s., 870s., 872s., 874s., 876s., 878s., 880s., 882s., 884s., 886s., 888s., 890s., 892s., 894s., 896s., 898s., 900s., 902s., 904s., 906s., 908s., 910s., 912s., 914s., 916s., 918s., 920s., 922s., 924s., 926s., 928s., 930s., 932s., 934s., 936s., 938s., 940s., 942s., 944s., 946s., 948s., 950s., 952s., 954s., 956s., 958s., 960s., 962s., 964s., 966s., 968s., 970s., 972s., 974s., 976s., 978s., 980s., 982s., 984s., 986s., 988s., 990s., 992s., 994s., 996s., 998s., 1000s., 1002s., 1004s., 1006s., 1008s., 1010s., 1012s., 1014s., 1016s., 1018s., 1020s., 1022s., 1024s., 1026s., 1028s., 1030s., 1032s., 1034s., 1036s., 1038s., 1040s., 1042s., 1044s., 1046s., 1048s., 1050s., 1052s., 1054s., 1056s., 1058s., 1060s., 1062s., 1064s., 1066s., 1068s., 1070s., 1072s., 1074s., 1076s., 1078s., 1080s., 1082s., 1084s., 1086s., 1088s., 1090s., 1092s., 1094s., 1096s., 1098s., 1100s., 1102s., 1104s., 1106s., 1108s., 1110s., 1112s., 1114s., 1116s., 1118s., 1120s., 1122s., 1124s., 1126s., 1128s., 1130s., 1132s., 1134s., 1136s., 1138s., 1140s., 1142s., 1144s., 1146s., 1148s., 1150s., 1152s., 1154s., 1156s., 1158s., 1160s., 1162s., 1164s., 1166s., 1168s., 1170s., 1172s., 1174s., 1176s., 1178s., 1180s., 1182s., 1184s., 1186s., 1188s., 1190s., 1192s., 1194s., 1196s., 1198s., 1200s., 1202s., 1204s., 1206s., 1208s., 1210s., 1212s., 1214s., 1216s., 1218s., 1220s., 1222s., 1224s., 1226s., 1228s., 1230s., 1232s., 1234s., 1236s., 1238s., 1240s., 1242s., 1244s., 1246s., 1248s., 1250s., 1252s., 1254s., 1256s., 1258s., 1260s., 1262s., 1264s., 1266s., 1268s., 1270s., 1272s., 1274s., 1276s., 1278s., 1280s., 1282s., 1284s., 1286s., 1288s., 1290s., 1292s., 1294s., 1296s., 1298s., 1300s., 1302s., 1304s., 1306s., 1308s., 1310s., 1312s., 1314s., 1316s., 1318s., 1320s., 1322s., 1324s., 1326s., 1328s., 1330s., 1332s., 1334s., 1336s., 1338s., 1340s., 1342s., 1344s., 1346s., 1348s., 1350s., 1352s., 1354s., 1356s., 1358s., 1360s., 1362s., 1364s., 1366s., 1368s., 1370s., 1372s., 1374s., 1376s., 1378s., 1380s., 1382s., 1384s., 1386s., 1388s., 1390s., 1392s., 1394s., 1396s., 1398s., 1400s., 1402s., 1404s., 1406s., 1408s., 1410s., 1412s., 1414s., 1416s., 1418s., 1420s., 1422s., 1424s., 1426s., 1428s., 1430s., 1432s., 1434s., 1436s., 1438s., 1440s., 1442s., 1444s., 1446s., 1448s., 1450s., 1452s., 1454s., 1456s., 1458s., 1460s., 1462s., 1464s., 1466s., 1468s., 1470s., 1472s., 1474s., 1476s., 1478s., 1480s., 1482s., 1484s., 1486s., 1488s., 1490s., 1492s., 1494s., 1496s., 1498s., 1500s., 1502s., 1504s., 1506s., 1508s., 1510s., 1512s., 1514s., 1516s., 1518s., 1520s., 1522s., 1524s., 1526s., 1528s., 1530s., 1532s., 1534s., 1536s., 1538s., 1540s., 1542s., 1544s., 1546s., 1548s., 1550s., 1552s., 1554s., 1556s., 1558s., 1560s., 1562s., 1564s., 1566s., 1568s., 1570s., 1572s., 1574s., 1576s., 1578s., 1580s., 1582s., 1584s., 1586s., 1588s., 1590s., 1592s., 1594s., 1596s., 1598s., 1600s., 1602s., 1604s., 1606s., 1608s., 1610s., 1612s., 1614s., 1616s., 1618s., 1620s., 1622s., 1624s., 1626s., 1628s., 1630s., 1632s., 1634s., 1636s., 1638s., 1640s., 1642s., 1644s., 1646s., 1648s., 1650s., 1652s., 1654s., 1656s., 1658s., 1660s., 1662s., 1664s., 1666s., 1668s., 1670s., 1672s., 1674s., 1676s., 1678s., 1680s., 1682s., 1684s., 1686s., 1688s., 1690s., 1692s., 1694s., 1696s., 1698s., 1700s., 1702s., 1704s., 1706s., 1708s., 1710s., 1712s., 1714s., 1716s., 1718s., 1720s., 1722s., 1724s., 1726s., 1728s., 1730s., 1732s., 1734s., 1736s., 1738s., 1740s., 1742s., 1744s., 1746s., 1748s., 1750s., 1752s., 1754s., 1756s., 1758s., 1760s., 1762s., 1764s., 1766s., 1768s., 1770s., 1772s., 1774s., 1776s., 1778s., 1780s., 1782s., 1784s., 1786s., 1788s., 1790s., 1792s., 1794s., 1796s., 1798s., 1800s., 1802s., 1804s., 1806s., 1808s., 1810s., 1812s., 1814s., 1816s., 1818s., 1820s., 1822s., 1824s., 1826s., 1828s., 1830s., 1832s., 1834s., 1836s., 1838s., 1840s., 1842s., 1844s., 1846s., 1848s., 1850s., 1852s., 1854s., 1856s., 1858s., 1860s., 1862s., 1864s., 1866s., 1868s., 1870s., 1872s., 1874s., 1876s., 1878s., 1880s., 1882s., 1884s., 1886s., 1888s., 1890s.,

NEW MUSIC.

IOLANTHE; or, the Peer and the Peri.
Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S New Opera.
On Wednesday, Dec. 20, the Vocal Score, 5s.; Piano-forte Solo, 3s.
The Dance Music and separate Songs will be issued by
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street, W., and 15, Poultry, E.C.

IOLANTHE; or, the Peer and the Peri.
Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S New Opera.
Now ready, the Book of the Words, price 1s.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street, W., and 15, Poultry, E.C.

RIP VAN WINKLE, a New Romantic
Opera. English Version by H. B. Farnie. Music by
ROBERT PLANQUETTE (Composer of "Les Cloches de Corneville").
Now being performed with enormous success at the
Comedy Theatre.
Vocal Score 5 0
Piano-forte Solo 3 0

DANCE-MUSIC BY CHARLES D'ALBERT.
GRETCHEN WALTZ 4 0
RHINE FAY WALTZ, RIP VAN WINKLE QUAD-
RILLE, LANCERS, POLKA, and GALOP .. each 4 0
(All beautifully illustrated.)
SELECTION OF ALL THE FAVOURITE AIRS .. 4 0
Arranged by VAN BIEHE
THE LETTER SONG (True Love from o'er the Sea),
sung by Miss Violet Cameron 4 0
TWILIGHT SHADOWS. Sung by Miss Violet Cameron .. 4 0
All the above sent postage free at half price.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street, W., and 15, Poultry, E.C.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
(1882) OF
CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE,
No. 125,
contains the following Popular Dance Music:—
Nearest and Dearest Waltz Charles D'Albert.
The Torpedo Galop Charles D'Albert.
Olyette Waltz Charles D'Albert.
The Cigarette Polka John Cooke, Junr.
England Quadrilles Charles D'Albert.
Ge-up! Polka Charles D'Albert.
Como Quadrilles Charles D'Albert.
Operatic Waltz Karl Meyer.
The Dado Polka Alphonse Beck.
The Clan Alpine Lancers Henry Morley.
Price One Shilling; postage free, 1s. 2d.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street, W., and 15, Poultry, E.C.

THE CHRISTMAS DUET NUMBER
(1882) OF
CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE,
No. 126,
contains the following popular Dance Music,
ARRANGED AS DUETS:—
Olyette Quadrille Charles D'Albert.
Venetia Valse Caroline Lowthian.
The Knight of St. Patrick Lancers .. Dan Godfrey.
Sweet Kiss Polka C. Kinkel.
Sweetheart Waltz Charles D'Albert.
The Torpedo Galop Charles D'Albert.
Price One Shilling; postage free, 1s. 2d.
London: CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street, W.,
and 15, Poultry, E.C.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S NEW SONGS.
Hymn to God the Father .. Alfred Piatelli
Sung with the greatest success by Mr. Santley.
Ye Cupids Droop each Little Head .. Maude Valeria White.
Sung by Miss Santley at the Popular Concerts.
Echoes Berthold Tours.
Sung by Miss Annie Marriott.
Deep and True Berthold Tours.
Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd.
Gates of the West Caroline Lowthian.
Thine Alone A. H. Behrend.
My Fairer Child (1s. 6d. net) .. A. H. Behrend.
AEL (Evermore) A. H. Behrend.
Sung by Mr. F. King.
Price 2s. each net.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street, W., and 15, Poultry, E.C.

SECONDHAND PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL and CO. have on View
Every Description of PIANOFORTES by the best
makers, returned from hire, to be sold at greatly
reduced prices for Cash; or may be purchased on the
Three-Years' System.

CHAPPELL PIANOFORTES from 15

COLLARD PIANOFORTES, from 35

ERARD PIANOFORTES, from 38 guineas.

BROADWOOD PIANOFORTES, from 35

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED

OBELIQUE PIANOFORTE, Single and Double Overstrung,
rich and Check Action, from 3 to 40 guineas.

GERMAN PIANOFORTES from 30

PIPE and REED COMBINATION

ORGANS.
With one manual, from 30 guineas.
With two manuals and pedals, from 130 guineas.
Hydraulic motors for blowing, from 8 guineas.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S ORGANS have

been pronounced by the most eminent musicians in En-
gland to be superior to all others in pipe-like quality of tone.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S AMERICAN

ORGANS. A combination of pipes and reeds which do
not get out of tune by the most severe changes of temperature.
Easy of manipulation, handsome in design, and of great
durability.

From 18 to 225 guineas.
Second-hand from 12 guineas.
Descriptive Lists free by post.
TESTIMONIALS.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS'

SYSTEM OF HIRE OF PIANOFORTES.

HARMONIUMS, and AMERICAN ORGANS,
by which the instrument becomes the property
of the hirer at the end of the third
year. Pianofortes, from 2gs. Harmoniums,
from 11 5s.; and American Organs, from
11 10s. a Quarter.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S PIANOS, from

20 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED

COTTAGE PIANOFORTES for Ocean Steamers and
Extreme Climates, from 35 to 65 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S Early English

PIANOFORTES, artistically designed, Elouised Cases,
from 45 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S Iron Double

Overstrung PIANOFORTES, Check Actions, &c., from 60

guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ALEXANDRE

HARMONIUMS, for Church, Schools, or Drawing-Rooms,
from 6 to 150 guineas; or, on the Three-Years' System, from
11 5s. per quarter.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S PET ORGAN,

Seven Stops, including Sub-bass and Octave Coupler,
Elegant Carved Walnut Case. 18 guineas.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S CENTENNIAL

GRAND ORGAN, 15 Stops, 9 Sets of Reeds, and Com-
bination Tubes, 85 guineas.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S GRAND

ORGAN MODEL. Two choirs, two and a half octave
of pedals, twenty-three stops, seventeen sets of reeds, elegant
disposed pipes, solid walnut case. 225 guineas. The most
perfect American organ manufactured. Illustrated List free.

INSTRUMENTS by ALL MAKERS may be

HIRE or PURCHASED on the Three-Years' System.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street,
City Branch, 15, Poultry, E.C.

A LARGE DISCOUNT TO PURCHASERS

FOR CASH.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street,
City Branch, 15, Poultry, E.C.

NEW MUSIC.

SPRUNG A LEAK. A Sea Story.

SPRUNG A LEAK. By ARTHUR
MATTHISON, Author of "The Little Hero."

SPRUNG A LEAK. Set to music by the

Composer of "The Midshipmite" and "Nancy Lee."

SPRUNG A LEAK. Sung by Mr.

Maybrick at the Ballad Concerts. 2s.—Boosey and Co.

FOR PITY'S SAKE.

FOR PITY'S SAKE. By STEPHEN
ADAMS. Sung by Miss Mary Davies. 2s.
Boosey and Co.

THY HAND IN MINE.

THY HAND IN MINE. Edward Lloyd's
new and brilliantly successful Song. Composed by
BLUMENFELD. 2s.—Boosey and Co.

GOING TO MARKET.

GOING TO MARKET. By LOUIS
DIEHL. Sung by Miss Agnes Larkcom at above City
towns, and with uniform success, be included in the next
Ballad Concert. 2s.—Boosey and Co.

THREE MERRY MEN. A great success.

THREE MERRY MEN. New Baritone

Song.

THREE MERRY MEN. By MOLLOY.

THREE MERRY MEN. Sung by Mr.

Barrington Foots at the Ballad Concerts. "An amusing
story neatly told." "Among the successes of the evening."
Daily Telegraph. "To judge by its reception on Wednesday,
it will be as popular as 'Nancy Lee.'"—Era.
2s.—Boosey and Co.

IF ONLY. By MARZIALS.

IF ONLY. Sung by Miss Damian at the

Ballad Concerts. Also by Madame Madie Bolingbroke
every night on the Brinsford Tour. "A capital song."—Daily
Telegraph. 2s.—Boosey and Co.

THINE ALONE WALTZ.

THINE ALONE WALTZ. By

MEISSLER. Performed at Her Majesty's State Ball; also
by all the military bands, and by the orchestras of Coothe and
Tinney, and Liddell. 2s.—Boosey and Co.

A LINCOLNSHIRE BALLAD. By

MARZIALS. To be sung by Miss Mary Davies, for the
first time, in January.—Boosey and Co.

QUAKER COUSINS. In the press, and

to be sung by Mr. Santley, for the first time, at the Ballad
Concert, Jan. 6. "Quaker Cousins," new Humorous Song, by J.
L. MOLLOY; Words by Samuel Cowan.—Boosey and Co.

THE ROMANY LASS.—Boosey and Co.

beg to announce a New Song, by the Composer of "The
Rise Alsatian Mountains," entitled "The Romany Lass."
Words by F. E. Weatherly. It will be sung, for the first time,
at the Ballad Concert, Jan. 6, by Mr. Edward Lloyd.
2s. Regent-street.

TWICKENHAM FERRY, OLIVIA, and

Eight other Ballads. Cavendish Music Books, No. 46,
price 1s.—Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

PIANOFORTES, from 17 Guineas

upwards, for SALE, Hire, or upon Three-Years' System.
English Pianofortes by Broadwood, Erard, Collard, &c. Foreign
Short Grand and Cottage by Romisch, Hagspiel, Kaps, Blüthner,
Schiedmayer, Pleyel, &c.—BOOSEY and CO., 235, Regent-street.

GEORGE WOODS and CO.'S celebrated

AMERICAN ORGANS, from 12.

Sole Agents, BOOSEY and CO., 235, Regent-street.

J. B. CRAMER and CO.'S

PUBLICATIONS.

SIGNOR POLI'S LATEST SONG.

JACK'S REWARD. Composed by

ODOARDO BARRI; Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone.
Published in E flat, E, and F. 2s. net.

HENRY PARKER'S LATEST SONG.

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

Words by NELLA.
There is never a storm can reach that height,
And my tower is fadless there;
Whilst I never met with a shadow yet
In my Castle in the Air.
Published in E flat, F, and G. 2s. net.

EDITH COOKE'S very successful Song,

I DREAM'D A DREAM; Words by W. Wilsey Martin.
Published in four keys, E flat, F, G, and A flat, to suit all voices.
Price 2s. net.

I CANNOT TELL YOU WHY. New Song.

Composed expressly for Madame Christian Nilsson. Music
by ODOARDO BARRI; Words by Mary Mark Lemon.
I wonder where we two shall meet,
I wonder if old love still lives,
If years must pass ere one forgets,
Or life must cure ere one forgives.
Published in A, B flat, and C. 2s. net.

MYOSOTIS. CAROLINE LOWTHIAN'S

New Waltz. Superior to any yet published by this

popular dance composer.

MYOSOTIS is the Waltz of the Season,
being very melodious, the time well marked for dancing,
and easy to perform.

MYOSOTIS WALTZ. Now being played

everywhere. Full Orchestra, Septet, and Military Band
parts published. Published as a Solo or Duet. 2s. net.

CAROLINE LOWTHIAN'S POPULAR

DANCE MUSIC.

MARGUERITE WALTZ .. Net 2s.

OLD LOVE and THE NEW WALTZ .. 2s.

SWALLOW WALTZ 2s.

VANITY FAIR POLKA 2s.

J. B. CRAMER and CO.'S DANCE

ALBUM for CHRISTMAS is now published. Containing
TEN Original and Popular Dance pieces. Clearly engraved
music. In illustrated paper cover. Price 1s. net.
J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street, W.

CRAMER'S NEW PIANOFORTES.

FROM TEN GUINEAS.

J. B. CRAMER and CO., by new mechanical appliances
recently added to their factory, combine in their instruments
durability and moderate cost with great power, purity of tone,
and general excellence.

FOUR OCTAVES (Table), portable, and never

requires Tuning .. 10 Guineas.

FIVE " (Studio) 13 "

" " (Yacht), with closing Key .. 15 "

" " board, in Pine Case .. 20 "

" " in American Walnut .. 22 "

" " in Oak Case 24 "

" " in Black and Gold .. 26 "

SEVEN OCTAVES, in Pine and other Cases, from 25 "

Ditto in Black and Gold Cases from 35 "

CRAMER'S ORGANS.

For Church, Chamber, or Chapel.

CRAMER'S HARMONIUMS.

CRAMER'S AMERICAN ORGANS.

HARP'S by ERARD and others for SALE, HIRE, and on

CRAMER'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM.

Full Lists and particulars free.

Nothing supplied but what is of the highest and most satis-
factory quality.

Exchanged any time within Three Months without loss to the
Purchaser.

J. B. CRAMER and CO.,

London: Regent-street, W.; Bond-street, W.; Moorgate-street,
E.C.; High-street, Notting-hill, W. Liverpool: Church-street.

NEW MUSIC.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST.

In the Press.

THE VICAR OF BRAY. GRUNDY and

SOLOMON. Comic Opera in Two Acts.

SOMETIMES, GENERALLY, ALWAYS.

By M. LUTZ. Sung with great success at the Gaiety
Theatre, in "Little Robin Hood," by Arthur Williams and J. J.
Dallas. Net 2s.

NEW SONGS sung by Mdle. Trebelli.

ANDALUSIENNE. By E. BARNETT.
NOT ALWAYS YOUNG. PALADILHE.
SOFTLY OVER THE SEA. MAQUET.
ONLY A LITTLE WHILE. F. PASCAL.
Each 2s. net.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE, FLORIAN

PASCAL, in E, F, G, and A flat, will be sung by Madame
Trebelli at her forthcoming engagements; also sung with great
success by Miss F. Winn and Madame Worrell.

Refrain: Only a little while, love;
Only a year and a day,
Only "God speed," and away.
Price 2s. net.

CHRISTMAS QUADRILLES. H.

FARMER'S celebrated set. New Edition, beautifully
illustrated. Solo, 1s. 6d. net. Duet, 2s. net.

KING'S WOOING. F. PASCAL. Sung

by Mr. Thury Beale with great success. Net 2s.

CAPTAIN'S DREAM. F. PASCAL.

Sung by Mr. Thury Beale and the leading baritones. Net 2s.

A DAY-DREAM. In D and F.

BLUMENFELD. Net 2s. Sung by Annie Marriott,
sedge Glover, Emmeline Dixon, Miss Woodhatch, Madame
Worrell, and Madame Hernani.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT. In D, F,

and G. Weatherly and MOLLOY. Net 2s. Sung by
Annie Giles, Emmeline Dixon, Miss McClean, and Madame
Worrell.

NEW SONGS by FLORIAN PASCAL.

THE CAPTAIN'S DREAM.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

THE KING'S WOOING.

Sung by Mr. Thury Beale.
Price 2s. net each.

NEW SONGS. F. H. COWEN.

The Night has a Thousand Eyes.
Rondel (Kiss me, Sweetheart, the Spring is Here).
If thou wilt remember. I think of All Thou Art to Me.
Good-night. Alas!
In keys to suit all voices. Price 2s. net each.
"Some of the most original and finished lyrics that have been
seen since the time of Sterndale Bennett."—Musical Standard.

A WAYSIDE POSY. In D, E, and F.

MICHAEL WATSON. Sung by Agnes Larkcom, Lucy
Franklin, Annie Giles, Emmeline Dixon, Miss Woodhatch,
Madame Worrell, Annie Marriott, and Maud Cameron.

And that joyous summer day,
She could not say him nay;
But turned her little head aside,
You know the usual way.
2s. net.

THE FALSE FRIEND. "Our hands

have met, but not our hearts." By V. WALLACE.
The celebrated Baritone Song, now being sung with the greatest
success. 1s. 6d. net.

THE TUG OF WAR. New Patriotic Song

by WEATHERLY; set to a Martial Melody by Florian
Pascal. Sung by Mr. Thury Beale.

When the drums begin to play,
And the troops march away,
And the old flag flies as of yore;
And we know by the sound,
That every man is bound,
Bound for the tug of war.
Net 2s.

THE POLKAS OF THE SEASON.

A TON BRAS. By J. RUFFLER.

THE LITTLE FLIRT. By G. DAUVIN.
1s. 6d. net.

London:

J. WILLIAMS, Berners-street; and

124, Cheapside.

NEW SONG.

BEST OF ALL. By FRANK L. MOIR.

Sung with great success by
Mr. Frederic King, Mr. Brillon, Mr. Abercrombie,
Madame Thra Sanderson, Mrs. Bradshawe McKay,
and by all the favourite vocalists.

"'Tis all the world to have thee near,
And worse than death to be without thee
My heart is sad when I'm alone,
Yet still I do not doubt thee."
G, A (E to B), B flat, and C (Flute, Violin, Cello Parts, ad lib.).

CIRO PINSUTI'S LAST NEW SONG.

IN THE HEART OF LONDON TOWN.

W. MOLLEY and CO. beg to announce that they have
secured Signor Pinsuti's last and prettiest song, which will rank
with his finest and most popular works. C, D (C to D), and F.

BERTHOLD TOURS' GRAND NEW SONG.

THE NEW KINGDOM. "A beautiful

and pathetic song, and one that will wake emotion in the
hearts of all who hear it."—Review. B flat, C (C to E), and D.

CIRO PINSUTI'S NEW SONG.



COSTUMES FOR OUR CHRISTMAS FANCY DRESS BALL.
DRAWN BY M. WILHELM.

CHATTO and WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

TO THE GOLD COAST FOR GOLD. A Personal Narrative. By RICHARD BURTON and VERNET LOVETT CAMERON. With Frontispiece and Maps. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 21s.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. By JOHN ASHTON, Author of "Chap-Books of the Eighteenth Century," &c. With nearly 100 Illustrations in Facsimile. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 28s.

AMERICAN HUMORISTS. Including Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte. By the Rev. R. H. HAYES, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

THE ART ANNUAL for 1882-3. Edited by F. G. DUMAS. With 250 full-page illustrations. Demy 8vo, French grey cover, 3s. 6d.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. A New Edition, revised and corrected. In four volumes. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.

COLIN CLOUT'S CALENDAR. By GRANT ALLEN, Author of "Vignettes from Nature." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s.

ARABIAN SOCIETY IN THE MIDDLE AGES. Studies from the Thousand and One Nights. By EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, Author of "The Modern Egyptians," &c. Edited by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s.

THE PRINCESS and CURDIE. By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D. With 11 Illustrations by James Allen. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

BIMBI: Stories for Children. By OUIDA. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, cinnamon edges, 7s. 6d.

HOURS WITH THE PLAYERS. By DUTTON COOK. With a Steel Plate Frontispiece. New and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

CHAPTERS ON EVOLUTION. A Popular History of the Darwinian and Allied Theories of Development. By ANDREW WILSON, Ph.D., F.R.S. Edin., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 250 Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

VAL STRANGE: A Story of the Primrose Way. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, Author of "Joseph's Coat," &c. 3 vols., crown 8vo.

REGIMENTAL LEGENDS. By J. S. WINTER, Author of "Cavalry Life," &c. 3 vols., crown 8vo.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT. By CHARLES GIBSON, Author of "Robin Gray," &c. 3 vols., crown 8vo.

KIT: A MEMORY. By JAMES PAYN. 3 vols., crown 8vo.

GADEON FLEYCE. By HENRY W. LUCY. 2 vols., crown 8vo.

IN MAREMMA. By OUIDA. New and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

BELGRAVIA for 1883. Price One Shilling Monthly. A New Serial Story, entitled *MAIL OF ATHENS*, by Justin McCarthy, Author of "Dear Lady Diadem," &c., illustrated by Fred. Barnard, will be begun in the JANUARY NUMBER of BELGRAVIA (ready Dec. 21). This number will contain also the first portion of a Story in Two Parts, by Ouida, entitled *THESEUS*; the continuation of Wilde Collins's Novel, *HEART AND SCIENCE*; a Story of the present day; a further instalment of Mrs. Alexander's Novel, *THE ADMIRAL'S WARD*, and other matters of interest.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for 1883. Price One Shilling Monthly. The January Number of this Periodical (ready Dec. 21), in addition to numerous Articles upon matters of current interest, will contain the first Chapters of a New Serial Story, entitled "The New Abolard," by Robert Buchanan, Author of "The Shadow of the Sword," "God and the Man," &c. "Science Notes," by W. Matthew Williams, will also be continued in the Magazine Monthly. CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for DECEMBER. With Illustrations by George Du Maurier and W. Small.

Now ready, crown 8vo, 6s.
CITIES OF EGYPT. By REGINALD STUART POLE.
"A book which does not contain a dull line from beginning to end."—Academy.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

Now ready, crown 8vo, 6s.
CITIES OF EGYPT. By REGINALD STUART POLE.
"A book which does not contain a dull line from beginning to end."—Academy.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MODERN GREEK HEROINE."
At all the Libraries, in 3 vols., post 8vo,
FAIR AND FREE. By the Author of
"A Modern Greek Heroine."
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

FRESH LITTLE PLAYS for LITTLE AND HOME PERFORMANCE. 10. Little Bluebell, by Anne, 1s. 6d. The Prince and the Witch, by Myra Craig, 1s. 6d. Others in Series are:—7. Miller's Maid, 1s. 6d. Bales in the Wood, 1s. 6d. Mother Goose, 1s. 6d. Puss in Boots, 1s. 6d. Cinderella, 1s. 6d. Whittington, 1s. 6d. Beauty and Beast, 1s. 6d. King Richard, 1s. 6d. by Myra Craig. Each 1s. 6d. gilt edges. Post-free, 1s. 1d.—London: DEAN and SON, 160, Fleet-street.

BLACKIE and SON'S NEW BOOKS.
Complete List post-free on application.

STORIES OF OLD RENOWN. Tales of 15 Knights and Heroes. By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "The Old Tales of Chivalry," &c. With nearly 100 Illustrations, from Drawings by Gordon Browne. Crown 8vo, cloth, elegant, olive edges, price 6s.

UNDER DRAKE'S FLAG: A Tale of the Spanish Main. By G. A. HENTY, Author of "In Times of Peril," &c. With 12 full-page illustrations, price 6s.
"This fascinating story-book will hold its young readers spell-bound to the end."—Morning Advertiser.

FACING DEATH; or, the Hero of the
Vaughan Pit: A Tale of the Coal-Mines. By G. A. HENTY. With Eight full-page illustrations, price 6s.
"Well written and well illustrated."—Athenaeum.

IN THE KING'S NAME; or, The Cruise
of the Kestrel. By G. MANVILLE FENN, Author of "On to the Wilds," &c. With 12 full-page illustrations, price 6s.
"Destined to be received with much favour by boy-readers."—World.

NAT THE NATURALIST; or, a Boy's
Adventures in the Eastern Seas. By G. MANVILLE FENN. With 12 full-page illustrations, price 6s.
"A capital book for boys. A most interesting story."—Academy.

THE SEVENTH EDITION OF THE
UNIVERSE; or, The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little. By P. A. POUCHET, M.D. Illustrated by 273 Engravings on Wood. Medium 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.
"As interesting as the most exciting romance."—Standard.

GILVIE'S IMPERIAL DICTIONARY.
New Edition, thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged. Edited by CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A. Illustrated by above 3000 Engravings. In 4 vols., Imperial 8vo, cloth, at 2s. 6d. each, or half morocco, 3s. 6d. Vol. 4, completing the work, just published.
"The best English lexicon of the time."—Spectator.
London: BLACKIE and SON, 49 and 50, Old Bailey.

MESSRS. HATCHARD'S LIST.

Just published. Crown 8vo, cloth, with Frontispiece, 5s.
ANNA CAVAYE; or, The Ugly Princess.
By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy."

Just published. Fcap 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.,
THIS WORK-A-DAY WORLD;
or, Thoughts for Busy People.
By Miss E. WORDSWORTH.
Author of "Thoughts for the Chimney Corner."

Small crown 8vo, illustrated, 3s. 6d.,
WITHOUT A REFERENCE.
By BRENDA, Author of "Nothing to Nobody," &c.

FIVE BIRTHDAY BOOKS.

1. **SHAKESPEARE BIRTHDAY BOOK.** 74th Thousand. Edited by M. F. P. Dunbar. DRAWING-ROOM EDITION. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 5s.; leather, 7s. 6d. to 21s. DRAWING-ROOM EDITION. With 14 Photos. Cloth, 10s. 6d.; leather, 13s. 6d. to 42s. POCKET EDITION. 2s. and 2s. 6d.; leather, 3s. to 21s. Cloth, 6s.; leather, 7s. 6d. to 42s.
2. **THE SOUL'S INQUIRIES ANSWERED.** 27th Thousand. By G. WASHINGTON MOON. DRAWING-ROOM EDITION. With 13 Photos. Small crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.; leather, 13s. 6d. to 42s. POCKET EDITION. 2s. and 2s. 6d.; leather, 3s. to 21s.
3. **THE SCOTT BIRTHDAY BOOK.** By CHARLOTTE H. DICKEN. 6th Thousand. A Prose and Verse Quotation for each day. POCKET EDITION. 2s. and 2s. 6d.; leather, 3s. to 21s.
4. **POETICAL BIRTHDAY BOOK.** By the Countess of PORTSMOUTH. 9th Thousand. DRAWING-ROOM EDITION. With 13 Photos. Small crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.; leather, 13s. 6d. to 42s. POCKET EDITION. 2s. and 2s. 6d.; leather, 3s. to 21s.
5. **THE COMIC BIRTHDAY BOOK.** Edited by W. F. MARCH-PHILLIPS. 4th Thousand. POCKET EDITION. 2s. and 2s. 6d.; leather, 3s. to 21s.

BY AUTHOR OF "THE PEEP OF DAY."

1. **NEAR HOME; or, Europe Described.** NEW EDITION. 8th Thousand. 5s.
2. **FAR OFF. PART I; or, Asia Described.** NEW EDITION. 9th Thousand. 5s.
3. **FAR OFF. PART II. Oceania, Africa, and America.** NEW EDITION. 36th Thousand. 5s.
4. **READING WITHOUT TEARS.** 85th Thousand. Two Parts, each 2s. 6d.; complete in One Vol., 4s. 6d.
5. **THE PEEP OF DAY.** 57th Thousand. Limp, 1s. 2d.; cloth, 2s.
6. **STREAKS OF LIGHT.** 54th Thousand. Limp, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
7. **LINE UPON LINE.** 2 vols. 55th Thousand. Limp, 1s. 4d. each; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.
8. **PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT.** 48th Thousand. Limp, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
9. **APOSTLES PREACHING.** (The Acts explained.) 17th Thousand. Limp, 1s. 4d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
10. **LINES LEFT OUT.** 56th Thousand. Limp, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
11. **THE KINGS OF ISRAEL AND JUDAH.** 57th Thousand. Limp, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
12. **THE CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH.** 13th Thousand. Limp, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
13. **MORE ABOUT JESUS.** 62nd Thousand. Limp, 1s. 4d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
14. **LATIN WITHOUT TEARS.** 3s. 6d.
15. **LIGHT IN THE DWELLING.** Family Readings for Every Day. 6s.
16. **THE NIGHT OF TOIL.** Missionary Labours. 7th Edition. 3s.
17. **TEACHING MYSELF.** An Abridgment of "Reading without Tears." 3d.

HATCHARDS, 187, Piccadilly, London.

WM. BLACKWOOD and SONS' NEW BOOKS.
SOME ACCOUNT OF MY LIFE AND WRITINGS. An Autobiography. By the late Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. Edited by his Daughter-in-Law. In two vols., 8vo, with Portrait engraved on Steel, and other illustrations, price 35s.

A TOUR IN GREECE, 1880. By RICHARD RIDLEY FARRER. With Twenty-seven full-page illustrations by Lord Windsor. Royal 8vo, with a Map, 21s.

FIRE FOUNTAINS. The Kingdom of Hawaii: Its Volcanoes, and the History of its Missions. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING, Author of "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," "At Home in Fiji," &c. With Map and numerous illustrations. Two vols., 8vo, 25s.

THE EARLY HOMES OF PRINCE ALBERT. By ALFRED RIMMER, Author of "Our Old Country Towns," &c. Beautifully illustrated with Tinted Plates, and numerous Engravings on Wood. In 1 vol., 8vo. In 1 vol., 8vo. Wm. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S WORKS.

THE CHRONICLES OF BARSETSHIRE. A uniform Edition, consisting of 8 vols., large crown 8vo, 6s. each, handsomely printed, each vol. containing Frontispiece.

THE WARDEN.

BARCHESTER TOWERS.

DR. THORNE.

FRAMLEY PARSONAGE.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET. 2 vols.

CHAPEMAN and HALL, Limited, 11, Henrietta-street, W.C.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

FANCY BALLS AND PRIVATE

THEATRICALS.

THIRD AND ENLARGED EDITION,

FANCY DRESSES DESCRIBED; or,

WHAT TO WEAR AT FANCY BALLS.

"What to wear at a Fancy Ball is often a question of momentous interest, and it is answered in every particular by a little book called 'Fancy Dresses Described.'"
"The descriptions of toilettes are thoroughly practical, and the authorities may be accepted as an authority."—Court Journal.
"This little Manual of What to Wear at Fancy Balls will supply a real want."—Vanity Fair.
DREBENHAM and FARENOY, Wigmore-street and Welbeck-street, W.

Just published, Fifth Edition, Twelfth Thousand.

THE PERMANENT POSTAGE-STAMP

ALBUM. By H. STAFFORD SMITH. Twelve styles of binding, from 7s. 6d. to 42s. Album Prospectus, and List of over 400 Cheap Sets of Stamps, post-free. Descriptive Catalogue of nearly 5000 postage-stamps, post-free, 8d.

STAFFORD SMITH, 161, Preston-road, Brighton.

By Dr. BARR MEADOWS, Physician to the National Institution for Diseases of the Skin. Ninth Edition, post-free, 3s. stamps.

ERUPTIONS; their Rational Treatment.

London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge-road.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, and CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

Large crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, parchment, 12s.; vellum, 15s.

LIVING ENGLISH POETS. MDCCCLXXXII. With Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE. Fifty Copies will be Printed on Large Paper, with India Proof Impressions of the Frontispiece.

At all Libraries and Booksellers,
REMINISCENCES OF COURT AND DIPLOMATIC LIFE. By GEORGIANA, Baroness BLOOMFIELD. 2 vols., demy 8vo, with Three Portraits and Six Illustrations, cloth, 28s.
"An amusing record of social and political gossip. No one is likely to take it up for half an hour without finding something to repay him for his trouble."—Daily News.
"These very pleasant 'Reminiscences' will be widely read and highly enjoyed."—Spectator.

Demy 8vo, cloth, price 16s.,
A GUIDE TO MODERN ENGLISH HISTORY. By W. CORY. Part II. MDCCCLXXX.—MDCCCLXXXV.
"History in epigrams."—Pall Mall Gazette.
"A storehouse of shrewd judgments on men, and sound enforcement of principles."—Athenaeum.

Crown 8vo, with 148 Illustrations, cloth, 7s.,
MAN BEFORE METALS. By N. JOLY, Correspondent de l'Institut de France. (International Scientific Series.)

Second Edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.,
ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE. By G. J. ROMANES, LL.D., F.R.S. (International Scientific Series.)
"A collection of facts which, though it may merely amuse the unscientific reader, will be a real boon to the student of comparative psychology; for this is the first attempt to present systematically the well-assured results of observation on the mental life of animals."—Saturday Review.

With Five Chromo-lithographic Illustrations, Fifth Edition, crown 8vo, 5s.,
ANTS, BEES, AND WASPS. A Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera. By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P. (International Scientific Series.)

"We feel sure that most readers will find the results arrived at as novel as they unquestionably are interesting. . . . There is a minuteness of detail which will satisfy the scientific, without being so technical as to repel the general reader."—Saturday Review.

Twelfth Cabinet Edition, 2 vols., crown 8vo, 12s.,
CHARLES KINGSLEY. His Letters and Memories of his Life. Edited by his Wife. With Two Steel Engraved Portraits and Vignettes on Wood.
"It is one of the most interesting biographies of our time. . . . The book is interesting to its last page."—Spectator.

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.
AN ENGINEER'S HOLIDAY; or, Notes
of a Round Trip from Long, 0 deg. to 0 deg. By D. PIDGON. New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
"Mr. Pidgon seems to have no prejudices and few predilections. He studied men and manners wherever he went, and gives his results in simple language without literary or artistic pretensions. His praise of (Chinese) doubts about the future of Japan have specially struck us."—Academy.
"This is the most interesting book of its comprehensive kind since 'Greater Britain.'"
Spectator.

New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.,
THE NEW PLAYGROUND; or,
Wanderings in Algeria. By ALEXANDER A. KNOX.
"His work is, as might have been expected from Mr. Knox, vivaciously written, and there are many most amusing pages in it."—Athenaeum.

New and Cheaper Edition, large crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.,
STUDIES IN THE LITERATURE OF NORTHERN EUROPE. By EDMUND W. GOSSE.
"Mr. Gosse's book is particularly welcome and serviceable. . . . Vivid sketches, full of learning, of humour, and of personal emotion."—Saturday Review.

New and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.,
CASTLE BLAIR. A Story of Youthful Days. By FLORA L. SHAW.
"Quite a lovely little book about Irish children, having the best description of a noble child in it (Winny) that I ever read."—Mr. Ruskin in "Fors Clavigera."

Limp, 16mo, with 33 Illustrations, cloth gilt, price 2s. 6d.,
BIRDS AND BABIES. By ETHEL COXHEAD.
"A tastily got up volume, full of rhyming stories which will please young people, while the text is accompanied by a number of small but attractive illustrations."—Queen.
"Charming little poems, written with an easy flow of rhythm, and, moreover, very refined and pretty in design."—Daily News.

TENNYSON'S WORKS. The Guinea Edition, in 13 vols., pocket size, neatly bound in cloth and included in box, 21s.; French morocco or parchment, 35s. 6d.

With 26 Illustrations and Portrait.
TENNYSON'S WORKS. The Royal Edition, 1 vol., cloth extra, gilt leaves, 21s.

140th Thousand.
TENNYSON'S WORKS. The Crown Edition, cloth, 9s.; cloth extra, gilt leaves, 7s. 6d.; roxburgh half morocco, 8s. 6d.

THE PARCHMENT LIBRARY.

Choicely printed on hand-made paper, limp parchment, antique, or vellum, 7s. 6d. each volume.
"There is no more agreeable series."—Athenaeum.
"Nothing more dainty has been issued from the press."—St. James's Gazette.

1. TENNYSON'S IN MEMORIAM.
2. POEMS SELECTED FROM PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
3. TENNYSON'S THE PRINCESS.
4. OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.
5. ENGLISH ODES. Selected by ED. W. GOSSE.
6. SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS. Edited by E. Dowden, LL.D.
7. EDGAR ALLAN POE'S POEMS. Edited by A. Lang.
8. Q. HORATHI FLACCI OPERA. Edited by F. A. Cornish.
9. EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ESSAYS. Edited by A. Dobson.
10. SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS, in 12 volumes (Vols. 1 to 5 now ready).
11. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.
12. SELECT LETTERS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited by R. Garnett.
13. THE FAIBLES OF MR. JOHN GAY. With Memoir. By A. Dobson.
14. FRENCH LYRICS. Edited by G. Saintsbury.

LONDON: KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, and CO.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO? Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office, Plain Sheet, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, brooches, and steel dies, 5s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid Gold Ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of STATIONERY contains a Beam of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

VISITING CARDS by CULLETON. Fifty best quality, 2s. 8d., post-free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 15s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

MAGAZINES for 1883.

THE QUIVER,
FOR SUNDAY AND GENERAL READING.
CONTAINING
READING FOR EVERY DAY,
FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY,
and for
EACH SUNDAY IN THE MONTH.
"A safer and more interesting magazine we do not know than 'The Quiver.'"
"An outlay of sixpence upon 'The Quiver' will not be regretted."—Guardian.
"Sermon, story, and song, are alike imbued with the bright spirit which the magazine has created for itself."—British Quarterly Review.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

for DECEMBER, price 7d., forms the
FIRST PART OF A NEW VOLUME,
in which the following, amongst numerous other valuable and attractive features, will appear:—
1. THE WAY SOME FOLKS LIVE.
2. REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT FOR GENTLE-WOMEN.
3. SKETCHES OF PUBLIC PERSONAGES.
4. HOW TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET.
5. SMITHS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD.
6. THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT. New Session.
7. A HEALTHY HOUSEHOLD. By a Family Doctor.
8. PARDONED. New Serial Story.
9. DOWN IN THE WORLD. New Serial Story.
10. MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. With Portraits, Autographs, &c.
11. ORIGINAL SHORT STORIES.
12. FREE EDUCATION. How to Obtain It.
13. OUR OWN GARDEN. How to Make the Most of It.
14. WHAT SHALL I WEAR? Chat-Chat on Dress.
15. THE GATHERER. Monthly Record of Inventions and Discoveries.
16. CURIOUS AND OUT-OF-THE-WAY INDUSTRIES.
17. PRIZE ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC SUBJECTS.
18. WHOLESOME DELICACIES FOR EVERY TASTE.
19. THE MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE MADE PLAIN, &c.
With Original Illustrations by Leading Artists.

Monthly, 6d.

LITTLE FOLKS.

The Magazine for all Girls and Boys.
The JANUARY PART commences the NEW VOLUME, and contains a charming COLOURED PLATE, New Serial Stories, particulars of New Prize Competitions, Stories, Games, Verses, and Rhymes, and a vast store of Amusing and Entertaining Reading for Girls and Boys of all ages.
"Little Folks" aims not only at informing the young but also at inducing them to become contributors."—Daily News.
"Little Folks" is as high in merit as it is wide in scope."—Daily Telegraph.
"Charming alike in its engravings and stories."—Standard.
CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN, and Co., London, and all Booksellers.

MAGAZINE FOR THE NURSERY.

PART I., ready Dec. 20, price 2d.,

THE FIRST MONTHLY PART OF

BO-PEEP.

A Treasury of Charming Stories and other Pleasant Reading for the Little Ones, with beautiful BIG PICTURES. The whole printed in LARGE BOLD TYPE suitable for Nursery Reading.

PROSPECTUSES and SPECIMEN PAGES at all Booksellers', or post-free from
CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN, and Co., Ludgate-hill, London.

BOOKS for CHRISTMAS and NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

PUBLISHED BY CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN, and CO.

CANON FARRAR'S NEW WORK.
Eighth Thousand now ready. Two vols., demy 8vo, price 24s.,
EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIANITY (The).
By the Rev. Canon FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

Nineteenth Thousand of the Library Edition, now ready,
THE LIFE AND WORK OF ST. PAUL.
By the Rev. Canon FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. Two vols., 8vo, cloth, 24s.; or bound in morocco, 22s.

24th Edition of the LIBRARY EDITION, now ready,

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By Canon FARRAR. Two vols., cloth, 24s.; morocco, 22s. Popular Edition, cloth, 6s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d. Illustrated Edition, 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 21s.; morocco, 42s.

Now ready, 4to, cloth, gilt edges, price 21s.,

THE CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

Complete in one handsome volume, with nearly 300 Original Illustrations.

Now ready, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 16s.,

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. Vol. V.

With about 400 choice Engravings from famous Paintings, and from Original Drawings by the first Artists.

"A noble quarto."—Daily News.
"An admirable record of all that is good in the year's art."—Graphic.

Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.,

THE CHANGING YEAR. Being Poems

and Pictures of Life and Nature. With numerous graceful illustrations by the best Artists of the day printed on fine paper.

"These illustrations are all deserving of praise. It is a treasury of poetry and picture."—Scotsman.

Extra crown 4to, 7s. 6d.,

CITIES OF THE WORLD. Vol. I. Their

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

On Friday week, in the village churchyard of Addington, near Croydon, adjacent to the rural Palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, the funeral of the late Primate, the Most Rev. Archibald Campbell Tait, D.D., was performed with no grand ceremonial, but with impressive tokens of the great public and private esteem for his character which has been universally felt and expressed since his death, a fortnight ago. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Albany, Earl Sydney, representing her Majesty the Queen, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, the Archbishop of York, and many of the Bishops, attended the funeral, with two or three hundred other persons of rank and distinction. They assembled at Addington Palace at twelve o'clock, and at half-past twelve the procession started from the private chapel, headed by a few of the late Archbishop's servants. Next came the coffin supported on a bier with two wheels, which was the simple vehicle used at the burial of all parishioners, and was partly wheeled, partly carried. It was literally covered with wreaths and white flowers. Immediately following the bier came his Grace's chaplains, next Miss Tait and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Randall T. Davidson, followed by the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Albany, Lord Sydney, the Bishops, the Archbishop's relatives, the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, the Deans of St. Paul's and Westminster, representatives of both Houses of Parliament, and, lastly, representatives of Church societies. The sad procession wended its way over snow through the picturesque grounds of Addington Park for about a quarter of a mile, and arrived at the quaint little Norman church of Addington shortly before one o'clock. The chapel was lighted with candles, and the church was tastefully decorated with white flowers. As the coffin was carried up the chancel the village choir sang the anthem, "He shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The funeral ceremony was conducted by the Rev. E. W. Knollys, and the Lesson was read by the Rev. R. T. Davidson; after which the coffin was borne to the grave, the organ in the meantime playing the Dead March in "Saul." The Archbishop of York pronounced the blessing as the remains of the late Primate were lowered into their last resting-place beside those of his wife and son. The churchyard, as well as the church itself, was thronged, and a great number of floral offerings were thrown into the grave. At the conclusion of the ceremony the procession re-formed and returned to Addington Park. Among numerous Peers and members of Parliament present were Earl Stanhope, Lord Cranbrook, Sir J. Mowbray, Mr. Dalrymple, and Mr. Talbot. The Rev. J. F. Hervey and Colonel Gordon attended as representatives of the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince and Princess Christian respectively.

A portrait of this estimable prelate, whose death is so much regretted, is given in this Number of our Journal. The principal events of his life will not take long to narrate. His father was Mr. Craufurd Tait, of Harviestown, Clackmannan; his mother, a daughter of the late Sir Islay Campbell, Bart., some time President of the Court of Session. Archibald Campbell Tait, a younger son, was born at Edinburgh on Dec. 22, 1811; he received his first instruction in the High School of Edinburgh, and afterwards in the Academy of that city. He was next sent to the University of Glasgow, from which he went, at only nineteen years of age, as an exhibitor to Balliol College, Oxford. In 1833 he took his degree of B.A. with first-class honours, and obtained a fellowship in the following year. His reputation as a tutor of his college was already considerable, when his appearance, in 1841, as one of the four tutors who appealed to the authorities of the University of Oxford against the extreme High Church teaching of Dr. Newman, first made his name known to the outside world. The protest in which Mr. Tait joined against the famous tract "No. 90," which practically asserted the identity of the doctrines of the Church of England with those of the Church of Rome, marked him out for the notice of ecclesiastical parties. In 1838 the Professorship of Greek at Glasgow became vacant, and it was generally supposed that Mr. Tait would be elected. But the fact that he was in clerical orders was found to disqualify him. The dates of Dr. Tait's other University honours are—M.A., 1836; D.C.L., 1848; and D.D., 1856. In 1841 he was appointed Public Examiner; and in 1844-5 filled the post of Select Preacher in the University.

Before the latest of these dates he had passed the first great era of his life—his succession, in 1842, to the office of head master of Rugby, vacant by the death of Dr. Arnold. Mr. Tait immediately afterwards married Miss Catherine Spooner, who accompanied him from Rugby to Carlisle, from Carlisle to Fulham, and from Fulham to Lambeth. They had a large family of daughters, five of whom were cut off at an early age, and a son, who took holy orders, and died in 1878. In the head mastership of Rugby he not only carried forward the beneficial changes introduced by Arnold, but greatly enlarged the curriculum of the school—among other things, extending the study of Mathematics, and making Natural History a portion of the course. In April, 1850, after a sojourn at Rugby of nearly eight years, Dr. Tait accepted the Deanery of Carlisle. During the next six years Dr. Tait's life at Carlisle was one of constant activity. Nor did he content himself with this work there; becoming a member of the first Oxford University Commission, which completely transformed the condition of Oxford. It was while Dean of Carlisle that Dr. Tait lost five daughters in six weeks from scarlet fever, a bereavement of which a heartrending narrative is included in the memoirs of his wife.

His appointment by Lord Palmerston, during his first administration in 1856, to the see of London, which the late Dr. Blomfield had resigned under a special Act of Parliament, did not excite any serious opposition. His labours in this conspicuous position are well known. As before, he distinguished himself in the practical work of the Church rather than in the field of theology, and was most at home in promoting the influence of the clergy and the welfare of the people. One remarkable feature of his twelve years' Bishopric of London was the notable energy and zeal with which he organised and carried forward the scheme for raising by subscription one million sterling for Church purposes, and for education in connection with the Church, in London. While Dr. Tait as Bishop of London defended the position of the Church of England as by law established, he never showed an illiberal or intolerant spirit. He was always ready to act with Dissenters whenever it was practicable, and he resolutely opposed every attempt to contract the limits of the Church or to exclude from its pale any school of doctrine or section of thought. Together with the late Bishop of St. Davids, he resisted the attempts made in the Upper House of Convocation to procure the deposition of the Bishop of Natal. In the case of Bishop Colenso, as well as in that of the Essayists and Reviewers, Dr. Tait showed liberality and courage, not the less effectual for the moderation and the regard to the proprieties of his position with which it was guarded.

Dr. Tait had been appointed by Lord John Russell to the

Deanery of Carlisle, and by Lord Palmerston to the Bishopric of London, and he had, in 1862, declined the offer, by the same Minister, of the Archbishopric of York. In 1868 Mr. Disraeli was Prime Minister, and when Archbishop Longley died in the autumn of that year he offered the Archbishopric to the popular Bishop of London. Archbishop Longley died in the beginning of November, and it so happened that Dr. Tait was appointed to the See of Canterbury just before Mr. Disraeli resigned office and made way for Mr. Gladstone. Those were the days of approaching dissolution for the Church Establishment in Ireland. The new Archbishop of Canterbury did not approve the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, in his character of representative of the interests of the clergy. In 1870 he sat as a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to hear what he called "the intricate and distressing case of Mr. Voysey." On this occasion the Primate was compelled to decide against the liberty of preaching which the Vicar of Healaugh claimed; and it has not since been seriously disputed that the proper place for Mr. Voysey's doctrines was outside the Church of England. In 1874 the Archbishop of Canterbury introduced the Public Worship Regulation Bill into Parliament, and carried it through the House of Lords. Mr. Russell Gurney took charge of it in the House of Commons until Mr. Disraeli laid hold of it, in order "to put down Ritualism." But the Archbishop himself piloted the bill, notwithstanding the opposition of Lord Salisbury, through the Upper Chamber. This unfortunate measure has not produced good results for the peace of the Church; but there can be no doubt that the Archbishop at the time correctly interpreted the prevailing popular sentiment.

During the last two years the Archbishop took part in endeavouring to place the Ecclesiastical Courts on a more satisfactory footing, and in March, 1881, he moved for the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the whole subject. On this occasion he spoke in the same liberal and candid spirit which usually distinguished him, while disavowing, as was hardly necessary, any sympathy with Ritualism. In the same Session, he supported Lord Beauchamp in the introduction of a Bill called the "Ecclesiastical Courts Regulation Bill," a title afterwards changed to the "Discharge of Contumacious Prisoners Bill," the object of it being much the same as was arrived at by the Contumacious Clerks Bill, introduced only last Session by the Archbishop himself. It was proposed by this measure, which was only to last for three years, till the Royal Commission should bear fruit, that a certain power should be given to the Archbishop of the Province to apply to the Judge at whose instance any clergyman had been imprisoned, and to beg him to reconsider the case, with a view to the offender's liberation. His Grace said at the time that, when the Public Worship Regulation Act was passed, it was never contemplated that the Act of George III., under which Mr. Green was incarcerated, should be called into request as well. It was intended that the delinquent should be left to his own devices for three years, and if he remained contumacious up to the end of that time his living should forthwith be vacated. Neither Bill became law. But it will hereafter be remembered with satisfaction that Dr. Tait's last public acts were to promote the release of Mr. Green and to discountenance the prosecutions of clergymen for peculiarities of ritual. His very latest act was that of privately inviting and accepting, for the sake of the peace of the Church, the Rev. A. H. Mackenzie's resignation of St. Albans, Holborn, which has been made known this week.

One memorable act of the late Archbishop's Primacy was the Convocation of the Pan-Anglican Synod, which assembled at Lambeth Palace in the year 1878. The conference assembled on July 2, and sat to the 27th, during which period the discussion travelled over nearly the whole range of questions which were then agitating the Church of England. Two years afterwards the Bishop was able to appeal to its authority in the case of Mr. Pelham Dale, when he reminded a correspondent that at this great meeting of a hundred Bishops of the Anglican Communion a resolution had been passed proclaiming the duty of a clergyman to obey the monition of his Bishop in cases of ritual or ceremonial.

About two years ago the Archbishop delivered a series of theological addresses in various parts of his diocese—Croydon, Tonbridge, Dover, Ashford, Canterbury, Maidstone—which constituted his third quadrennial charge, and were afterwards published in a volume entitled "The Church of the Future."

The Archbishop's later years were overshadowed by two great calamities. In 1878 he lost his only son, the Rev. Craufurd Tait, who had been appointed to the vicarage of St. John's, Notting-hill. This blow was followed by one still more severe—the death of his wife. At the close of the year Mrs. Tait died in Scotland, where she had gone with her husband for a short holiday after the marriage of her daughter. Her death took place on Dec. 1, 1878, and the Archbishop remembered the anniversary, on his own death-bed, on Friday last. Memorials of the wife and son, with an account of the death of the five young daughters while the family resided at Carlisle, will be found in the volume, "Catherine and Craufurd Tait." A monument of the active charity of this lady, and of Archbishop Tait himself, will remain in the erection of St. Peter's Orphanage, in the Isle of Thanet, near a favourite summer residence of his Grace. They have left three surviving daughters, one of whom is wife of the Rev. Randall Davidson, the late Archbishop's Chaplain.

Our Portrait of the lamented Prelate is from a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 250, Regent-street.

THE DUKE OF ALBANY AND THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Speaking at the meeting at Salisbury last week on behalf of the Royal College of Music, the Duke of Albany said a city like Salisbury could not have music going on in its midst for generations without becoming influenced by it. The time seemed to have arrived when music must take its proper place in the circle of the arts and sciences, and, like them, become the object of serious and systematic training. He did not mean that by this severer duty it should cease to be a recreation or an aid to devotion, but rather in order that it might perform those offices worthily and in the efficiency which was now demanded of all branches of knowledge, and that its influence should act in other directions, the scope of which they could not at present anticipate. The influence of music was not confined to the walls of the church or the hours of service, they overflowed into our common life and haunts. It must be as properly taught as were literature, drawing, and the practical sciences. Other speeches were delivered, and it was unanimously agreed that the best endeavours should be made to establish in connection with the proposed college a scholarship for Salisbury and South Wilts.

Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., who has been appointed to the command of the Egyptian Army, is to leave Chatham to-day (the 16th inst.) to take up his new appointment. He will be accompanied by Lady Wood and family.

THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

The large and stately new building, which displays its highly-decorated front near the Blackfriars Bridge end of the Thames Embankment, was opened last Tuesday by the Prince and Princess of Wales, for the accommodation of the City of London School. The school, which has been hitherto situated in Milk-street, Cheapside, is under the government of the Corporation of London, since its original endowment was derived from estates left in 1442 by John Carpenter, Town Clerk of the City. The Milk-street building occupies the site of old Honey-lane Market, and Lord Brougham laid its foundation-stone in 1835. Mr. Pearce Morrison and his brother committee-men of the Court of Common Council have been working hard this year to complete the new building, which is now ready for occupation. The benefits of this school are not confined within the narrow limits of freemen and householders of the City, but the Corporation have wisely extended them to all who can secure the necessary nominations, countersigned by an Alderman or Common Councilman. It is a day-school only, for 680 boys. The Rev. Dr. Edwin A. Abbott, D.D., of St. John's College, Cambridge, author of several esteemed works of theology and English scholarship, is the present Head Master, having succeeded the Rev. Dr. Mortimer in 1865.

The new building has cost not less than £100,000, besides the site, which is of equal value. Messrs. Mowlem and Co. are the builders. Their contract for the building was £76,000, and there are some other minor contracts amounting to another £25,000. The architects are Messrs. Davis and Emmanuel, who have designed this edifice in the Italian Renaissance style. It is built of Portland stone, and the façade is effectively ornamented with sculpture and rich carved work. The statues are those of Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, and Sir Thomas More. The remainder of the sculpture consists of allegorical groups representing the arts and sciences, and carvings of the coats of arms of the City Companies. The general appearance of the front is shown in our Illustration. At the front entrance a broad flight of steps leads through a handsome walnut doorway to the entrance-hall, which is about 33 ft. square. It is paved with marble mosaics, and marble pillars support the ceiling. On the first landing of the staircase, built of three kinds of marble, is the statue of the founder of the school, John Carpenter, which formerly stood in a similar place in the old school. A spacious corridor runs right and left from the top of the staircase. In the centre is the entrance to the great hall, which runs east and west along the whole front of the building. The interior is of Portland stone, beautifully carved, the dado and fittings are of walnut wood, and the floor of oak. At the east end is a dais, over which are two fine stained-glass windows worth £700, the gift of Miss Alston. At the opposite end is a music gallery, and adjoining it an organ-chamber, for which an appropriate instrument is being built. The open-timbered roof is particularly effective. The size of the hall is 100 ft. by 45 ft., and 38 ft. high to the springing of the ceiling, which rises another 22 ft., making the total height 60 ft. It will hold on the floor 800 people. Gilded tablets are filled in with the names of the most distinguished scholars, and the interior of this hall is very handsome. The rooms for the head master, the committee, the secretaries, assistant masters, and library are conveniently situated and beautifully fitted up. The scholars' entrances are on the western side of the building, where a new street is now being made to connect the Thames Embankment with Tudor-street, Blackfriars. Two flights of steps lead to the hat and cloak room, a spacious apartment 48 ft. by 36 ft. The hot air pipes are arranged so as to enable the attendant to dry the boys' clothes when necessary. Opposite to the side of entry are doors opening on to the covered playground, which occupies the greater part of the space between the main building. The supporting pillars are faced with cream-coloured glazed bricks, and there is an asphaltic flooring. The open-air playground runs back as far as Tudor-street, and comprises nearly an acre of ground, which is entirely laid with tar paving. On the eastern side are the Five Courts, two under cover, and three open; near them is a spacious gymnasium, where two trained instructors will teach the boys. At the north-west corner of the playground are the latrines, connected with the school by a covered way, and beyond the latrines is another entrance sloping down from the new street for the use of boys coming from the north of London. In the basement of the front part of the building is the dining-room, 50 ft. by 32 ft., and 16 ft. high. The adjoining buttery will be supplied with wholesome refreshments at cheap rates, so that the boys will not have to leave the premises at lunch time. There will be no smell of cooking, as the kitchen is at the top of the building, and is connected with the basement by a commodious lift. In the basement also are the numerous lavatories, the "servery," the boiler-room, scullery, and larder. The class-rooms, twenty in number, are arranged on three floors on the western side of the building. They are reached by three wide staircases skilfully built, so that there can be no sliding down the balusters. In each room will be desks for forty boys. In the present school the classes average sixty boys each, so that the new arrangement will necessitate the employment of five extra masters. There will be open fire-places in these rooms, so as to make them as cheerful as possible. There is a wainscot of pitch pine all round the rooms, and the lighting and ventilation seem to be perfect. All the desks and fittings throughout the school will be new. The lecture-hall is on the third floor. It will hold four hundred pupils, and is so arranged that everyone can see and hear well. The size is 58 ft. by 48 ft. Close by is a large well-lit drawing-class room, and adjoining is the practical elementary room and laboratory, both fitted with all the latest improvements.

A little book containing a description of the new building, and an official statement of the condition and arrangements of the school, has been printed by order of the school committee, of which Mr. Pearce Morrison, Common Council Deputy for Aldgate Ward, is the chairman. His predecessor was the late Alderman Warren Stormes Hale, who served one year as Lord Mayor of London, and whose personal efforts contributed mainly to the establishment of the school in 1835. Mr. E. W. Lingard has written a brief historical sketch of the City of London School, which is published by E. J. Stoneham, 79, Cheapside, and which may just now be read with some interest.

At the Tuesday meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, at the Grosvenor Gallery, a paper was read by the Bishop of Saskatchewan on the "North-West Territories of Canada."

The Duchess of Westminster on the 7th inst. distributed the prizes to the scholars of Grove Park School, Wrexham, her Grace being supported by the Duke, Sir Watkin and Lady Williams - Wynn, the Countess of Mexborough, Countess Grosvenor, Lady Mary Saville, and Sir Robert Egerton. The Duke made a brief speech on "Higher Education in Wales," expressing his belief, from what he had heard, that the subject would be fully dealt with in the next Session of Parliament, and settled for many years to come. A vote of thanks was proposed to her Grace by Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, who also alluded to the Welsh education question.



THE CAUSE OF THE DELAY.
DRAWN BY S. BERKLEY.



THE RETURN.
DRAWN BY F. S. WALKER.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.

WORKS OF L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

Of the series of exhibitions of the collective works of distinguished contemporary artists to be held at this gallery none is likely to afford more pleasure to the visitor of culture, whether artist or amateur—using this word in its widest and primitive sense—than that now open of Mr. Alma Tadema's life-work. And the pictures and sketches of the late Mr. Cecil Lawson form a very interesting adjunct, though the source of interest is widely different, and not a little pathetic, owing to the untimely death of the promising young artist, at the age of thirty.

Two things pre-eminently distinguish Alma Tadema's pictures—firstly, consummate imitative or technical power; and, secondly, archaeological knowledge. The technical skill is not only remarkable in itself, but the more so because it is thoroughly genuine and legitimate in character, and not, as such skill often is nowadays, accompanied by any trick, artifice, or peculiarity of *facture*. Starting—as shown in the portrait (No. 1) of the artist, painted in 1852 by himself at the age of sixteen—with the natural gifts, in rare degree, of keen perception of form, effect, and colour; and, having these directed and controlled by those other valuable gifts of character, steadfast purpose, perfect honesty, unflagging industry, and teachable docility, the young artist shaped his course on the old lines established by ages of scholastic experience. His art, like himself, is essentially Dutch—a direct outcome from Van Eyck, Rembrandt, and De Hooghe, through Barons Wappers and Leys. But, though the last-named was his more immediate master, that master's influence is much less apparent than might be expected. Alma Tadema's work presents, indeed, the final maturity of northern art, but brightened and beautified by contact with the south. In his art there is otherwise nothing adventitious: it is not narrow, biased, one-sided; it has little idiosyncratic peculiarity claiming indulgence, or appealing to partisan prejudices, while compelling partial admiration. And if it is not great painting in the sense that that of the Italian Cinquecento was—inasmuch as it does not deal with ideal form and colour, making the necessary sacrifice of detail thereto; and if it is not epoch-making by the originality of its revelations or the contagious influence of its strong personality, it yet attains to so great a perfection within its own scope and aims that Alma Tadema stands as much alone, at least as a (naturalised) English painter, as he could do were his genius as specific or individualised as that of Mr. Millais. Fashion will not affect his works, for they appeal to judgments too mature to be affected by the fiat of that fickle arbitress. And Time will not depreciate a mintage so free from alloy. We can hardly over-estimate what is comprised in such highly-trained craftsmanship, and its value in our school can scarcely be over-rated. It is in truth a standing protest against the insufficient technical education, and the shallow claims to stammer forth unguided personal impressions of so many of our English painters.

More than this—if “it is the first duty of a painter to paint,” Mr. Alma Tadema's work may fairly be regarded as great painting in its kind, by virtue of its combined beauty and truth, and its not less artistic than scientifically accurate reflection of the aspect of things. To maintain the contrary would be as absurd as to pretend that Shakespeare was not a poet because he did not produce an epic, like Milton. We must not look for the opposite qualities of positive and suggestive treatment in the same work of art. Poetic invention of the descriptive, narrative, dramatic, and idyllic orders will be found in great profusion and variety in our artist's pictures. But apart from such, so to speak, literary merits, art has a visual poetry proper to itself, and that poetry will be found in abundance in this wonderful painting of variegated marbles, and shining metals, in this perfect realisation in structure and detail of the stately grace and ornate colouration of classical architecture and decoration, in this life-like grouping and modelling of figures, in this marvellously exact differentiation of the values of relative tones whereby, while inspecting objects distinct as diaphanous reflected daylight can make them, we suddenly catch a glimpse of sunlight on distant pediment, or promontory or azure sea, as blinding almost in its brilliancy as the reality itself in that sunny south. It is true that on finding the artist's great imitative faculty so impartially exercised—on finding his “still-life” so much better than other people's—we have thought that the figures in some of his pictures are relatively less perfect. But the impression seems unjust when we turn in this exhibition to the splendid modelling and truth of flesh tones of the sleeping Bacchante (75); or, still better, of the girl reposing in “The Tepidarium” (81). The life-sized “Sculptor's Model” (77)—which we see for the first time, having been out of England when it was shown at Burlington House—strikes us as rather less successful. It is nature rendered under difficult conditions of half tint, but even so a more graceful pose might have been caught, and more unity and sweep of curve would be found in a fine type of natural form.

In that other great characteristic, scholarly knowledge of antiquity, Alma Tadema stands no less alone in this country. And to the use made of this knowledge there is a poetical side, as we have already contended. His archaeology is not derived from books alone; indeed, we believe the painter seldom consults such authorities. It is drawn from personal acquaintance with the actual remains of Egyptian, Greco-Roman, and Merovingian eras. The materials are re-edited and combined as in a romance; rare powers of pictorial fancy and imagination being evinced in the process. Occasionally the artist's exuberant invention may lead to license in the use of his wealth of materials; and a crowd of objects may be brought together which would perhaps never have been found in juxtaposition in the actual scene intended. Far oftener, however, the painter's fine instinct affords an infinitely more luminous and living illustration of the remote and dead Past than can be found in books. In his conception of his subject generally, he also often penetrates to the very spirit of the period represented. The strange forgotten symbols and customs of Egypt acquire new meaning associated with the joys and sorrows of humanity—as we see Pharaoh in a sphinx-like daze on his throne, with his dead first-born on his knees; or the solitary widow bowed low beside the cased mummy of her lord; or a large company dancing and playing before another mummy, as at a Spanish *gloria* or Irish wake. The golden age of Greece and its immortal art are most felicitously brought to the mind in the reception of Pericles, Aspatia, and Alcibiades by Phidias on the scaffolding against the cella of the Parthenon, whereon he is assumed to have just completed the ever-famous frieze. This picture (63) we mention more particularly as it had not before been publicly exhibited. The lighting (necessarily, from below the scaffolding) involved a difficulty that has been ably met if not entirely surmounted; but the polychromy of the frieze is surely too heavy. It would take us far beyond our limits to describe, however partially, the many illustrations of Old Rome—Rome in all its pomp and pride of power, but with incipient decay at the core—with its arts stolen from the Greeks, and its *dilettante* patricians, its profligate tyrants, and irre-

verent people; its luxury, sensual indulgence and triviality. No need to have gone farther below the surface. It is hardly, we think, the painter's true function to depict the bloody assassination, and the horrors of the arena, like Gérôme. We have here neither the florid optimist mendacity of some foreign painters on the one hand, nor the vulgar sensationalism and *pseudo* religious clap-trap of Gustave Doré on the other. And in the later Romano-Frank period there is the same fidelity to the semi-barbaric spirit of the time—witness the jealous Fredegonda (98) furtively watching the espousals of Chilpéric with Galeswintha, as she plans the destruction of her rival.

Happily, Mr. Alma Tadema's principal Roman subjects are familiar to our readers from their exhibition at the Academy, and the admirable engravings from them published by Mr. Lefevre. Several of the artist's works have also been engraved in this Journal. In the case of these retrospective exhibitions, we take it that, whatever generalised remarks we may submit, it is not incumbent on us to review in detail works which we have already noticed *seriatim*. This collection affords, however, an instructive opportunity, with the aid of the dates in the catalogue, for tracing the progress of the artist, of which we regret we have not space to avail ourselves, but of which the visitor should not fail to make use. He will see that (as we have intimated) the artist's earliest works are loyal to the traditions of the Dutch school; that he was rather slow in divesting himself of a certain heaviness of tone and chiaroscuro, deducible from Rembrandt; that the influence of his master, Leys, is only apparent in technicalities, not in taste or fidelity to nature; and that the germs of later achievements appear very early. “The Education of the Children of Clotilde” and a study of the interior of the ancient church of San Clemente, made at Rome the year after, show the direction of his studies. The earliest picture, properly so called, with the artist's characteristics maturely formed, is “Agrippina with the Ashes of Germanicus,” in which we are *en pleine archéologie*. After this, among the works with which it is most pleasant to renew acquaintance, besides those already named, are “The Siesta,” “Pyrrhic Dance,” “A Juggler,” “The Vintage,” “Water Pets,” with its wonderful mosaic pavement in perspective; “A Roman Emperor,” and its later more perfect, though smaller, “Ave, Caesar! Io Saturnalia”; “A Sculpture Gallery” and “A Picture Gallery,” the two great pictures belonging to Mr. Gambart; “Une Fête Intime,” “An Audience of Agrippa,” and two little pictures bathed in loveliest sunlight, “Hide and Seek,” and “Pleading.” Only an empty frame at present represents the “Meeting of Antony and Cleopatra,” which has been so long in hand, and which is undergoing extensive modifications.

Every year Mr. Alma Tadema's devotion to his art bears riper fruit. He is still among us, and in the plenitude of his powers. Long may he live to exercise them!

WORKS OF CECIL LAWSON.

The meteoric career of this artist, so untimely terminated, is identified almost exclusively with this gallery, and here, therefore, his collective works are appropriately exhibited. Excluded repeatedly from the Royal Academy, he here found a reception appreciative and warm. It is unfortunate, however, that his works should be seen near those of Alma Tadema. For they fail most in those qualities wherein the living artist is strongest. Cecil Lawson was entirely self-taught as to technicalities, and his defective training is only too apparent. He, however, closely studied the principles of composition and effect of the old foreign masters of landscape, as also of Constable and Turner, and probably Jules Dupré and other French painters. This accounts for his diverse aims, and for much, too, that is impressive in his works.

The first picture that brought him into notice was the large “Hop Gardens of England,” an extensive view in full sunshine, but with the “old-masterish” tone, wanting something of the brilliancy and freshness of nature. This was succeeded by the larger and finer “Minister's Garden,” remarkable for its massiveness and force, and for the rendering of a vast reach of weald. He was here in the right path—storing knowledge of natural facts, though perhaps consciously emulating some of the great masters. But meanwhile neither his training nor experience, nor his partial success justified as yet, at least as appears in some instances, his boldness in attempting poetical treatment, and to render difficult aerial phenomena. “The Wet Moon,” “The Voice of the Cuckoo,” “The August Moon,” are, to say the least, inadequate, and appear all the more so on account of their pretentiousness. Elsewhere, when the effect, being not altogether abnormal, is amenable to the test of memory, the colouring is inartistic, as in the chalky clouds, the crude blue sky, the inky or dirty olive vegetation of other examples. If, further, we were to merely argue from the known to the less known or unknown we should distrust several strange representations of mist and fog and twilight. Yet some of these we find singularly impressive and suggestive, particularly the “Twist Sun and Moon,” “Autumn Sunrise,” “The Last Gleam,” “Twilight Grey,” “A Morning Mist,” and others of latest date. To find the sources of their artistic expressiveness and sentiment we must, then, recognise that young Lawson was at length learning the secrets of the old masters—their principles of composition, massing, generalisation, unity, subordination of detail, emphasis of grand or beautiful lines and forms—principles the neglect of which makes so much of the English landscape of to-day the mechanical copying that it is, and we must further recognise that he had an intense imaginative sympathy with nature, and her smiles or frown, and particularly with the glories of the “sky scape,” the clouds in their swelling masses and drifting strata, the transitory effects of rain and wind, dawn and sunset, mist and fog. In short, he had a spark of that genius which, while lighting his own path, might have helped to light the way back to the route of our earlier and far-finer landscape school.

The third annual exhibition of tapestry paintings by lady amateurs and artists is now open at Messrs. Howell and James's Galleries.

A Bartolozzi exhibition is open at 26, Savile-row. The catalogue is compiled by Mr. A. W. Tuer, whose recent Life of Bartolozzi we have reviewed.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's, New Bond-street, is being exhibited a series of sketches and drawings by Mr. Sutton Palmer (whose “Beauties of Yorkshire” we commended last year), illustrating the “Beauties of Surrey,” and comprising views near Guildford, Dorking, Farnham, Richmond, Haslemere, Leith Hill, Hind Head, &c.

A fund is being raised on behalf of the widow and five children of the late Professor G. Melotte, of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and of the Paris *Sibole*. Professor Melotte, during the siege of Paris, was commandant of the Belgian Legion, organised for the defence of the French capital. A soirée will be held at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, next Thursday, on behalf of the fund.

NEW BOOKS.

Compared with many other historical sieges the siege of Paris, consequent upon the fall of the Man of Sedan, was not a very terrible or horrible affair, save for the deeds of its own citizens; but the fair city suffered sufficiently to make us wonder at the speed with which it recovered itself, and the opening sentence of the two volumes entitled *Paris in Peril*: edited by Henry Vizetelly (Tinsley Brothers), recalls to mind very forcibly that miraculous resuscitation. “To-day,” we read, “with the spectacle before one of Paris in all her pride again, as gay, as animated, and as prosperous under the rule of a Republic as she ever was in the Monarchical or Imperial times, the fact can scarcely be realised that merely a few years since her very existence as a city was seriously imperilled.” That is a fact, however, which ought never to be lost sight of by the many English visitors who are weekly and daily paying shorter or longer visits to “the capital of the world,” the paradise to which, it has been said, “good Americans go when they die,” and the said fact will be very vividly impressed upon the mind of everybody who reads and gazes upon the contents of the two volumes under consideration. For there are illustrations to be gazed upon, as well as records to be read therein; and in both illustrations and records the grave is mingled with the gay, tragedy with comedy, in a manner which checks undue levity and, at the same time, prevents inordinate melancholy. It may be objected that the story of Paris in peril has been told and overtold, and that the events which occurred during her period of trial are too recent to have been forgotten; but, even if it be so, this new edition of the old story is put together in a style which is eminently adapted to the popular taste. Nobody claims to be the author of the volumes, nothing more than editorship is claimed by the gentleman whose name appears on the title-page; whence we may gather that the contents of the volumes have been collected from various sources. We can readily believe, at any rate, that the editor is not responsible for the translations, some of which display a curious want of familiarity, such as he would not be likely to exhibit, with the simplest French expressions. He, for instance, would not represent Jules Favre to have said: I ignore the destiny reserved to us by fortune, but I have firm confidence that France will be victorious.” What Jules Favre said, no doubt, was “J'ignore,” which does not mean “I ignore” but “I do not know.” Jules Favre “did not know” what destiny was reserved for his country, but believed in her ultimate success. When we read again: “France is cruelly attacked, it is true, but she is not dead, and she will not die,” we are ready to wager that “atteinte” has been incorrectly rendered by “attacked” instead of “hit.” The editor himself would not have done this. Not the least interesting portion of the volumes is the account given of the way in which M. Jules Péloué achieved and forwarded to London those sketches of his which appeared in this journal. He “found himself,” we read, “quite unable to obtain fuel to warm his apartment. Accordingly, having made his rough sketches after Nature out of doors, he retired to bed, and there, with a cloak around his shoulders and blankets piled upon his nether limbs, he proceeded to draw out his compositions prior to dispatching them by balloon post. Each of his drawings was photographed several times by Nadar, and the original and the various photographic copies were dispatched in successive balloons, to guard against the chance of any of these falling into the enemy's hands. Thanks to this ingenious arrangement, scarcely a drawing made by this talented draughtsman failed to reach its destination, so that the *Illustrated London News* was enabled to present its readers with a more complete panorama of siege life in Paris than was offered by any other pictorial journal.” So much for the insinuations of those ingenious and amiable persons who are wont to hint that “pictorial journals” have drawers full of ready-made sketches, which can be touched up to suit the requirements of any conceivable emergency, whether in peace or in war.

A haunted house and a heroine who dwells a great deal, like the Scriptural demoniac, among the tombs are prominent objects in the opening scene of *Eve Lester*, by Alice Mangold Diehl (Richard Bentley and Son), so that the reader prosecutes, with a cheerful mind and with a lively expectation of something nice and awful to come, the attack commenced, it may be with reluctance and hesitation, upon the three volumes of the novel so entitled. Eve Lester, of course, is the heroine, and it soon appears that she is “the motherless, worse than motherless,” daughter of a gentleman who is at one and the same time an Apostle of Freedom and a Cynic. How he arrived at this double and dreadful condition, there is no need to explain; but the interest previously felt in the young lady is greatly augmented when it comes to be known that she is the daughter of such a man, whose cynicism, it is scarcely necessary to state, includes misogynism, and that she does her “level best,” as her American mother might have said, to adopt his views and act upon them, though much against her womanly grain. Her father, moreover, is an atheist, if we do him no injustice; but, though his daughter, as has been already stated, tries with might and main to fulfil his wishes and follow his example, there is innate in her so much divinity that she not only believes, involuntarily as it were, in God, but she is almost persuaded, like Agrippa, to be a Christian. In thought and deed, to tell the truth, she has been a Christian from the very first, as we might confidently appeal to one of the principal characters in the story, a certain orthodox Rector's very amiable, somewhat amusing, fairly shrewd, and, for all her amiability, slightly shrewish wife, to testify. Cynicism, it will be readily understood, cannot gain a hold, any more than atheism, of such an angelic being as Eve Lester; but of universal freedom, in its best sense, she is an uncompromising patroness. So sweet a soul, be it added, is enshrined in an appropriately lovely body; so that there is no reason to wonder if she has more than one worshipper and inspires a grand passion in more than one bosom. Among her worshippers, nobody will be surprised to learn, is the proprietor of the “haunted house,” which, it may be observed by the way, does not yield the ghastly entertainment that a sanguine reader might anticipate. Indeed, the novel is not so remarkable for startling or various or impressive or original incidents, as for the sort of white heat at which the writer seems to labour on all occasions, and for the fervent, poetical temperament which the style and the sentiments seem to proclaim. The points of the story may be said to reside in the contrast drawn between a false and a true philanthropist, in the complete triumph obtained by the latter, and in the vindication of woman against cynics and detractors. As regards the mystery which is supposed to surround the proprietor of the “haunted house,” it is of so transparent a character that the reader who is mystified by it should receive a prize for simplicity.

Mr. Newton's third lecture on “Ancient Greek Painting” at University College treated of the painters who flourished in the reign of Alexander the Great and his immediate successors.

OUR FANCY BALL.

A Fancy Ball! fling open wide
To-night your hospitable portals,
And so let in the Christmastide
Of mirth and merry-making mortals!
Here's Sibyl, fairest of the flock,
All snowy fleece and scarlet holly,
And May in an æsthetic frock
With our lost Duchess—darling Dolly!

Just look at Master Eric's pose,
A brigand bold with rifle ready;
Whilst Pip, a page in trunks and hose,
Shows he is anything but steady:
Come hand the tea and cakes, my boy!
For feast our little crew has clamoured;
No—Phyllis is Pip's only joy,
With her own pretty face enamoured.

Behold! the melancholy Dane,
Myopic youth! a friend to no man!
Here's Uncle B. from Mincing-lane,
Clad in the toga of a Roman.
That silly boy in Eastern fez
Is chaffed by all the girls in chorus.
Don't laugh! here's Auntie M, who says,
She's Carmen! and *must* dance before us!

Away they go! quadrille to valse,
Now round, now down and up the middle;
Nor dream that friends are ever false,
The world less hollow than a fiddle.
Well, bless them all! with such a cast
The play of life each child rehearses:
Please God they'll find that love can last,
And Time's swift dance has no reverses!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

FIRE.

BURNING OF THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE,
AND WAREHOUSES IN WOOD-STREET, CITY.

The startling, but not unfrequent, apparition in our London streets—that of a Fire-Engine with its crew of fine brave fellows, attired in their uniform and military-looking helmets, dashing on at full speed to the scene of their laborious and sometimes perilous exertions—is delineated by our Artist with characteristic force and spirit, in the Double Page Engraving. In connection with this subject, we have to notice, unfortunately, the occurrence last week of two great and disastrous London Fires; the first being that of Thursday morning, the 7th inst., which caused the total destruction of the Royal Alhambra Theatre, in Leicester-square; and the second, twenty-four hours afterwards, on Friday morning, involving an enormous loss of property in several great mercantile establishments of the City, at the London-wall end of Wood-street, north of Cheapside. The block of warehouses destroyed was occupied by Messrs. Rylands and Sons (not Rylands Brothers), general warehousemen, of Manchester, Bradford, Glasgow, &c.; Messrs. Foster, Porter, and Co., hosiery, glove, shawl, mantle, and ribbon merchants; Messrs. Silber and Fleming, manufacturers and importers of fancy goods; Messrs. Sargood, Butler, and Nichol, shippers; Messrs. Symonds and Co., importers, and others. The total amount of damage is estimated at more than two millions sterling.

The building in Leicester-square, well known to Londoners, and to country visitors to London, by the name of the Alhambra, was in the Moorish or Arabesque style of architecture. It was opened in 1852, not as a theatre, but as a place of popular instruction, something of the same character as the Polytechnic. It was then named "The Royal Panopticon of Science and Art," and was designed to combine amusement with instruction. The speculation did not succeed, and the joint stock company formed to start it broke up in a very few years. The house was for a time closed, but was reopened under the name of the Alhambra as a place of amusement. It was intended to combine the music-hall with the theatre; but it has of late years been devoted wholly to theatrical entertainments. For long it has been known as the home of opéra bouffe and burlesque, and the spacious stage gave ample scope for picturesque scenic effect and the massing together of large numbers of performers. It belonged to the Alhambra Company, of which Mr. Henry Sutton is chairman; the manager was Mr. William Holland.

On Wednesday night, the eve of the burning of the Alhambra, the manager, Mr. Holland, was the last person to leave the premises, at half-past eleven o'clock. At one o'clock in the morning, the fire was first discovered in the balcony stalls by the firemen employed on the establishment. These men immediately set three hydrants to work, and closed all the iron doors in hope of checking the conflagration. Their efforts were, however, of little avail; the flames spread with a rapidity with which they were unable to cope; and by the time the first contingent of the fire brigade arrived, the theatre was wrapped in flames almost from floor to roof. This is not to be wondered at when the inflammable nature of the fittings—not to mention the drapery—is borne in mind. The engines were quickly set to work, under the direction of Superintendent Palmer, from the Westminster dépôt, until Captain Shaw, chief superintendent of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and Mr. Simonds, second officer, had arrived from head-quarters, Southwark-bridge-road. They soon saw that to save the theatre was impossible, but the firemen were active in all directions, escapes and ladders being successfully brought into requisition, and several adjacent house-tops serving as positions from which to pour the water into the fire. Half an hour only elapsed before the roof fell in, and the flames shot up with a grand and picturesque effect. The two towers which flank the building north and south continued intact amid the circling wreaths of flame, and shone out like beacons. There was not time to save anything from the theatre. The furniture and fittings, as well as the dresses and property of those engaged at the theatre, were destroyed. At one time the flames had extended to some of the adjoining property in the rear, but in the course of an hour or so the heavy weight of water constantly poured into the burning mass told with visible effect, and the fire was got under. Complete success attended the operations of the firemen in that quarter, and the neighbouring houses were relieved from imminent danger. In that portion of the theatre which faces Leicester-square the fire still raged with fierce intensity. The central flagstaff toppled from the roof into the roadway beneath, and snapped in two. Fortunately the firemen manning the escapes and directing the streams of water below had ample notice of the impending downfall, and were able to withdraw to a safe distance. One of the smaller flagstaffs likewise fell over, but did not reach the ground. It remained partially attached to the roof, and in that position was promptly secured by some firemen, who mounted the escape. At the southern flank of the theatre the flames never spread to the adjoining house, though it was at one time in great jeopardy. On the north, however, the fire soon spread to the roof of the

next house, fitted up as a Turkish bath establishment, the upper portion of which was completely gutted. The next building, which is used as a police-section-house, where a number of unmarried members of the force reside, was damaged by water. About half-past three it became evident that the water was gradually gaining the mastery over the flames in the northern wing of the theatre which faces the square. In the centre and also in the south wing the fire still raged, yet even here by degrees it began to burn itself out. Externally, the arched entrance, with the inscription "Alhambra, the Grand Theatre, London," remained almost intact. Captain Shaw thus reports the damages:—"Theatre and contents burned out and roof off, scene-painting room and workshops at the back severely damaged by fire and heat." No. 28, Leicester-square, occupied by Messrs. Rivière and Hawks, musical instrument makers, and others, "Roof damaged by fire and breakage; rest of building and contents by heat, smoke, and water." No. 22, Leicester-square, in the occupation of the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, "Building and contents slightly damaged by smoke and water." No. 54, Castle-street, Leicester-square, also occupied by Messrs. Rivière and Hawks, "Back front of dwelling damaged by fire, and contents slightly by water." Nos. 56 and 57, Castle-street, "Back windows burned out, rest of buildings and contents damaged by smoke, water, and removal." No. 59, Castle-street, "Back front scorched and window-glass broken, rest of building and contents damaged by water and removal." Nos. 60 and 61, Castle-street, "Buildings and contents damaged by water and removal."

It appears that the only portion of the building saved from the flames is the painting-room and Mr. Holland's own office. The whole of the valuable wardrobe, which is estimated at £10,000, is destroyed, but the dresses for the new piece, which was in rehearsal, and was to be called "King Comet; or, Love of the Flame and Ice," had not been delivered. The building and contents were insured for £30,000 in the North British, the Royal, and some other offices. About 600 persons are in consequence thrown out of employment.

The actual force of firemen present under Captain Shaw numbered nearly 170 men, and the extinguishing power employed on the fire was unprecedented. At one time there were no less than twenty-eight steam-engines and three standpipes in operation, as well as the private hydrants belonging to the Alhambra Company. We regret to state that one member of the Fire Brigade, George Ashford, assistant officer, lost his life; a piece of falling wall struck him in the back while carrying a hose in the rear of the theatre. He was at once removed in a cab to Charing-cross Hospital, where it was found he was suffering from injury to the spine, and he died next day. Another most serious case is that of Henry Berg, fourth-class fireman, who was on a "fly ladder," and a portion of the wall falling occasioned him to slip, thereby fracturing his skull and otherwise injuring himself. He was also taken to Charing-cross Hospital, where he lies with but little hope of recovery.

On the day after the fire distressing scenes were witnessed among the occupants of the houses in Castle-street, behind the theatre. These houses had been inspected by Captain Shaw and the district surveyor, and their unsafe condition rendered immediate removal necessary. Amidst the inclement weather women and children were seen bringing out articles of furniture to place in some temporary abode. This scene is shown in one of our Sketches illustrative of the Alhambra disaster. There is a pathetic interest, also, in the case of "a fairy out of work," one of the *corps de ballet*. The Directors of the Alhambra Company, in view of the great amount of suffering caused to the number of persons employed at this theatre by the fire, have opened an account at Messrs. Ransom, Bonverie, and Co., bankers, Pall-mall East, under the title of "Alhambra Employes Relief Fund," and have paid into it the sum of £250 as a subscription on behalf of the company, to which has been added a cheque of £100 from Baron Alfred de Rothschild, a grant of £400 from the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and £500 collected on the Stock Exchange. A meeting in furtherance of this object was held in the saloon of Drury-Lane Theatre on Monday afternoon, when Lord Londesborough presided. Mr. D'Oyly Carte, manager of the Savoy Theatre, gave a performance of "Iolanthe," on Wednesday evening, the profits of which were devoted to the relief of sufferers in the Alhambra Theatre Company. The Court Theatre gives a benefit this evening (Saturday), and the Novelty Theatre follows the good example. There are 500 persons thrown out of employ, most of whom earned wages not above £1 a week.

THE FIRE IN WOOD-STREET.

The great fire in the City on Friday morning was, perhaps, the most destructive of merchandise and other property that has taken place in London in the last half-century. Its locality is concisely stated in Captain Shaw's official report:—"A block of buildings, bounded on the north by London-wall, with a frontage of about 150 ft.; on the west by Wood-street, of 380 ft.; on the south by Addle-street, of 180 ft.; and on the east by Philip-lane, of 380 ft. Several large warehouses destroyed, some buildings left standing. All buildings surrounding scorched." It was between two and three o'clock in the morning that the fire was discovered. Some firemen on duty with a hose-cart in Wood-street, Cheapside, observed an unusual glare of light in a window of one of the warehouses. It was that of Messrs. Foster, Porter, and Co., hosiery, glove, shawl, mantle, and ribbon merchants. Scarcely had they rung the alarm when flames burst forth, and by the time the Whitecross-street Fire Brigade had arrived it was seen that there was a difficult task to be performed in saving the adjacent property. The fire must have had a very firm hold of a considerable part of the premises before the men's attention was attracted to it. Messrs. Foster and Porter's premises were soon in a blaze from basement to roof, and the flames curling over spread to the warehouses of Messrs. Rylands and of Messrs. Silber. Messages were dispatched to the B District, and additional engines arrived in a very short time. Still the fire continued to gain force. The top of the building at the corner of Wood and Addle streets was ignited, and a number of the Salvage Corps placed their waterproof sheets over the goods on the lower floors, which should have been fireproof. The flames forced their way rapidly downwards, despite the numerous and well-directed deliveries of water, and reduced the premises to a shell. By four o'clock the whole of the frontage in Wood-street, between the corners of London-wall and of Addle-street, was blazing furiously; and although Captain Shaw and Mr. Palmer had twenty-six steamers and over one hundred and fifty men at work, the flames spread back towards Philip-lane, till the centre of the block was ablaze. Then the full extent of the task before them was plainly visible. The number of firemen at work was large, considering that the metropolis cannot have its districts stripped of men to attend to one conflagration, however large. There is always the possibility that a second, and a third fire, equally important, may occur; and it is to be recollected that it was only the night before, about the same time in the morning, that the Alhambra Theatre was burned down. It

is to be presumed, therefore, that Captain Shaw commanded as large a force of men as he could obtain, having regard to the other possible requirements of London. But strong though the force was, and ample the supply of water and of appliances at hand, they were all unavailing. To save the block was hopeless—to preserve the buildings overlooking it was the immediate and pressing duty. It was a duty attended by great risk to life and limb. The topmost masonry, calcined by the heat, now and again fell with a loud crash to the road beneath, and the most watchful care had to be exercised. Happily, none of the men were injured; but how they escaped in the confusion, bustle, and overpowering heat is a marvel. At the time Captain Shaw issued his usual morning report he must have seen that the fire, now in complete possession of the entire block, must be permitted to burn itself out. Daybreak disclosed to the beholders what ravages the flames had made in the dark. The whole block of massive buildings contained within the boundary lines marked by London-wall, Wood-street, Addle-street, and Philip-lane was then burning, and what had the appearance of a huge and flaring furnace in the night presented a charred and miserable ruin in the day—flames still lapping furiously about what was here and there left of combustible material, but hemmed from further spread by a cordon of engines, and left to exhaust themselves within the space they had conquered. Heavy damage has, moreover, been inflicted on properties in the vicinity by heat, smoke, water, dirt, and breakage. The front of the buildings in London-wall remains almost uninjured.

For reasons which will be obvious, it is impossible to obtain anything like even an approximate estimate of the extent of the damage done, nor is it possible to get any notion of the origin of the fire. We can only say that the loss is variously estimated at from one and a half to three millions. That it cannot be much less than the first-named sum is certain, and that it may reach the last is highly probable. Nearly all the sufferers are more or less insured, but some, it is to be feared, not to the extent of the loss sustained. Several insurance offices are affected to a large extent by the fire. It is stated that both the premises and stock of Messrs. Rylands and Sons are fully covered by insurance, and the address of the firm for the present will be 28, Wormwood-street. Messrs. Silber and Fleming make known that their office and counting-house will be at 71, Wood-street; and that they have added to their warehouses Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12, Fell-street. Messrs. Edward Bermann and Co. write that their premises, No. 30, Addle-street, being completely destroyed by the great fire, they have moved to temporary premises, No. 10, Love-lane. Messrs. Foster, Porter, and Co., have made the following communication:—"The whole of our warehouses were destroyed by fire. For the satisfaction of our shareholders and others we may state that we are fully insured. We have taken temporary premises at 4, 5, and 6, Watling-street." Messrs. Salter and Whiter, 1 and 2, Addle-street, and Messrs. S. Joseph and Son state that their businesses will be uninterrupted by the fire.

A fresh outbreak took place on Saturday night in another warehouse, scarcely touched before, of Messrs. Silber and Fleming's, and resulted in the destruction of a building of four floors. This was in London-wall, at the back of Messrs. Rylands and Sons', and was a warehouse used for packing purposes. Soon after eight o'clock it was found that what was at first thought was a small renewal of the fire was more serious, and it was deemed advisable to call out the steamer from Whitecross-street. This was done by means of the fire-alarm. One steamer, however, was soon discovered to be insufficient. The alarm then had to be given to the Watling-street brigade, and the steamer from that station called into requisition. Even then the fire for a time baffled the energies of the firemen, and within an hour of the first outbreak the upper floors and the roof fell in with a loud crash, and the firemen had to run for their lives. One man had his front teeth knocked out, and several very narrow escapes occurred. Before the flames were thoroughly got under the whole place was destroyed.

The Prince of Wales, attended by his equerry, paid a visit on Saturday to the scene of the recent disastrous fires at the Alhambra Theatre and in Wood-street, Cheapside. The Prince was accompanied, during his inspection of the ruins, by Captain Shaw, Sir James M'Garel Hogg, Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works; and Mr. Phillips, the Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee. Captain Shaw thoroughly explained the nature of the two disasters, and pointed out to his Royal Highness the various places where the danger had been greatest. The Prince was particularly anxious to see the part where the unfortunate fireman Ashford met with the accident which ended in his death, and expressed his deep regret at the sad event. At Wood-street the party stayed some time looking at the ruins which the fire had caused; and the Prince afterwards went to Charing-cross Hospital and visited the fireman Berg and others who were injured at the Alhambra fire.

A serious fire broke out at 29, Mack's-road, Bermondsey, on the premises of Messrs. A. Anderson and Co., white lead manufacturers, on Saturday night. The fire commenced in a building of four floors, about 55 ft. by 25 ft., which was in use as a manufactory. When the brigade arrived the place was well alight, and although two standpipes and three powerful steamers were got to work the inflammable material in the premises caused the flames to burn with great fury. Ultimately the building was completely destroyed, and the building used as boiler-house, offices, and stables, with two adjoining premises, were all very seriously damaged.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on the 7th inst. at its house, John-street, Adelphi, the sum of £200 was granted in aid of the local subscription for the relief of the widow and orphans of a fisherman named George Robus, who lost his life while attempting, in the Winchelsea life-boat, to save life on the occasion of the wreck of the steam-ship *Matin*, of Sunderland, on Nov. 4. Rewards, amounting to £675, were voted to the life-boat crews of the institution for services rendered during the storms of the past month, in which period they had been instrumental in saving 161 lives from wrecks, besides helping to rescue three vessels from destruction. The silver medal of the institution was voted to Mr. G. E. Hall, master of the fishing-boat *Trial*, of Lowestoft, for going along a hawser from the shore at great risk and bringing safely to land one of the crew of the schooner *Prosper*, of Carnarvon, which had stranded off Lowestoft, during a heavy gale of wind from the north-east, on the night of Oct. 28. Other rewards were granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coast. Payments amounting to £2018 were also made on various life-boat establishments. The receipt of various contributions and legacies was announced at the meeting. New life-boats had recently been forwarded to Weston-super-Mare, and to Porthleven, Cornwall. Reports were read from the chief inspector and the five district inspectors on their recent visits to different life-boat stations.



"FIRE!"

DRAWN BY R. G. WOODVILLE.

THE WANDERING GRAVE.

BY H. SAVILE CLARKE.

"How stands the *Nemesis*, Mr. Warner?"

"She is loaded, Sir; Macfarlane has just come from the quay, and reports all the cargo on board."

"Then she will go out with the next tide. Is the manifest ready?"

"It is, Sir."

"And the policy of insurance: have you received that from the brokers?"

"It is here."

Josiah Laidlaw, an old man of over sixty, and one of the wealthiest shipowners in Kildargan, took the document with trembling fingers and muttered to himself, "Twenty thousand pounds, ship and cargo;—good, good."

"By-the-by, Mr. Laidlaw," continued Frank Warner, poor relation and clerk to the shipowner, "the Captain has come too, and wishes to see you; there is some difficulty with the crew."

"Bah!" said the old man, irascibly. "Am I to listen to every idle complaint?"

"Perhaps you had better attend to this, Sir," said Frank, quietly; "but here is the Captain, and he will speak for himself;" and, so saying, the young clerk bowed himself out, as a sturdy sea-faring man entered the room.

"Now, Captain Main, what have you to say to me before you sail?" began Mr. Laidlaw, eyeing him resentfully.

"Why, simply this, Sir," said the Captain, sturdily; "the *Nemesis* isn't fit to put to sea at all, and the crew know it."

"Psha, what do you mean?"

"That she's rotten."

"Hush!" said Laidlaw, looking round fearfully though there was nobody in the room. "Do you know what you are saying?"

"I do," said the other. "She's not fit for long voyages. Mayhap, if you patched her up a bit, she'd do for the coasting trade, but even then she'd be little better than a floating coffin."

"Will you hold your tongue?" said the shipowner, interrupting him in a fury; and then calming down. "Pooh! pooh! Captain, the *Nemesis* will weather many a gale yet. Why, man, you're getting old and chicken-hearted!"

"I chicken-hearted!" cried the old sailor. "By the living Jingo, Mr. Laidlaw, if a younger man had said that he should have repented it. I wish I'd had you out with me some of those nights, the heaven as black as ink above, and the roaring hell of waters below, with only a rotten tub like the *Nemesis* between you and eternity! Chicken-hearted, indeed!"

"Well, well, I meant no offence," said Laidlaw soothingly; "I know you're a brave fellow, Captain."

"Then don't talk in that way, Sir. You know I don't funk; I've risked my life too often to be afraid of losing it now. It was in your interest I spoke; if you're bent upon it I'll go."

"Of course you will, my dear Captain," said Laidlaw, looking much relieved. "You exaggerate the danger. Why, look here, the underwriters have insured the *Nemesis* for £20,000. Do you think they'd have done that if they hadn't been convinced the vessel was all right?"

"I don't know much about that," said the Captain, scratching his head doubtfully; "but then there's the crew, they object too, and they're almost mutinous."

"Confound it, Captain!" shouted Mr. Laidlaw, his temper rising furiously again. "Am I to be damaged by a parcel of rascals who want to shirk their duty? Do they refuse to sail?"

"They can't, Sir; they've signed articles."

The merchant rubbed his hands, and said, chuckling, "Yes, and having signed, if they refuse I'll have the police on board, and haul them before a magistrate. You know the penalty—three months' imprisonment with hard labour."

"Yes," said the Captain, sadly, "even if certain death is before their eyes if they sail."

"Enough of this," cried the shipowner. "Do you abet the men in their mutiny?"

"The Lord forbid!" said the Captain. "My duty is to go, if you insist."

"Spoken like a man," said Laidlaw, clapping him on the shoulder. "Talk to the crew, tell them the opinion of the underwriters, and show them that other respectable gentlemen are risking much on the safety of this vessel—then, by Heaven, if they grumble we'll see what the law will do for them."

"Well, Sir, I will," said the Captain resignedly. "Duty's duty."

"So it is," said Laidlaw, with an air of conviction that did him credit, and as if duty had been his ideal all his life. "You're in a proper frame of mind. And hark'ee Captain, say nothing of these fears to any of my clerks or people. They might think your nerve was failing you in your old age."

"My nerve," cried the Captain indignantly. "Now, by the living"—but his remark was stopped by Frank's entrance, to whom Mr. Laidlaw said pleasantly, "You will be glad to hear, Mr. Warner, that Captain Main is quite satisfied about the *Nemesis*, and she sails at eight this evening."

"I am very glad," said Frank. "Then the cause of apprehension was"—

"Unfounded entirely—was it not, Captain?" said Laidlaw, going out with him. "A prosperous voyage to China, Captain, and a happy return. Good luck to the *Nemesis*!"

Frank Warner put down the papers he had brought, and went into the outer office, his employer returned to his own room.

"Whew," said Laidlaw, wiping his brow, on which the perspiration stood in huge drops. "That was a narrow shave, and I've half a mind not to risk such a business again." So Conscience spoke; but Josiah Laidlaw had heard her remarks before, and paid little attention to them; besides which, was he not reckoned a smart man, and where would his profits be if he gave up exhibiting this particular kind of smartness in his business? He was famous for getting the best of a bargain; so much so that it was whispered on 'Change that even the American Jew of Scotch extraction, who is proverbially the most difficult of all men to do business with, would have been as putty in the hands of Josiah Laidlaw, and he was proud of the notoriety. It is, perhaps, needless to add that he was a regular attendant at a place of worship, the director of a bank which at the time of which we are writing paid large dividends (out of capital), and that no man was more respected in the whole of Kildargan.

It must be said, however, in Josiah Laidlaw's favour that he was proud of something better than his money and his capacity for driving hard bargains—and that was his only daughter. Lettice Laidlaw was, indeed, a girl of whom any father might have been proud. Rather tall and somewhat stately, with brown hair, brown eyes, and a clear brown complexion, Lettice Laidlaw was a fine, frank, fearless girl who faced the world with the utmost honesty of speech and purity of thought. She warmly returned her father's affection, and she was in some ways as proud of him as he was of her; she valued his high commercial reputation, little knowing upon what it was based, and she would sooner have cut off her right hand than have committed the least of the meannesses, to say nothing of the crimes, which were applauded as smart bits

of business on the part of the immaculate Josiah. That individual, by-the-way, had visions of a great match for his daughter. He could give her a good fortune, which should buy his Lettice rank and position; and he anticipated no objection on her part, for she had always been amenable to his wishes; only, unfortunately, he left one thing out of his calculations—parents and guardians will sometimes do so—and that was her heart.

It is not an easy matter, say the anatomists, to trace the nerves into the substance of the heart; and they are somewhat peculiar, inasmuch as they present minute ganglia in their course, which are supposed to preside over the rhythmical contractions of that interesting organ. But it is still harder to fathom the feelings, the hopes, and the aspirations which set those contractions in motion, and cause them to become not a little irregular; though if we want to deal with human beings, especially women, it is desirable that we should endeavour to attain a certain knowledge of them. A great many people have, for all social and sympathetic purposes, no hearts at all; but when a person does happen to possess one, it is a member that should never be ignored; and as to the tongue being unruly, it is nothing compared to the heart.

Thus it came about that all Mr. Laidlaw's grand schemes for his daughter's future seemed likely to be upset by the fact that Lettice had given her heart to Frank Warner. This young man was a son of some distant relations of Mr. Laidlaw's, had been brought up at a University, and intended for one of the learned professions; but his father's speculations had brought ruin on the family, which thankfully accepted a seat in the shipowner's office for Frank. In that position he already showed such an aptitude for business as to be worth much more than his small salary, though Josiah had not thought it safe to confide in him as to the curious windfalls—such as the shipwrecks of heavily insured vessels—which occasionally befell the house of Laidlaw. Frank Warner, like Lettice, had foolish prejudices, which the old shipowner had long outlived; so the seamy side of the business was kept carefully from both of them. Their mutual affection, moreover, had been hidden from old Laidlaw, a matter that caused Frank no little uneasiness; but Lettice always asserted she had a right to please herself in such a matter, and that her father should be told in good time, when Frank had become indispensable to him. Their love, however, was revealed to him on the very day of which we are writing, and with disastrous consequences. Mr. Laidlaw had gone off to see that Captain Main did not communicate his fears to any one else, and Lettice, coming down to seek her father, found only Frank Warner. The temptation to linger awhile at the office was too sweet, and Lettice was in her lover's arms when she said, "O, Frank; if my father knew what we were to each other!"

"He must know it, my own," returned Frank, "and I am so glad of having an opportunity of talking the matter over with you. Lettice, dearest, the secrecy of our love is unbearable, for it is a breach of trust."

"Of trust, Frank?" she said, looking very much surprised. "Yes, of trust," he repeated. "Your father confides in me, and I have repaid that confidence by stealing the affection of his daughter."

"There was no stealing, Frank; it was freely given."

"My darling, it is like you to say so, and it is, indeed, a sacred gift. But I dare not look on our position as a happy, hopeful lover—I seem to see it with your father's eyes. What am I, that I should aspire to you?"

"The son of his schoolfellow—a relation. A gentleman's son."

"That is true, but I am only your father's clerk."

"I don't care for that," said the girl impulsively. "Since you will talk of such a thing, you are my equal."

"Your father would not think so, Lettice; nor would Society."

"I did not ask Society to get me a husband, Frank."

"No; but we owe it to your father, dearest, to ask him."

Lettice's brown eyes flashed, and she said, haughtily, "Thank you, Sir, for the lesson; but I do not propose to run away with you."

"Lettice!" he cried, in distress at her tone.

"You read me a lecture," she said, "upon a daughter's duty—upon maidenly modesty, perhaps." And then, with an ironical curtsy, she added, "I am infinitely obliged to you, Mr. Warner."

"Lettice, my own darling, for Heaven's sake, do not misunderstand me. If I did as I wished, our love should still be a secret until I had worked myself up to a position in which I could claim you of your father and have no fear of rejection. But honour steps in, and I know I ought to tell him now."

"Then you wish to renounce my love, for you know what his answer would be."

"I would as soon renounce life," said he, fervently; "for it is the hope of my life. No, my darling, I would not do that; not if the whole world stood between us."

"Now you are my own again!"

"Oh, Lettice! I am sure your heart agrees with me. Why will you not yield in this matter?"

"Because, dearest, I do not wish to lose you," she said, firmly. "I know my father better than you do, and I know his rage would be terrible. I am not ashamed of my love, but I do not want to run the risk of disclosing it now: my father's passionate temper might wreck two lives; and there is one person's at least, Frank, that I do not wish to see sacrificed."

What was to be said to such pleading from such lips? Frank was fain to yield, more especially as there was another obstacle which had sometimes been mentioned between them. Ronald Laidlaw, Lettice's brother, was something of a scapegrace; and, as he was rarely inclined to attend to business, Frank was gradually taking his place in the house. In spite of his behaviour, however, Ronald was a great favourite of his father's, and, as his sister confessed—though she did not like to accuse her brother to her lover—would probably do all in his power to stop the match.

"Well," said Frank, after a little more conversation, "I give in, dearest, for the present; but very soon your father must know all."

"Sooner than you expect, young man," said a stern voice behind them; and Josiah Laidlaw entered and confronted the lovers. He was evidently in a furious passion, and he restrained himself with difficulty as he said to his daughter, "I am sorry to spoil this pleasant interview, but I beg to inform you, Miss Laidlaw, that your carriage is at the door."

"You are angry, father, I know," said Lettice; "but believe me, Frank wanted to tell you everything before, and it was I who made him wait for a more favourable opportunity. Don't be downhearted, Frank," she continued, going up to her lover, and putting her hand on his shoulder; "remember, whatever happens, I am true to you." Then she went out, and the two men were alone.

"Now, Sir, what have you to say for yourself?" said the old man furiously.

"Simply, Sir, that I wish you had known this before."

"And you consider your conduct justifiable?"

"That is for you to judge; I could not help loving Lettice."

"Listen to him!" said Laidlaw. "What condescension!" Then, changing his tone, he added, "How dare you, Sir?"

"I can understand your anger, Mr. Laidlaw; but one day I shall win a position worthy of your daughter's acceptance. You are her father and my employer; at the same time, you were my father's friend, and you promised him, on his deathbed"—

"To befriend his son," said Laidlaw. "But I made no bargain to marry him to my daughter."

"I am aware of that," said Frank quietly. "I simply lay before you, Mr. Laidlaw, my love and your daughter's happiness."

"I won't hear of it."

"Very well. I am content to wait. I can only say, earnestly and respectfully, leaving all in your hands, that I love her, and she loves me in return. I will do nothing more without your approval. But I shall not change, nor," said the young man, with a proud look in his eye, "will Lettice."

Josiah Laidlaw saw at once that he must try on another tack. Here was an adversary who was not to be bullied, a young man who would not change as he said, and Josiah felt also that this pestilent lover was right when he answered for Lettice. Frank Warner must be conciliated and cajoled, and, above all, he must be got out of the way. And then the Devil stepped in and whispered to Josiah Laidlaw how Frank might be got out of the way permanently; and as a man who sends coffin-ships to sea is accustomed to such hints, and in no way squeamish, Josiah took the Satanic "tip" as eagerly as a sporting subaltern accepts the information given him by Mr. Corlett, or any other luminary of the turf. His countenance brightened, and he said, with a spasmodic effort at geniality, "Well, well, Mr. Warner—Frank, I mean—sit down, and let us see what is to be done;" and the young man, looking considerably astonished at this sudden change of tone, took a seat.

"You have been candid with me, Frank," said the old man; and no one could have judged from the way in which he spoke that he was deliberately planning the destruction of the bright young fellow before him; "and I thank you for that."

"Oh, Sir!" said Frank, much relieved, "I assure you I meant to tell you as soon as possible."

"But all this," Laidlaw continued, "is very sudden. You are a young man without immediate expectations; while Lettice is—is"—

"Your daughter, and rich, and therefore, I know, far above me."

"Well, I won't say that; but, at least, if you married her, you ought to be in some sort of position worthy of her."

"Oh!" said Frank fervently, "show me how to attain that, and I will gladly devote my lifetime to gain her."

"That is not wanted. Would you devote two or three years?"

"Can you ask?" said Frank.

"Very well," said Laidlaw, rising; "then listen to me, Frank Warner. A ship, the *Nemesis*, is, as you know, about to sail for China. We have as yet no branch house there, only an agency. What if I said, Go out, work hard; you shall be furnished with the means; found and extend a business for us, and in three years come back a partner in the House; and then, if you are both of the same mind, Lettice is yours!"

That genial speech rather meant, "Sail in the *Nemesis*, which is sure to go down with the least sea, and be drowned like a rat, while I marry Lettice to some young swell;" which shows how inconvenient it would be if we all lived in a Palace of Truth.

No wonder, then, that Frank was overcome, and exclaimed, as he warmly shook the old man's hand. "Oh, Mr. Laidlaw, how can I thank you sufficiently!"

"You agree?"

"Like a Briton; like a lover."

"Then we understand each other. Now be off, you know the *Nemesis* sails at eight o'clock. So you have only a few hours in which to pack up and say good-bye to Lettice. Your instructions, meanwhile, shall be prepared here." So, with another grasp of the hand, the young man hurried off to tell Lettice the good news, thinking all the while how cruelly they had misjudged her father. That worthy, left to himself, was considering whether there would be time enough to insure the young man's life, and thinking how Providential (that was the word he used to himself, though it would hardly have occurred to anyone else who thoroughly understood the transaction) it was that he had thought of packing the young scoundrel off in the *Nemesis*. He felt, indeed, quite a glow of satisfaction when he reflected how well he was managing matters for his beloved daughter and his family in general, which shows, what most people have hitherto not suspected, that vice, as well as virtue, is sometimes its own reward.

Frank Warner hurried off to make his preparations, and lost no time in communicating the good news to his sweetheart, who was as overjoyed as himself, though Lettice shrewdly suspected that no effort would be spared to make her forget her lover when he was away. But she knew she could keep troth, and both looked forward to a future that seemed very bright to them. As to Josiah Laidlaw, he was in a curious state of fidget, now that he had settled to send Frank abroad, to get that young man off. He seemed anxious to do everything to promote his comfort on the journey, and the arrangements he made as to salary and so forth were on the most liberal scale, for what did it matter when the young fellow was to become food for fishes. Lettice, indeed, began to think that her father, who had always, as she knew, appreciated Frank's business capacity, really had his heart in the plan he had proposed for her lover's advancement, and she was proportionately grateful.

Nearly all Frank's preparations had been made, and his last farewell spoken, when, as he was hastily scribbling a memorandum in his lodgings regarding certain baggage that was to follow him in another vessel, there came a gentle rap at the door, and Ronald Laidlaw entered, looking very pale and discomposed.

"Now, Ronald," said Frank, impatiently, "what is it, man? You know I must be off in a few minutes."

"No one is likely to come in?" said Ronald Laidlaw, much agitated.

"No, no, what do you want?"

"Frank," said the other, "I am in a fearful mess, and unless I can get help I'm ruined."

"Pooh, man! you've been ruined so often before. What new scrape is it?"

"It's no ordinary mess this time, Frank, I swear," said Laidlaw, still more seriously; "the police are after me."

"Nonsense!"

"They are, I solemnly swear to you."

"Some mad debt again?"

"Worse. It's about a cheque."

"What! Explain, man, explain."

"I was hard pressed. I had some money to pay in for a friend a short time ago, and I ventured to borrow it just for a day or two, and expected to pull it off over Goodwood; but I was fairly broke there, and now it's all out and he has put the affair in the hands of the police."

"You have stolen the money," said Frank, horrified.
 "Hush! hush! somebody may hear you. Yes, that's what they call it," said Ronald, sullenly.
 "What is the amount?"
 "Eight hundred. Look here, Warner, I daren't tell my father, he would take a Spartan delight in handing me over to punishment. I have no friend but you."
 "But I haven't the money, or anything approaching it. I can do nothing; besides, I am going abroad."

"Where? When?"
 "To China—in the *Nemesis*, which sails in an hour's time."
 "Oh, let me go instead of you," said Ronald Laidlaw, in a frenzied appeal, "or go with you: you can manage this if you like. Anything to avoid the shame."

"It is impossible," said Frank. "I am going out to perform distinct duties, you could not take my place."
 "But I should at least escape a felon's doom," urged the other. "Frank, I implore you to let me go, for my father's sake, for Letty's."

"For Letty's," said Frank, hesitating.
 "Yes. I know your feeling for her, and how fond she is of me. What would she do if she saw me arrested, taken to a convict prison? You can save me from this, and Letty will bless you for ever. But you won't, I see;—I'm the most unfortunate and miserable wretch in the world;" and saying this the weak lad sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

Frank stood for a minute looking at him with something very like contempt in his face. Ronald was no friend of his, he thought; he had even tried to set Mr. Laidlaw against him; and, moreover, to aid him now would be to assist a criminal to escape. Then, again, his own prospects would be ruined, unless, indeed, he was allowed to go out afterwards. But the poor weak fellow before him was Letty's brother, and Letty loved him; for her sake therefore the sacrifice should be made.

"Get up, Ronald," he said; "I will help you,—you shall go to China!"

"Ha!" said the young man, springing to his feet. "With you?"

"No; in my place. It is the only way; or you will be followed perhaps. We can go on board together, and then I can leave, and you need not come out of your cabin till the vessel is at sea."

"Frank! you are an angel. How can I thank you?"
 "Don't thank me," said Frank, sharply. "It is not to me you owe this. Now, come along, for we have no time to lose." The two men then hurried away, and an hour afterwards the *Nemesis* started on her voyage.

It was not until nearly mid-day next morning that Josiah Laidlaw, accompanied by his daughter, drove down to his offices. The shipowner was in exceedingly good spirits, and laughed and chatted with his daughter just as if he had not sent her lover to what he believed in his heart was certain death. It was all very well for Eugene Aram to sit "remote from all, a melancholy man," for he had committed *his* murder in an unnecessarily brutal manner, and he was troubled with bad dreams mainly consequent, no doubt, upon indigestion. But Josiah Laidlaw had done what he could to advance Frank Warner's prospects, and if the *Nemesis*, a vessel which, perhaps, *had* seen her best days, was shipwrecked, why it would be a sad ending to what might have been a successful career, and, thank Heaven! she was fully insured.

So Josiah Laidlaw stepped gaily from his carriage, handed Letty out, and they went into his office. The first person they saw on the threshold of his room was Frank Warner.

"Warner!" cried the old man in the utmost astonishment. "How is this? Why did you not sail in the *Nemesis*? What does this mean, Sir?"

"Frank!" said Letty, also regarding him with wide-open eyes, while her father went on,

"Has not the *Nemesis* sailed?"

"She has sailed," said Frank.

"And you not in her," cried the old man. "I was told you had gone. Who, then, went in her?"

"Your son has gone in my place."

"My son! Ronald!" cried the old man, in a voice of agony. "Not in that ship! Not Ronald in the *Nemesis*! No, no! It's not true! He has not sailed in *that* ship—in *that* ship!"

He looked nearly distraught as he shrieked out these words, while Letty and Frank regarded him in astonishment. The former divined that there had been some good reason for Frank Warner's consent to the exchange, but she was utterly at a loss to understand her father's exclamation about the ship. If there was no objection to Frank's going out in it, why did the news that Ronald had gone so affect Mr. Laidlaw?

As for Frank, he understood the whole of the plot now, and was horrified at the thought that Letty's father had intended to take his life. He remembered the captain's objection to the vessel, and old Laidlaw's anxiety; he recalled the latter's curious change of tone when he first heard of his love for Letty; and it was all clear to him. He was to have been sent to his doom in the coffin-ship, and now Ronald Laidlaw had gone in his stead.

"Ronald has sailed in the *Nemesis*," he said, gravely.
 "Then God help him and me!" shrieked the agonised father, burying his face on his arms and falling over his table.

"Why should Ronald not sail in that ship, Frank?" said Letty. "What horrid mystery is this?"

"I cannot tell you," said Frank, sternly and yet pityingly; and, pointing to the old man, he added, "you must ask *him*!"

For some days after Mr. Laidlaw had received the intelligence that his son had sailed in the vessel in which he had expected Frank Warner to take a passage he sank into a kind of stupor, from which it was impossible to rouse him. During that time, as may well be imagined, Letty Laidlaw suffered agonies of apprehension. Her misery was intensified by the fact that she did not know what had brought on this extreme distress of mind from which her father suffered. Her lover had told her of his reason for letting Ronald take his place, and between them they had made arrangements for repaying the money, and saving young Laidlaw from the consequences of his crime. But how could Frank Warner tell Letty Laidlaw the horrible truth, how could he let her know that her father had been warned as to the condition of the vessel, and yet had been anxious he should sail in her—to say nothing of Captain Main and the unfortunate sailors, who had been obliged to choose between a prison and risking their lives; for since the *Nemesis* had sailed Warner had made himself acquainted with all the facts concerning her.

When Josiah Laidlaw was at length roused, it was found that the mental shock had affected his reason, and that he was in a profound state of melancholia. There was no chance, therefore, for Letty to elicit from him the reason he had been so stunned by the news of Ronald's sailing in the *Nemesis*; but two characteristics of his condition were very

curious ones. In the first place, he affected to talk in a light and cheerful way about Ronald's voyage, and attributed his distress at the news to his sorrow at losing his son. It was evident, however, and this was the most harassing thing of all to Letty, that this cheerfulness was only simulated for her benefit and that of the doctor, and that the old man was in a state of nervous apprehension about the vessel, and beset with a strange horror concerning her. He would seize the paper, and, while pretending not to look at it, would devour the shipping news with eager eyes, and evidently the most intense anxiety. That, she thought, was, to some extent, natural enough, as Ronald was his only son; but why try to hide what was evidently an overmastering fear for his safety, when, if he had any well-grounded apprehensions, surely it would have been natural to ask her to share them with him? One night the distraught old man well-nigh betrayed himself. She was sitting by his bedside, when suddenly he sat up and, with confused and indistinct utterance, he seemed to be going over his interview with Frank Warner. He mixed up Ronald's name, too, with the story, so she could not tell to whom he referred when he said wildly and incoherently, "I sent him—he went to be drowned—others have been drowned—and now the sea gives up its dead! They are there, they are there,—and they point at me—the faithless sea sends them to stand round my bed and to drive me mad—mad!" And then the power with which he had screamed out those words left him, the horror died out of his face, and he fell back in exhaustion, which lapsed presently into an uneasy sleep. Letty, as may readily be imagined, was terribly agitated by this scene, and told Frank Warner of it. Her lover shuddered as he thought how near the conscience-stricken wretch had been to a revelation which would have blighted her whole life, and explained the attack as the natural consequence of anxiety for Ronald. Nor did he contradict her when, in her anxiety to understand her father's condition, she came to the conclusion that he must, unknown to them, have become cognisant of Ronald's wrong-doing.

Suddenly—as suddenly, indeed, as he had gone away—Ronald Laidlaw came home. He brought terrible news. At a very early stage of her voyage, the *Nemesis*, encountering bad weather, but nothing that would have wrecked a seaworthy ship, and being a rotten old tub, had gone to the bottom with all hands. He himself had clung to a spar and been saved, as by a miracle, by a passing ship; but he was the only survivor of all those that sailed in the vessel which had been sent to her doom by the old man who was even now muttering and wringing his hands up stairs, and asking for his son.

It was deemed advisable, in view of Mr. Laidlaw's growing agitation, to let him know that Ronald was safe, as it was thought the news would relieve his anxiety and calm him a little. As to the further story of the wreck of the vessel and the loss of so many lives, it was held that joy at Ronald's safety would soften that blow, though Frank Warner had his doubts. But he said nothing about them, as he hardly liked to interfere; for one of the old man's strangest symptoms—strange, that is, to those who did not know what had been his intentions with regard to the young man—was his persistent aversion to Frank Warner.

So one day, when old Laidlaw was asking piteously for Ronald, Letty said gently, "And what if Ronald had come back, father?"

"Come back," said he, suspiciously, "so soon."

"He might have tired of the voyage and left the vessel, and come home."

"Left her!" cried her father. "Thank God!" Then suddenly changing his tone, and looking at her curiously, he said, "why should he leave her?"

"I don't know, father," said Letty; and then, as if in answer to the piteous look on his face, she said, "Father, Ronald *has* come home!"

"What?" he said, every feature of his face quivering convulsively.

"He is here," she went on, and as she spoke Ronald was on the threshold, and came forward to embrace his father.

"Ronald!" shrieked the old man, starting forward, and then shrinking back in horror, as he cried, "The ship, the others!"

The young man hesitated, but Letty, seeing her father so violently excited, whispered, "You had better tell him Ronald." So he went on,

"The ship was wrecked, Sir, and the crew"—

"Drowned?" shouted the old man.

Ronald bent his head.

"I knew it!" cried the conscience-stricken wretch. "I knew it! I saw them!" And then, stretching out his arms as if to avert Heaven's vengeance, Josiah Laidlaw fell on the floor before them—dead.

Frank Warner and Ronald Laidlaw had an interview, which was inexpressibly painful to both of them, not long after the old man's death. Ronald had heard from the sailors the condition of the vessel; and, indeed, they were with difficulty prevented from throwing him overboard, being the owner's son, when their suspicions as to her unseaworthiness were realised. Ronald knew also that his father had been anxious to send Frank Warner in the *Nemesis*, and guessed too well his horrible intention. It must be said also that the terror of the shipwreck when so many gallant men sank into what Lennyson has called a "vast and wandering grave," and his narrow escape brought the young man to his senses. He settled down steadily, took Frank into partnership, and the firm prospered. In due time Frank Warner married Letty Laidlaw, and the only secret he ever kept from his wife was the explanation which he and Ronald alone could give of her father's sudden death on hearing the news of the wreck of the *Nemesis*.

After a close contest, Mr. Samuel Smith (Liberal) was yesterday week returned member for Liverpool by a majority of 309 above Mr. Forwood (Conservative), who polled 17,889. The vacancy was caused by the succession of Lord Sandon to the earldom of Harrowby.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.
 Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
 Six months, 11s.
 Three months, 7s.

Copies will be supplied direct from the Office to any part of the United Kingdom and the Channel Islands, for any period, at the rate of 6d. for each Number, paid in advance.

ABROAD.
 The yearly subscription abroad is 86s. 4d. (on thin paper, 32s.), with the following exceptions:—

To Aden, Borneo, Ceylon, India, Java, Labuan, Mozambique, Penang, Philippine Islands, Sarawak, Singapore, and Zanzibar, 41s. (thin paper, 34s.)
 To Madagascar (except St. Mary), 45s. (on thin paper, 36s. 4d.)

Subscribers are specially advised to order the thick paper edition, the appearance of the engravings in the thin paper copies being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheque crossed the Union Bank of London; or by Post-Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to George C. Leighton, of 198, Strand, London.

CHRISTMAS REUNIONS.

The most charming thing about Christmas time is the family reunion which its coming gives rise to. Among all the church and lay festivals of the year there is none which furnishes such a good excuse for gathering together again, if only for a day, those who have been missing from the family circle. Other festivals come and go, and you receive, perhaps, a letter with a pleasant reminder of the day; but you have some business in hand, or you are too far away, and you cannot find time to run down and spend the day. But at Christmas time it is different. You seem to take that as a matter of course. You look forward to it for three months, and you promise weeks before to be there; and you sacrifice everything to be able to spend another Christmas *at home*.

Perhaps you remember the last time you stepped out, the solitary passenger, at the little country station. How the old servant scarcely recognised you. The young master had grown so manly. It seemed such a long time ago since you pulled up the latch of the little wicket gate and walked through the old orchard. And they had seen you coming through the little diamond-paned windows, and through the ivy that hung over them. Bah! you tried to look careless and self-collected—but no matter. Those tears in your eyes, as you shook the snow off your feet and walked up the passage after that warm greeting, were no disgrace to you.

It may be many years before you sit down again to such a tea as that. What questions you had to answer, and yet what a quantity of home-made cake you managed to eat. And how nice it was too to saunter about the doorway just as it was growing dusk and see the long line of rooks flying homewards with their everlasting "Caw, caw," just as you remembered you used to hear them years ago when you were reading your lessons by the open window. How unchanged and quiet everything seemed. So different from the eternal change and bustle of a great city. You could just hear the clanking of the pump, and the jingling of the horses' harness as they came slowly through the gate. And then you turned indoors, and the curtains were pulled to. And how swiftly the time seemed to pass in that cosy little room with holly stuck all over the sideboard and above the pictures, until the lamps were brought in, and you said, "Good night," and went up stairs, hardly feeling sleepy, in spite of your long journey.

Don't you remember, when you nestled into bed, how the sheets smelt of lavender, and how, while you were lying there, you heard familiar voices outside the door, perhaps for the first time for many, many years? And how, perhaps, just as you were going off to sleep, the door was softly opened, and you felt a soft hand pass across your cheek, and two lips were pressed to your forehead, with a "So glad to have you back among us again!" and then, like a vision, the intruder noiselessly left you, and there was something damp on your forehead? And very likely you turned over and some tears welled up into your eyes; and then you fell asleep to dream of the love around you.

And then when you woke up in the morning, don't you remember how different everything was. There were the big old-fashioned chests of drawers with the big brass handles; and the old carved oak chairs. Nothing was changed. Even the queer carved china ornaments on the mantle-piece stared you in the face just as you remembered they used to do years ago. And then you could hear the big trees groaning and rustling outside—a sound you had never heard since you left home; and the birds twittering close to the window-pane.

You called to mind, as you were dressing, the long stocking full of oranges and crackers; and you remembered toddling down those stairs when a boy and opening those mysterious packages at the breakfast table. And didn't your voice grow husky as you said "Good-morning," and somebody rose up from behind the steaming coffee urn and pinned a sprig of holly in your coat, and you were forced to stoop down to kiss her? Ah! ah! Christmas meetings like that will give us pleasant thoughts to fall back upon for a whole year, and somehow when we go back to turmoil or study—perchance to dissipation and gaiety—that cheery little vision of the little low-ceilinged room in the old house in the country will be always rising up before us in our leisure moments.

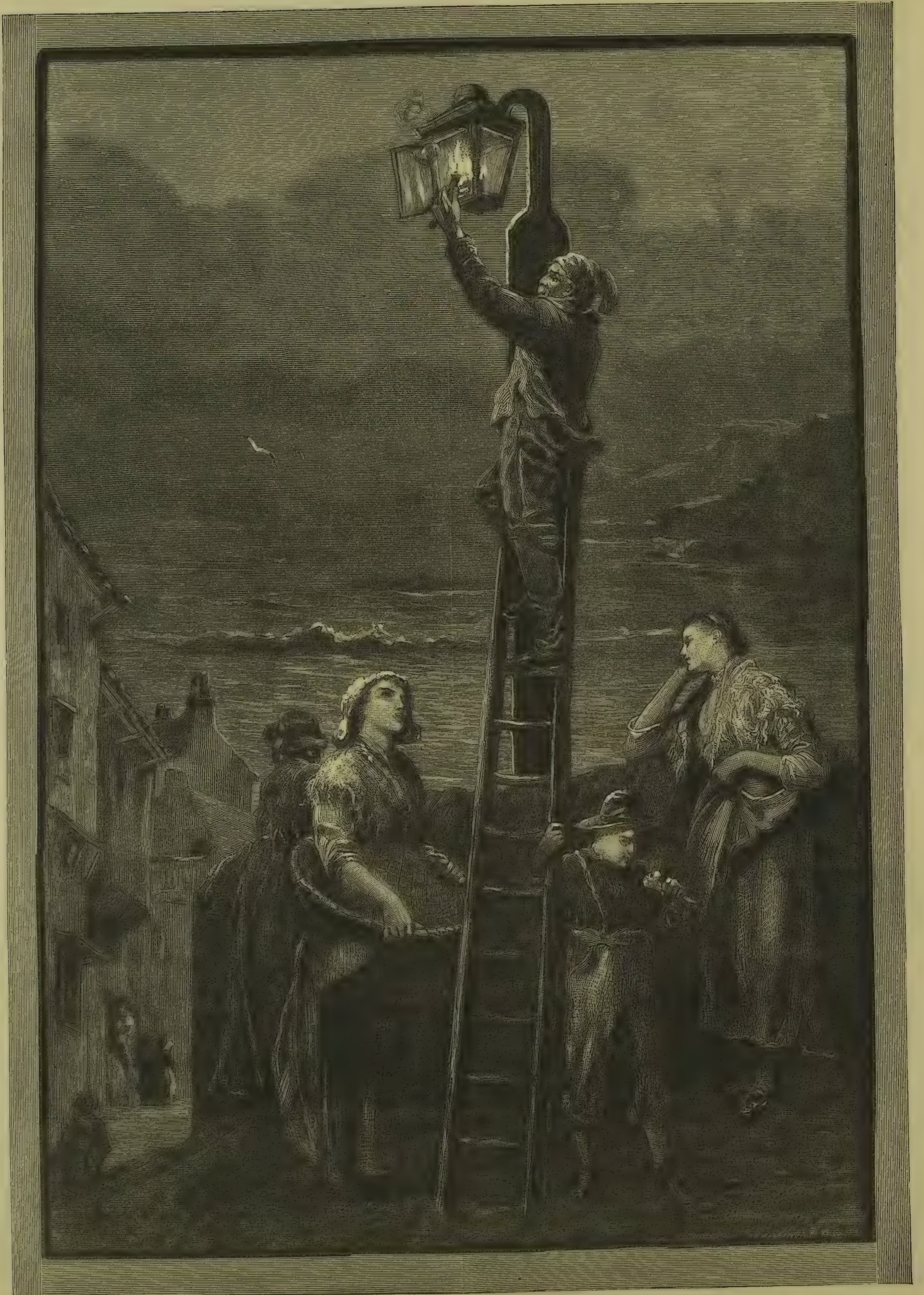
And then, the day after, can you ever forget the parting before you got into the trap that was to take you to the station? How loving hands managed to squeeze little delicacies into your portmanteau? How you had to say "Good-by" so often; and how they still would come out in the snow to shake hands again? No wonder when you got into the railway-carriage you pulled your hat down over your face and nestled in a corner to think quietly over what had happened.

There are some who have no such family circle to welcome them. Perhaps some cruel event has scattered them, or driven them to distant lands. Perhaps most of its members have reached a fairer region far away, and left one to struggle on alone, with the memory of what was, or what might have been, to embitter his thoughts. Perhaps, through no fault of his own, he has become estranged from the old family, and he is too proud to return, though a strange feeling comes over him as he sees laughing groups pass him in the street.

It is a terrible thing for a man to have to walk about the streets of a great city on Christmas Day. The streets are almost deserted. The omnibuses are half empty, and the few passengers are either fingering mystic-looking packages or inwardly chuckling to themselves at the magic change of scene there will be when they touch the bell, and the hall-door swings open, and a blaze of light flashes across the street for a moment. And even the bus conductors themselves are calling to one another, telling each other that they are "going to knock off early this evening," and rubbing their hands at the thought of the glorious supper and the blazing fire that await them. People turn round and look at him as they pass. Everybody seems to have some one to make merry with. All the old places of resort are deserted. Even the shoeblack and crossing-sweeper have left the stations at which they have been daily since last year for 364 days, in sunshine or in rain.

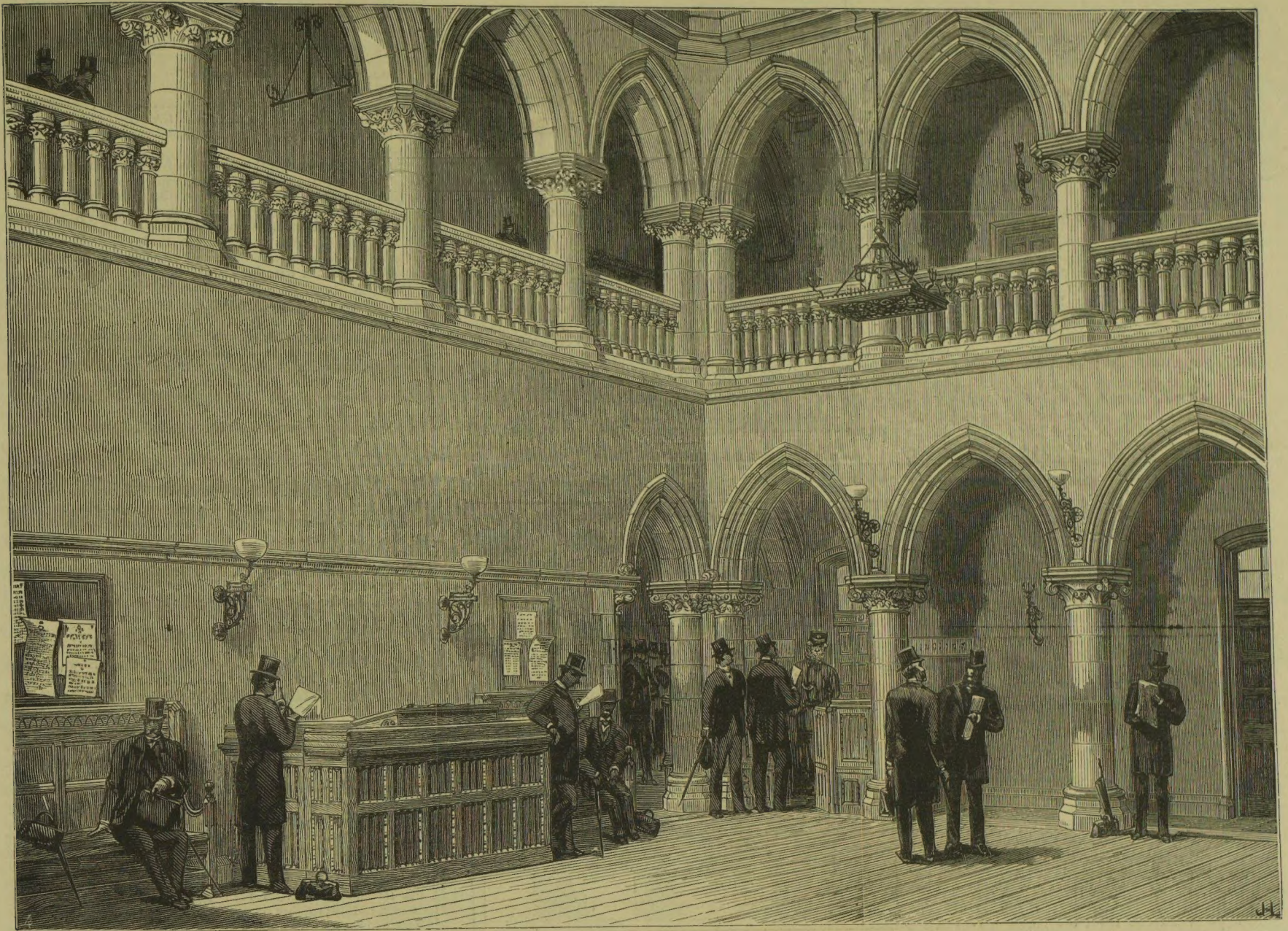
In the restaurant the only customers are some bustling foreigners, who have just arrived. Instinctively his eye wanders to the bottom of the bill of fare, and he sees plum-pudding and mince-pies underlined in the post of honour. He may order plum-pudding, and they bring him a slice; but that is not the steaming dish which, he remembers, used to be borne in by the old housekeeper with a triumphant countenance. And where are those roars of laughter when the lid was lifted off and the pudding was found to have fallen to pieces out of very goodness!—with the holly lying amid the ruins, like a dethroned monarch! And then he remembers how all, robust and invalid, oblivious of ghosts of doctors' bills looming in the future, used to send it to keep company with the goose or turkey. He closes his eyes, and he can almost fancy he hears again the clinking of the glasses as the "Merry Christmas" went the round of the table. What a change! He lays down his knife and fork, throws the waiter a fee, and walks slowly home, where he silently smokes a pipe, and goes to bed to try and sleep off the unwelcome thoughts which will press themselves upon him, somehow, to-day. Yes! Christmas is, after all, the time for reunions, and not for solitary enjoyment.

W. L. L.

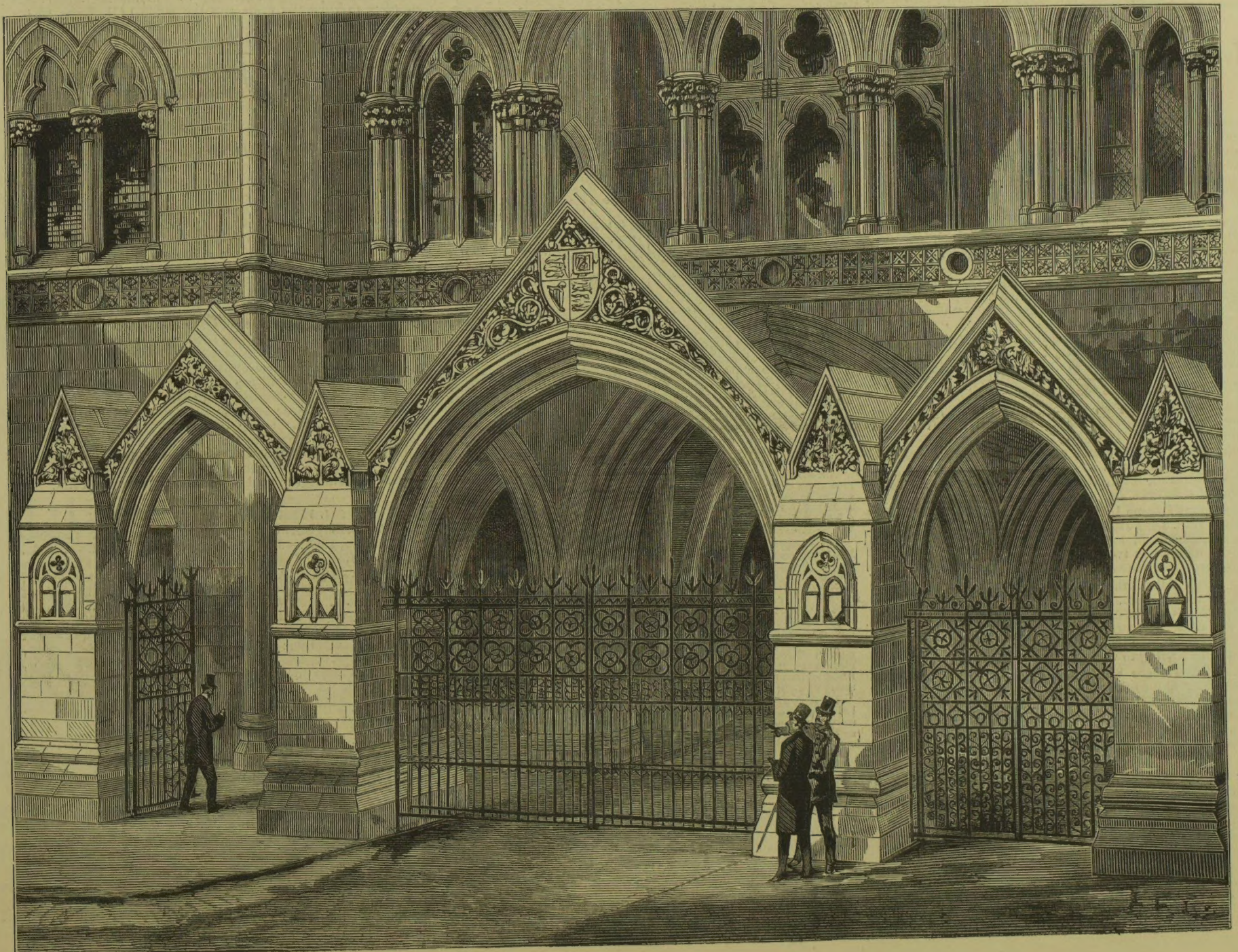


THE GUIDING LIGHT.
DRAWN BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.



THE JUDGES' CHAMBERS HALL.



STRAND FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE QUADRANGLE.

OBITUARY.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Right Hon. and Most Rev. Archibald Campbell Tait, D.D., D.C.L., Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan, died on the 3rd inst., at Addington Park, Croydon. He was born Dec. 21, 1811, the youngest son of Mr. Craufurd Tait, of Harviestown, in the county of Clackmannan, by Susan, his wife, daughter of Sir Ilay Campbell, Bart., of Succoth, Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland; was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and at the Universities of Glasgow and Oxford. At the latter he graduated with first-class honours in 1833; succeeded Dr. Arnold as Head Master of Rugby in 1842, and became Dean of Carlisle in 1849. In 1856 he was consecrated Bishop of London, and in 1868 translated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. His Grace married, June 22, 1843, Katharine, youngest daughter of the Ven. William Spooner, Archdeacon of Coventry, by Anna Maria, his wife, daughter of Sir Lucius O'Brien, Bart., of Dromoland, and by her, who died Dec. 1, 1878, had one son, the Rev. Craufurd Tait, M.A., Vicar of St. John's, Notting-hill, who died May 29, 1878, and three daughters, of whom the second, Edith Murdoch, was married, Nov. 12, 1878, to the Rev. Randall T. Davidson. A Portrait of the Archbishop appears in the present number.

MAJOR-GENERAL LUDLOW.

Major-General John Ludlow died on the 30th ult., at Yates Court, Mereworth, Kent, aged eighty-one. He entered the Indian Army in 1819, served against the Bheels, and had the Ava medal for the Burmese War. Subsequently he was employed in the Indian Political Department, and is remembered for his strenuous and successful efforts for the suppression of suttee (burning of widows) in India.

REV. JAMES CHALLIS.

The Rev. James Challis, M.A., F.R.S., Plumian Professor of Astronomy, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, died there recently. He was born in 1803, graduated B.A. in Trinity College as Senior Wrangler, and in 1826 became Fellow. In 1836 he was elected to the chair of Astronomy, and in 1870 re-elected Fellow of his college under the revised Statutes. He was also, till 1861, Director of the Cambridge Observatory, and in 1871 was made hon. LL.D. of Edinburgh. Professor Challis was author of many scientific treatises, and also of a translation, with notes, of the Epistle to the Romans.

REV. C. BARNWELL BARNWELL.

The Rev. Charles Barnwell Barnwell, of Mileham Hall, Norfolk, lord of the manors of Mileham and Beeston, and patron of those churches, Rector of Mileham, and J.P. for the county, died at Heigham on the 27th ult., aged eighty-one. He was eldest son of Mr. Alderman John Herring, of Norwich, by Catherine, his wife, daughter and heiress of John Barnwell, of Bale, Norfolk, and assumed by Royal license, Oct. 3, 1825, the surname and arms of Barnwell on succeeding to the estates of his maternal ancestors, the Barnwells of Mileham, a younger branch of the ancient Irish family of Barnewall of Crickstown, now represented by Sir Reginald Barnewall, Bart.

MR. THOMAS DUNNE.

Mr. Thomas Dunne, J.P. and D.L., of Bircher Hall and Gatley Park, in the county of Hereford, died on the 22nd ult. at Bircher Hall. He was born in 1815, the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Dunne, by his wife, Ann, daughter and heiress of Colonel Smith, of Bircher Hall. He was educated at Rugby, and at Balliol College, Oxford; married, in 1869, Harriet Frances, daughter of Major-General Lechmere Coore Russell, C.B., of Ashford Hall, in the county of Salop, and leaves three sons. Mr. Dunne claimed to be a descendant of John Donne, the poet and Dean of St. Paul's, temp. James I., by Ann, daughter of Sir George More, of Losely, Surrey, and by the Dean's mother was descended from the family of Sir Thomas More, the celebrated Chancellor, temp. Henry VIII.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, the novelist, died on the 6th inst., at his residence, Welbeck-street. He was born April 24, 1815, the second son of Mr. Thomas Anthony Trollope, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, by Frances, his wife, also a distinguished novelist, youngest daughter of the Rev. William Milton, Rector of Heckfield, Hants. His grandfather, the Rev. Anthony Trollope, was fourth son of Sir Thomas Trollope, fourth Baronet, of Casewick, Lincolnshire. He was educated at Winchester and Harrow, and held for many years an influential appointment in the Post Office. His ability and popularity as a writer of fiction have long been acknowledged. His principal works were "The Kellys and O'Kellys," "Barchester Towers," "The Three Clerks," "Dr. Thorne," "Framley Parsonage," "Orley Farm," "Rachel Ray," "West Indies and the Spanish Main," "The Warden," "The Last Chronicle of Barset," &c. He married, June 11, 1844, Rose, daughter of Mr. Edward Heseltine, of Rotherham, and leaves two sons. A Portrait of Mr. Trollope is given in this number.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. George Chetwynd, C.B., Receiver and Accountant General, General Post Office, on the 10th inst., at his residence at Blackheath, aged fifty-eight.

Mary Anne, Lady Wrexall, on the 27th ult., at Hammer-smith, daughter of Mr. J. Herring, and widow of Sir Charles Lascelles Wrexall, Bart., to whom she was married in 1852, and who died in 1865.

Lieutenant Eugene L. Brett, of the Scots Guards, son of the Right Hon. Lord Justice and Lady Brett, on the 8th inst., at their residence in Ennismore-gardens. This gallant and promising officer was twenty-seven years of age, and died of typhoid fever, contracted in Egypt during the recent campaign.

Sir Hugh Allan, the well-known shipowner, in Edinburgh, on the 9th inst., aged seventy-two. In 1856 Sir Hugh obtained the Government contract for the first line of steamers from the river St. Lawrence to Liverpool; and afterwards established the line to the Clyde; and had, in addition, a large fleet of ships trading to various parts of the world.

The Rev. Thomas Williamson Peile, D.D., late Vicar of St. Paul's, Avenue-road, and formerly, from 1841 to 1858, Head Master of Repton School, on the 29th ult., at St. John's-wood Park, aged seventy-six. From 1858 to 1860 he was Vicar of Luton, Bedfordshire, and from 1860 to 1873 Vicar of St. Paul's. Dr. Peile was an erudite scholar and divine.

At a special meeting of the Manchester City Council last week it was decided to support the scheme for the proposed ship canal by a majority of 46 votes to 6. The Salford Town Council also unanimously approves of the scheme.

The sixth annual meeting of the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, was held last week in St. Mary's Schools. The Lord Mayor presided, and subscriptions to a considerable amount were announced in behalf of an enlarged institution, which it is in contemplation to erect.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

MOUTIN ADDENDUM (Kotwapor).—Your letter's problem is, we regret to say, much too simple for European players. The first of the three moves is obvious, from the White King being in check, and from the necessity of capturing the checking piece. We shall be glad to hear from you with another effort.

W. A. T. (Caxton) introduced printing into England, and "The Game of Chess" was the second, not the first, book printed by him.

S. S. (Madras).—A book on the subject of problem composition, by Mr. S. Loyd, has been recently published in New York, U.S.A. We believe it can be obtained in this country through the British Chess Magazine, Fairfield, Huddersfield.

T. C. T. (Endeavour Chess Club).—Please to note that this part of the Paper is sent to press not later than the Tuesday in each week, and that all communications intended for immediate use should reach us on the Saturday.

ALPHA.—Problem No. 2021 is a very elaborate one indeed, and we shall hope you will find time to devote to its solution. Is not 1. Kt to K7th a good reply to the attack, 1. P to Kt7th?

TYNO (Prome).—Your first problem is not at all bad; but, as usual in such cases as yours, it is too simple in construction. Try again.

W. L. F. (Belfast).—Paul Morphy's grandfather was a native of Madrid, his father was born in Charleston, South Carolina, and his own native place is New Orleans. No doubt the name is frequently met with in your country.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from N. C. M. (Cork), F. M. (Woodbridge), and C. W. W. (Torquay).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2018 received from S. Subramania (Madras); of Nos. 2019 and 2020, from H. J. Alder (Nice) and W. Tansfield (Algiers).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2021 received from E. Featherstone and James Pilkington.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2022 received from T. S. P. (Malta), H. Yousoufian (Constantinople), Pierce Jones, H. W. (Antwerp), J. A. B. G. J. Veale, and J. Hands (Loughborough).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2023 received from J. H. Read (Isburn), Irene (Brussels), Henry Bullock, J. Harrington Atwood, and Pierce Jones.

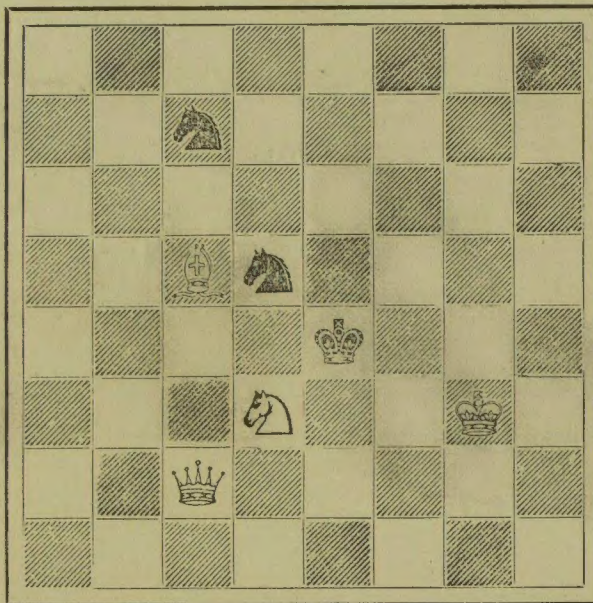
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2024 received from H. B. Cant, T. R. D., R. H. Brooks, Donald Mackay, E. Louden, Pierce Jones, Trial (Glasgow), S. Farrant, W. J. Rudman, W. Hillier, R. T. Kemp, Aaron Harper, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, G. W. Law, H. Lucas, An Old Hand, L. Falcon (Antwerp), L. L. Greenaway, P. G. Parsloe, H. H. Noyes, C. W. Milson, M. O'Halloran, E. Casella (Paris), N. H. Mullen, R. L. Southwell, A. Wigmore, Harry Springthorpe, J. G. Anstee, P. Ferris, R. Joseph, C. S. Cox, Otto Fuider (Ghent), Jupiter Junior, A. W. Scrattin, B. R. Wood, R. J. Vines, W. Dewse, D. W. Kell, C. Oswald, C. Darragh, Ben Nevis, H. K. Awdry, R. Robinson, B. Ingersoll, and G. Haskisson.

NOTE.—This problem cannot be solved, as many correspondents have supposed, by way of 1. Kt to K3rd, Black having a good reply to that attack in 1. K to K5th.

PROBLEM No. 2026.

By C. E. TUCKETT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The following game will be read with interest as the production of two Bengalese amateurs. It was played at the house of Mr. Lee, of Chupra, Lower Bengal, in the early part of the present year.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K4th	P to K4th	13. Q to Kt3rd	P to Kt4th
2. P to K B4th	Kt to Q B3rd	14. Q to Kt3rd	Q to Q sq
In declining the Gambit, either 2. B to B4th or 2. P to Q4th offers a better defence than the move in the text. The players on this occasion, however, are (visibly) ignorant of the "bookish theories" of the European school of chess.		Anticipating 15. Kt to K5th.	
3. Kt to K B3rd	P takes P	15. Kt to K4th	P takes P
4. B to Q B4th	P to K R3rd	16. Kt to K B6th	
5. P to K R4th	P to Q3rd	This looks ingenious enough, and it wins the exchange, but it is not so good as it looks, as Black's reply shows.	
6. P to Q4th	B to Kt5th	17. Kt takes R	B takes Kt
7. Q B takes P	Q to B3rd	18. Q to B2nd	R to Kt sq
8. B to K3rd	Castles	19. P to Q B4th	P to R6th
9. P to B3rd	K Kt to K2nd	The correct coup.	
10. Q Kt to Q2nd	P to Q4th	20. Q to B5th (ch)	
11. P takes P		Obviously inadequate, but there is really no satisfactory move for White in the position.	
This rather throws the attack into the second player's hands. We should therefore have preferred 11. P to K5th.		21. Q to R5th	B to K3rd
12. B takes Kt	Kt takes P	22. K to R sq	R takes P (ch)
13. Castles	R takes B	23. P to Q5th	B to Q3rd
13. Q to Kt3rd, preparing to castle on the Queen's side, seems a better line of play.		24. R to K Kt sq	Q to Kt sq
In our notice of the career of the late Paul Morphy, when referring to the eight blindfold games played at Birmingham it should have been recorded that Mr. Avery, one of the eight, drew his game. The actual score was Morphy won 6, lost 1, and drew 1.		Fatal, but he had no good resource.	
Captain Mackenzie arrived in New York from London on the 18th ultimo, and on the evening of that day there was the largest assemblage of chessplayers ever known at the Manhattan Chess Club to welcome him home. An exhibition of simultaneous play against twenty Members of the club named, by the American champion, was arranged for Nov. 27.		24. R to K Kt sq	B to K Kt5th, and White resigned.
The match between Messrs. Steinitz and Martinez, at Philadelphia, commenced on the 13th ultimo, was proving a very one-sided affair at the date of our latest exchanges. Five games had been played in the match, and Herr Steinitz had won them all. Efforts are being made in New York to arrange a match between the German master and Captain Mackenzie, but, we are informed, with "faint hopes of success in that direction."			
Mr. Blackburne's provincial tour is proving a promenade of victory. At Newcastle, on the 23rd ult., he played <i>sans voir</i> against eight of the local players, the spacious Art-Gallery being thronged with spectators. The Rev. Mr. Archdall, president of the Newcastle Chess Club, acted as teller, and the play resulted in the Champion winning 5 games, losing 2, and drawing 1. The victors were Messrs. Ormond and Kersey, Mr. Nicholson securing the <i>remise</i> . Out of thirty games played simultaneously on the following day, Mr. Blackburne won 27, lost 1, and drew 2. From Newcastle the Champion proceeded to Glasgow, where he was the guest of the Glasgow Chess Club throughout the week, delighting the members with exhibitions of chess <i>sans voir</i> and otherwise. The interest of the public was centred in the blindfold play, in the practice of which Mr. Blackburne's fame had preceded him. Eight amateurs were pitted against him; and, after six hours' play, the result was, Mr. Blackburne won 3, drew 2, and lost none.			
Dr. Zukertort has also been delighting our country cousins with exhibitions of skilful chess. At Bradford, out of 21 games played simultaneously he won 18, lost 2, and drew 1; and of the 12 games played <i>sans voir</i> , after an adjournment to the following day, he won 5, lost 3, and 4 (2 unfinished) were abandoned as drawn.			
The match, announced by us a few weeks since, between the Knight class of the City Club and the Oxford University Club was played at Wadham College on the 2nd inst. It resulted in a very decisive victory for the London men, who scored 10½ to their adversaries' 2½.			
A match between the North London and Greenwich Clubs was played on the 2nd inst., when the first-named association won with a score of five games to three. There were eight players a side.			

In our notice of the career of the late Paul Morphy, when referring to the eight blindfold games played at Birmingham it should have been recorded that Mr. Avery, one of the eight, drew his game. The actual score was Morphy won 6, lost 1, and drew 1.

Captain Mackenzie arrived in New York from London on the 18th ultimo, and on the evening of that day there was the largest assemblage of chessplayers ever known at the Manhattan Chess Club to welcome him home. An exhibition of simultaneous play against twenty Members of the club named, by the American champion, was arranged for Nov. 27.

The match between Messrs. Steinitz and Martinez, at Philadelphia, commenced on the 13th ultimo, was proving a very one-sided affair at the date of our latest exchanges. Five games had been played in the match, and Herr Steinitz had won them all. Efforts are being made in New York to arrange a match between the German master and Captain Mackenzie, but, we are informed, with "faint hopes of success in that direction."

Mr. Blackburne's provincial tour is proving a promenade of victory. At Newcastle, on the 23rd ult., he played *sans voir* against eight of the local players, the spacious Art-Gallery being thronged with spectators. The Rev. Mr. Archdall, president of the Newcastle Chess Club, acted as teller, and the play resulted in the Champion winning 5 games, losing 2, and drawing 1. The victors were Messrs. Ormond and Kersey, Mr. Nicholson securing the *remise*. Out of thirty games played simultaneously on the following day, Mr. Blackburne won 27, lost 1, and drew 2. From Newcastle the Champion proceeded to Glasgow, where he was the guest of the Glasgow Chess Club throughout the week, delighting the members with exhibitions of chess *sans voir* and otherwise. The interest of the public was centred in the blindfold play, in the practice of which Mr. Blackburne's fame had preceded him. Eight amateurs were pitted against him; and, after six hours' play, the result was, Mr. Blackburne won 3, drew 2, and lost none.

Dr. Zukertort has also been delighting our country cousins with exhibitions of skilful chess. At Bradford, out of 21 games played simultaneously he won 18, lost 2, and drew 1; and of the 12 games played *sans voir*, after an adjournment to the following day, he won 5, lost 3, and 4 (2 unfinished) were abandoned as drawn.

The match, announced by us a few weeks since, between the Knight class of the City Club and the Oxford University Club was played at Wadham College on the 2nd inst. It resulted in a very decisive victory for the London men, who scored 10½ to their adversaries' 2½.

A match between the North London and Greenwich Clubs was played on the 2nd inst., when the first-named association won with a score of five games to three. There were eight players a side.

Major-General Sir Andrew Clarke has declined the offer of the Surveyor Generalship of the Ordnance, about to be vacated by Sir John Adye on his acceptance of the Governorship of Gibraltar.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1882), with a codicil (dated Aug. 17 following), of Mr. Archibald Steuart, late of No. 17, Kensington Gardens-terrace, and of Bankend, Lanarkshire, who died on Aug. 31 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by William Hugh Murray and John MacLachlan, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £70,000. The testator leaves 200 shares in the London Joint Stock Bank to or upon trust for each of his step-children, Richard Evans Hamer, Eliza Russell Hamer, and Mrs. Mary Hussey; twenty of the said shares to Elizabeth Steuart Alt; £200 to his butler, Thomas Walter Fantin; and the residue of his movable and heritable property to his daughter, Helen Elizabeth Steuart.

The will (dated April 25, 1882) of Mr. Jonathan Samuda, late of Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent, who died on Oct. 13 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Mrs. Jane Samuda, the widow, and Arthur John Bowen, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. The testator gives legacies to his brother, sister, nephew, nieces, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, and others; and the residue of his property to his wife for her separate use.

The will (dated May 19, 1880) of Mr. Charles Cooper Henderson, late of the Oriental Club, Hanover-square, and of No. 11, Gloucester-crescent, Regent's Park, who died on Aug. 27 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Roderick William Henderson and George By Henderson, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator leaves to his executors 100 guineas each; to Annie Oakley, £200; to Sophia Ann Eliza Myers, the dividends of £5000 Consols for life; and the residue of his real and personal estate between his brothers and sisters.

The will of the Rev. Alfred Richard Du Cane, formerly Vicar of Rostherne, Cheshire, but late of Willingale Doe Rectory, Ongar, Essex, who died on Oct. 19 last at Upper Hamilton-terrace, St. John's-wood, was proved on the 24th ult. by Mrs. Ellen Mary Du Cane, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his property whatsoever to his wife.

The will (dated May 27, 1879) of Miss Louisa Coggan, formerly of Torquay, but late of Dupdune House, Guildford, who died on the 11th ult., was proved on the 29th ult. by Roderick Hugonin, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. Subject to the payment of her debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, and of an annuity of £50 to her servant, Susan Edwards, the testatrix gives all her property to her said nephew.

The will (dated March 29, 1882) of Colonel Thomas Walton Roberts, J.P., late of Glassenbury Park, Cranbrook, Kent, who died on Oct. 4 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by Major John Roberts Atkin, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to each of his executors; all his riding horses, guns, and sporting gear to Charles Francis Knolles; annuities of £200 each, charged on the Glassenbury estate, to the said Charles Francis Knolles and Thomas Walton Knolles; the balance of the cash at his bankers after sundry payments thereout, to his nephew Walton Thomas Roberts Atkin; and legacies to his groom, gardener, coachman, and every indoor servant who has been twelve months in his service at his decease. All his manors, messuages, lands and hereditaments of Glassenbury and Brencley, and all other his real estate in the county of Kent, he devises to the use of his said nephew, John Roberts Atkin, for life, with remainder to his sons successively in order of birth in tail male. Every person succeeding to the estates under this entail is to take the arms and the name of Roberts as his principal name. The testator gives the residue of his real and personal estate to his last-named nephew absolutely.

In the will of Mr. Henry Butler, of 103, Southampton-row, mentioned in our issue of the 2nd inst., the share of the residue left to the children of his brother, Daniel Butler, should have been one moiety of three tenths only.

THE GUIDING LIGHT.

The cares and anxieties of a seacoast village population, where every man and boy is perhaps employed in the fishery, and often compelled to pass the whole night aloft upon the perilous waves, though stormy weather may threaten to endanger the safety of boats and their crews, must ever appeal to the sympathy of landmen, who sometimes read with sorrow of the loss of life and the distress of bereaved families, occasioned by not unfrequent disasters along our British shores. With such contingencies in mind, they will be disposed to enter into the feelings of the poor folk who are represented in our Artist's drawing as engaged in kindling a lamp upon the top of the low cliff adjacent to the little hamlet which is the home of a small party of industrious fishermen, where the wives and children, and men who are too old for that adventurous toil, await the return of those bold and hardy "travailleurs de la mer," and have arranged to show them a "guiding light," to direct their painful course in making for land despite the force of an adverse tide and violent gale of wind. Every true and kind heart will share the feeling of intense desire that, before the dark hours of the night have passed, those who are now labouring on the deep may be restored to their homes, and may be spared for the support and comfort of their kindred and partners in life.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Probable arrangements for the Friday evening meetings before Easter, 1883:—Jan. 19, R. Bosworth Smith, Esq., M.A., The Early Life of Lord Lawrence in India; Jan. 26, George J. Romanes, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Recent Work on Starfishes; Feb. 2, Sir William Thompson, LL.D., F.R.S., The Size of Atoms; Feb. 9, Montague D. Conway, Esq., M.A., Emerson and his Views of Nature; Feb. 16, Professor William C. Williamson, F.R.S., Some of the Anomalous Forms of Primeval Vegetation; Feb. 23, Walter H. Pollock, Esq., M.A., Sir Francis Drake; March 2, C. Vernon Boys, Esq., A.R.S.M., Meters for Power and Electricity; March 9, Professor George D. Liveing, M.A., F.R.S., The Ultra-violet Spectra of the Elements; March 16, Professor Tyndall, D.C.L., F.R.S., M.R.I.

At the annual central conference of representatives of Poor-Law Guardians, held last week, a resolution was passed declaring it to be desirable to place further restrictions on outdoor relief, and that it be referred to the central committee to consider how this object could be best effected.

Two brothers named Kibolde, one of whom lives at Farnworth, near Bolton, and the other at Bury, both of them factory operatives, have, it is reported, come into a large fortune. Their father served in the Crimean War, and, after his death, the mother, it is asserted, deserted her children, three sons and a daughter. The latter was adopted by a French gentleman, and, upon his decease, she entered a convent. The fortune left by this sister to her brothers is about £90,000.

Know

There is not the slightest doubt that there is a possibility of restoring and beautifying the hair. The greatest chemists tell us so, and modern proof has been offered in many preparations. That there should be one of superior excellence among these may also be admitted, and the best test of that surpassing excellence would be the lasting patronage received and fame allowed Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is acknowledged by all to be most efficacious for restoring, invigorating, beautifying, and dressing the Hair, rendering it soft, silky, and glossy, and disposing it to remain in any desired position; quickly cleansing the scalp, removing Dandruff, arresting the fall, and imparting a healthy and natural color to the hair. It never fails to restore gray hair to its original youthful color. It acts directly upon the roots of the hair, giving them the natural nourishment required.

"One Bottle did it." That is the expression of many who have had their gray hair restored to its natural color, and their bald spot covered with hair, after using one bottle of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. It is not a dye, it can do no harm. Every one who has used this preparation speaks loud its praise. If you wish to restore your hair as in youth, and retain it through life, without delay procure a bottle.

BRIDAL
BOUQUET
BLOOM.



BRIDAL
BOUQUET BLOOM,
FOR
BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION,
DEDICATED TO
Mothers and Daughters,
WITH THANKS
FOR LIBERAL PATRONAGE BESTOWED.

The perfection of Beauty is a beautiful, smooth complexion. It indicates health as well as excites the admiration of all. Face Powders are injurious to the skin, and fail in effect compared with Bridal Bouquet Bloom—a vegetable liquid, which causes the cheek to glow with health, and the Neck, Arms, and Hands to rival the Lily in whiteness. Loveliness of the complexion, the bloom of Nature restored and preserved; whether the skin be white or of olive hue, it is always lovely if kept free from blemishes, pimples, freckles, sun-burn, tan, &c., by the use of Bridal Bouquet Bloom, a most refreshing and agreeable balm for the skin, softening redness and preventing all roughness.

Bridal Bouquet Bloom imparts exquisite Beauty to the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands. In a moment of time it imparts a delicate softness and purity, with the tint and fragrance of the Lily and the Rose.

Bridal Bouquet Bloom is without a rival in the World. It is utterly impossible to detect in the Beauty it confers any artificial character. One trial of it will convince any lady of its great superiority over any other liquid and the numerous powders. It is perfumed with a combination of the rarest and choicest flowers, each beneficial and useful, and at the same time imparting to the Skin a most delightful fragrance.

Bridal Bouquet Bloom is in special favor with travelers. By its use you escape all injury to the Complexion by change of climate and the use of Hard Water. It neutralizes the irritating properties of Soaps. By its use all redness, roughness, and chapping is prevented.

Patronized by all the European Courts and by the élite of America.

Sold by Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

Each Bottle is Inclosed in an Elegant Toilet Case.
MANUFACTURERS AND SALESMEN:
114 and 116 Southampton Row, London, England.
92 Boulevard Sebastopol, Paris, France.
35 Barclay St. and 40 Park Place, New-York, U. S.

CANON FARRAR ON SUCCESS AND FAILURE. PART II. APPEARS ON DEC. 14 IN



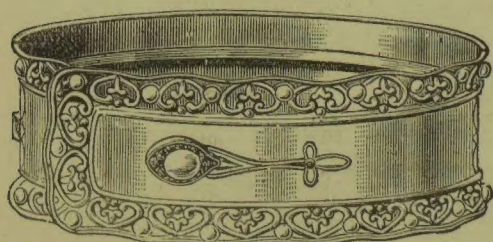
BANISHED, a TALE by JOAQUIN MILLER, will also appear on DEC. 14. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is published every Thursday in Boston and London. Price One Penny.
Of all Newsagents; or sent on receipt of stamp from LONDON Office, 44, Fleet-street, E.C.

THE MANUFACTURING

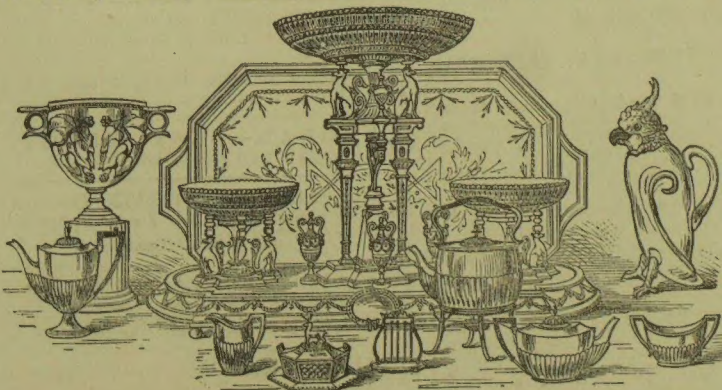
GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

SHOW-ROOMS, 112, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.

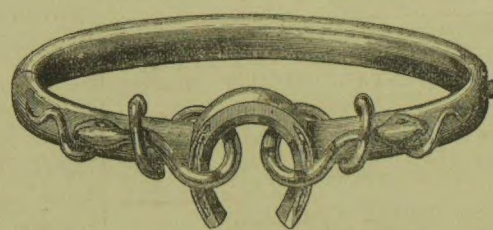
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



FINE GOLD AND PEARL BRACELET, £8.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



FINE GOLD AND PLATINA BRACELET, £4 10s.

The Show-Rooms contain a great variety of Diamond and Fine Gold Jewellery, Sterling Silver, Electro Plate, Watches and Clocks of the highest quality and finish, an inspection of which is solicited. The Company being Manufacturers, and Supplying Purchasers Direct, their Prices are from Twenty-five to Fifty per cent below the Ordinary Retail Houses. Plain Figures. Cash Prices. Goods forwarded for Selection.

Awarded Five First-class Medals, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, the highest award for excellence of quality and taste in design. Catalogues post-free.

FACTORIES: CLERKENWELL, SHEFFIELD, PARIS, AND AT BELFAST.

SEASONABLE PRESENTS.

FURS FOR LADIES.

SEALSKIN JACKETS, from 10 guineas.
FUR MUFFS. FUR CAPES.
FUR GLOVES. FUR HATS.
FOOT WARMERS.

FURS FOR GENTLEMEN.

FUR-LINED COATS.
FUR GLOVES. FUR TRAVELLING CAPS.

FURS FOR CHILDREN.

FUR MUFFS. FUR HATS.
FUR GLOVES. PERAMBULATOR RUGS.

FURS FOR DRIVING.

CARRIAGE RUGS, from 35s. to 35 guineas.

THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON
for FUR GOODS of every Description.

THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE,

Wholesale and Retail,

163 and 165, REGENT-STREET,
LONDON, W.

Two doors from New Burlington-street.

T. S. JAY, Manager.

10000 PRESENTS
FOR
CHRISTMAS
FROM 5/- TO £10
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE
OXFORD ST.
LONDON
W
PARKINS & COTTO

DRESSING BAGS.
DRESSING CASES.
HAND and WAIST BAGS.
JEWEL CASES.
POSTAGE SCALES.
BRUSH CASES.
RETICULES.
BAGATELLE BOARDS.
INDOOR GAMES, all kinds.

WRITING CASES.
DESPATCH BOXES.
INKSTANDS, DESKS.
PURSES, FANS.
POCKET BOOKS.
OPERA GLASSES.
PENCIL CASES.
SCENT BOTTLES.
CIGAR CASES.

PORTRAIT ALBUMS.
SCRAP BOOKS.
PORTRAIT FRAMES.
BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS.
CHURCH SERVICES.
CHILDREN'S BOOKS.
SILVER JEWELLERY.
CLOCKS, CARRIAGE ditto.
ORNAMENTS, all kinds.

NICHOLSON'S

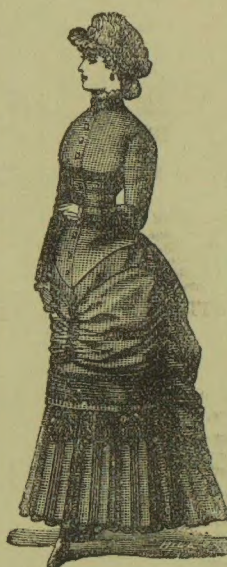
LATEST
NOVELTIES
IN
COSTUMES,
PALETOTS,
AND
MANTLES.

ILLUSTRATIONS POST-FREE.
SILKS, SATINS,
DRESS MATERIALS
of the latest
production and of the
most fashionable colours.
PATTERNS FREE.

The present Engraving
represents one of the most
useful Costumes of the
season.

NICHOLSON'S,

50 to 53,
St. Paul's-churchyard,
London.



The "Bourmouthe,"
in checked or mixed Tweeds.
handsomely braided, £1 18s. 6d.



ROWLANDS' ODONTO is the purest and
most fragrant dentifrice ever made. All dentists
will allow that neither washes nor pastes can
possibly be as efficacious for polishing the teeth
and keeping them sound and white as a pure and
non-gritty tooth powder; such Rowlands' Odonto
has always proved itself to be.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, known for
the last eighty years as the best and safest
preserver and beautifier of the hair; it contains
no lead or mineral ingredients, and is especially
adapted for the hair of children. Sold also in a
golden colour. Ask any Chemist, Perfumer, or
Hairdresser for Rowlands' Articles.

PETER ROBINSON'S COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING. REGENCY-STREET.

FAMILY MOURNING.
UPON RECEIPT OF LETTER OR TELEGRAM, PETER ROBINSON'S Experienced Dressmakers and Milliners travel to all parts of the Country (no matter the distance), free of any extra charge, with Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and a full Assortment of Made-up Articles of the best and most suitable description. Also Materials by the Yard, and supplied at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if purchased at the Warehouse in REGENCY-STREET.

Mourning for servants at unexceptionally low rates, at a great saving to large or small families.

Funerals conducted in Town or Country at stated Charges.
Address, 256 to 262, Regent-street, London,
PETER ROBINSON'S.

NEW AUTUMN FASHIONS.
PETER ROBINSON'S
NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.
MANTLES, COSTUMES, and EVENING ROBES,
at his MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
256 to 262, Regent-street.

COSTUMES.—Elegant Silk Costumes—
from 5 to 20 guineas.
COSTUMES.—Rich and Beautiful Dresses—
from 5 to 10 guineas.
COSTUMES.—Evening and Fête Dresses—
from 1 to 10 guineas.
COSTUMES.—Material Dresses in immense Variety, the latest Fashions—
from 2 to 10 guineas.

BLACK SILKS.
The most reliable for Wear,
highly recommended,
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 9d., 8s. 3d., 9s. 6d.

BROCADED VELVETS
for MANTLES and DRESSES,
Beautiful Designs, from 7s. 6d., to 15s. 6d.

NEW BLACK MATERIALS.
Black Indian Cashmere, 1s. 6d.
Black Foulé Angola, 1s.
Drap de Dame, 2s. 6d.
Black French Cashmere and Merinos, 1s. 11d.

MADE-UP EVENING DRESSES
in the largest variety of elegant designs,
from 25s. to 60 guineas.
Descriptive Illustrations, with prices, free on application to
PETER ROBINSON,
THE COURT MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
256, Regent-street, London.

PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD-ST.
SPECIAL SILK NOTICE.
£20,000 OF RICH SILKS,
Bought on very advantageous Terms,
NOW ON SALE, COMPRISING

200 Pieces Black Brocade Velvets, per yard	6s. 11d.
200 Pieces Grisaille Moirés, per yard	2s. 6d.
Satin Duchesse, per yard	2s. 11d.
4-1 silk Satin Duchesse, per yard	5s. 11d.
200 Shades to select from.	
200 Pieces Matelassés for Mantles, from, per yard	4s. 6d.
Brocades of Extreme Richness, from, per yard, 4s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.	
Velvets and Flashes, Plain and Brocade, from, per yard	4s. 6d.
100 Pieces of Coloured Rhodamnes, a rich fashionable silk, specially cheap, per yard	4s. 6d.
140 Pieces of Moiré Française, per yard	3s. 6d.
Surah Silks, for Evening Wear, per yard	2s. 11d.
100 Shades to select from.	

Silks for Bridal and Evening Wear in great variety. Every description of Silk, Satin, Velvets, and Brocades can be had to match.

PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD-ST.
EARLY WINTER DRESSES,
including all the New Shades in
Indian Cashmere, Camel Hair ditto.
Drap de Femme, French Cashmere de Paris, &c.
Every Colour in fine French Merino, very wide, 1s. 11d. and
2s. 6d. per yard.

Foulé Cloths, Plain Colours and Heather Mixtures,
all-wool, 1s. per yard.
Also some high new Lines (Very Fashionable) in
BRITISH AND FOREIGN TARTANS.
For Draping Costumes, and for the Complete Dress.
In every Variety of all-Wool Plaid, 1s. 6d. to 3s. 9d. per yard.

NEW SHADES IN VELVETEENS.
Rich Browns, Bronze, Navy, Dark Greens,
Grenat, Claret, Old Gold, &c.
Also, White and Light Colours for Fête Dresses,
from 2s. 3d. to 5s. 9d. per yard, very wide.

THE NEW RICH BLACK (as advertised)
in every quality, from 1s. 11d. to 4s. 6d. per yard.

FOR WINTER and TRAVELLING
WEAR.
ALL-WOOL ENGLISH SERGES,
in every make and colour,
from 9d. to 2s. 3d. per yard.
Patterns free of all the above from
PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD-ST., W.

HENRY GLAVE'S
BLACK AND COLOURED VELVETEENS.
Black Velveteen .. 1s. 9d. .. 1s. 3d. .. 1s. 9d.
Black Velveteen .. 1s. 11d. .. 2s. 11d. .. 3s. 11d.
Coloured Velveteen .. 1s. 11d. .. 2s. 6d.
Brocade Velveteen .. 1s. 11d. .. 2s. 11d.
Striped Velveteen .. 1s. 11d. .. 2s. 11d.
Louis Velveteen .. 1s. 4d. .. 1s. 11d.
Brocade Velveteen .. 2s. 11d. .. 3s. 11d.
Brocade Velveteen .. 5s. 11d. .. 7s. 11d.
Brocade Silks .. 3s. 6d. .. 3s. 11d.
Brocade Silks .. 4s. 11d. .. 5s. 11d.
Mantle Brocades .. 8s. 9d.
MOURNING GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Patterns sent post-free.

HENRY GLAVE,
80, 82, 84, 86, 88, NEW OXFORD-STREET, W.C.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.
If your hair is turning grey, or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer." It will positively restore in every case grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. "The Mexican Hair Renewer" is sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE. For the Teeth and Breath.
Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke; being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly delicious to the taste, and as harmless as sherry. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

WHITE, SOUND, BEAUTIFUL TEETH ENSURED.
THE MOST BEYOND AND LUXURY OF THE TOILET.
USED IN HIGHEST CIRCLES HALF A CENTURY.
THE ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE,
JEWELLERY and BROWN'S,
PRESERVES TEETH AND GUMS TO OLD AGE.
GIVES FRESHNESS TO THE BREATH.
ONLY THE GENUINE ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE
is signed JEWELLERY and BROWN'S.
All Chemists. Pots, 1s. 6d.; double, 2s. 6d.
Keeps perfect in every climate for years.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON,
For CONSTIPATION, BILE, HEADACHE.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON,
A LAXATIVE AND REFRESHING
FRUIT LOZENGE,
UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
2s. 6d. per Box, stamp included.
Sold by Chemists and Druggists.
Wholesale—E. GRILLON, 53, Queen-street, London, E.C.

MAPLE and CO., TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, LONDON.

UPHOLSTERERS by Appointment to
HER MAJESTY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Complimentary
WEDDING and BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
An immense variety. Acres of Show-Rooms for the display of goods, both Useful and Ornamental, from One Shilling to one Hundred Guineas. The variety is so extensive and various that an inspection is solicited.—MAPLE and CO., London.

ARTISTIC DECORATIONS.
ARTISTIC PAPERHANGINGS.
LINCRUSTA-WALTON,
THE NEW MATERIAL for WALLS.

DECORATIONS, Artistic Wall Papers.
Messrs. MAPLE and CO. undertake every description of ARTISTIC HOUSE DECORATION, including gilding, repairs, parquet work, &c. The head of this department is a thoroughly qualified architect, assisted by a large staff of artists and skilled workmen. Coloured Drawings and Estimates furnished.—145, 146, 147, 148, 149, Tottenham-court-road; 1 to 15, Tottenham-place, London.

MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of
BED-ROOM SUITES by MACHINERY.
500 BED-ROOM SUITES, from 3½ guineas
to 200 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Pine, 5½ guineas.
BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, plate-
glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, £10 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut,
plate-glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, £11 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut,
plate-glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, and Chest of Drawers, £14 14s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash or
Walnut, with large plate-glass to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, Large Chest of Drawers, £18 18s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut,
beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, with
6-ft. Wardrobe, complete, £22 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, Pure Chippendale
in design, and solid rosewood, walnut, or dark mahogany, large Wardrobes (two wings for hanging), with raised centre; Duchesse Toilet-Table fitted with jewel-drawers, Washstand with Minton Tiles, pedestal cupboard, towel-horse, and three chairs. These Suites are very richly carved out of the solid wood, with bevel plates. 35 to 50 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—Chippendale,
Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs; large Wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly inlaid; also Satinwood inlaid with different woods. 85 to 100 guineas.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE free. The
largest Furnishing Establishment in the World.

MAPLE and CO., Tottenham-court-road.
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT of
BEDSTEADS, in Brass,
BEDSTEADS, Full Size,
BEDSTEADS, 3½ Guineas.

TEN THOUSAND BEDSTEADS in
Stock to select from.

MAPLE and CO.—Bedsteads in Wood,
Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture and bedding complete. The bedsteads are fixed, in stock, ready for choice. Over 10,000 iron and brass bedsteads now in stock to select from. From 8s. 9d. to 30 guineas each. Very strong, useful brass bedsteads, 30 guineas. Bedding of every description manufactured on the premises, and all warranted pure. The trade supplied.

MAPLE and CO. BEDDING.
MAPLE and CO. Spring Mattresses.
SPRING MATTRESSES.—The Patent
Wire-woven Spring Mattress.—We have made such advantageous arrangements that we are enabled to forward the above much-admired Spring Mattresses at the following low prices:—

3ft.	3ft. 6in.	4ft.	4ft. 6in.	5ft.
21s.	25s.	28s.	35s.	40s.

MAPLE and CO., IMPORTERS of
TURKEY CARPETS.
TURKEY CARPETS, as made in the
Seventeenth Century.

NOTICE.—Just arrived, ex Ss. Pelayo and
Ss. Seyne, via Marseilles, a large consignment of fine
TURKEY CARPETS. Unique Colourings. Reproductions of
the seventeenth Century.
Only at MAPLE and CO.'S, Tottenham-court-road, London.

TURKEY, Persian, and Indian CARPETS.
The following are a few of a great number of exceptionally
large sizes: these are not generally to be found ready made, but
are always kept in stock by MAPLE and CO.:—

36 ft. 0 in. by 24 ft. 9 in.	32 ft. 5 in. by 19 ft. 7 in.
35 ft. 9 in. by 18 ft. 6 in.	30 ft. 0 in. by 18 ft. 6 in.
33 ft. 3 in. by 20 ft. 7 in.	31 ft. 0 in. by 18 ft. 0 in.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT of
INDIAN, PERSIAN, and TURKEY CARPETS always in
stock. Superior qualities. Purchasers must beware of inferior
Turkish Carpets, which are now being manufactured and sold as
best quality at so much per square yard.—MAPLE and CO.,
Tottenham-court-road.

MAPLE and CO. have correspondents and
buyers in India and Persia (who act solely for them) from
whom they receive direct consignments of superior and first-
class CARPETS of guaranteed qualities. Purchasers are
cautioned against large quantities which are coming forward of
inferior quality, these having been made to suit the demand for
cheap foreign carpets, especially Turkey. The trade supplied.

THE LARGEST STOCK of
ORIENTAL CARPETS in EUROPE.

NOTICE.—MAPLE and CO. have their
own Agents at Smyrna, Tabreez, and Calcutta, and are
therefore able to guarantee a higher standard of quality than can
be obtained through those dealers who have to rely on the
Importing Merchants, and thus pay the middleman a profit.
American and other Foreign Trade Buyers will find here a great
advantage.

5000 PIECES of Manufacturer's "Best"
BRUSSELS, at 3s. 6d. per yard, but not new patterns.

NOTICE.—MAPLE and CO. have specially
made EXTRA QUALITY BRUSSELS, as produced
thirty years ago, adapted for hardest wear at a small increased
cost. New and very choice in design. Inspection invited.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.
Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this
department is now so organized that they are fully prepared to
execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in
furnishing at the same price, if not less than any other house
in England. Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.

ORDERS for EXPORTATION to any
part of the World packed carefully on the premises, and
forwarded on receipt of a remittance or London reference.

MAPLE and CO., LONDON.

ANTIBES.—GRAND HÔTEL DU CAP.

Let our friends know we are settled here for the season.
Delightful spot, midway between Cannes and Nice.
Magnificent scenery, of Bay of St. Raphael and Gulf Juan.
The Estrelles on one side, on the other the snow-capped Alps of Italy.
The only Hotel on the Mediterranean which can (geo-
graphically) command such a sight.
Most comfortable house, room for 200 guests. Agreeable
friends, pleasant society. Excellent table and pension. We pay
10 francs, inclusive terms, to a most obliging landlord, Mr. F.
Jaccard, who speaks English.
With these attractions, and a health-restoring climate free
from epidemics, ten acres of grounds, and boat—what more
can man desire?
The omnibus will meet you at the train.

ARCACHON.—GRAND HOTEL.
Superior first-class. Open sea, and Hydropathic Baths.
Winter season, English Pension, 8 francs per day. South aspect
rooms.
VAN LYMBECK, Proprietor.

BIARRITZ.—Free from fever and
epidemics; no bad drains or smells; model for cleanliness;
no frost, no snow; bright sun; English comforts and pastimes,
as at Pau and Riviera.

CANNES.—Hôtel des Anglais.—Very
healthy position, south aspect, large garden; good water,
drainage, and ventilation. Comfort. Every attention to
English comfort.
MEYER GEORGES, Proprietor.

CANNES.—Hôtel Beau Site (adjoining Lord
Brougham's property). Beautiful and sheltered situation.
Large gardens. Lawn tennis. Baths. Lift. 200 chambers.
Moderate charges.
GEORGES GONCLOUX, Proprietor.

CANNES.—Finest Teas and Coffees. Crosse
and Blackwell's goods. Real York Hams, Wiltshire Bacon,
Huntley and Palmer's Biscuits, Bass's Ale, Guinness's Stout,
Martell's Brandy.—BARRETT and BARRETT, 39, Rue d'Antibes.

LUZERNE.—St. Gothard Railway Terminus
Hotel, next the station. Best accommodation, recom-
mended to travellers to and from Italy as a favourable oppor-
tunity for breaking journey. Facing lake.—J. DÖRFFNER, Prop.

MALTA, Corsica, Egypt, Constantinople,
Italy, Greece, and Danube, by Fraissinet and Co.'s steamers.
Prospectus and tariff of Smith, Sundius, and Co., Gracchius-
street; or Fraissinet and Co., 6, Place de la Bourse, Marseilles.

MARSEILLES.—Grand Hôtel Louvre and
Palais. Largest in Marseilles. Universal reputation for
modern comfort. Moderate charges. Lift, table d'hôte, billiards,
baths, omnibus.—PAUL NEUSCHWANDER and Co., Proprietors.

MENTON.—Hôtel Splendide, South Aspect.
MENTON.—Near St. John's Church and Sea Beach.
MENTON.—Pension from St. P. Prospectus free.
MENTON.—Hôtel Splendide. G. HORNBAEGER, Prop.

MONACO.—The SUMMER BATHING
SEASON is NOW OPEN.
The Sea Baths of Monaco are completely protected from the
north winds, and the most healthful and enjoyable on the
Mediterranean Coast.

The Grand Hôtel des Bains, upon the seashore, contains most
comfortable and luxurious apartments for families at moderate
prices.
Hot and Cold Salt and Fresh Water Baths, and Hydropathic
Establishment. Tropical vegetation abounds, yet the tem-
perature is always cooled by the cool sea breezes.

MONACO is situated about 35 minutes from Nice, and
20 minutes from Mentone, and vies with either town for its
sanitary arrangements and healthful climate.

NICE, CANNES, MENTON, MONTE-
CARLO, OSPEDALETTI, and SAN REMO.
To Visitors to the Riviera.

For SALE, in the above winter resorts, most Beautiful
Grounds, suitable for Villas, full south, facing the sea, and well
sheltered from wind. Prices, from 100 to 5000 francs. Full
particulars on application to the Société Foncière Lyonnaise,
23, Rue de Grammont, Paris; or to its Agencies in Nice, Cannes,
and San Remo.

NICE.—Vitali's Hôtel Cimiez. Branch house
of the Hôtel de France. Most charming position, in the
healthiest quarters of Nice. Constant correspondence by omnibus
between the two hotels.
BERTHELMAN, Manager.

PARIS.—Hôtel Meurice, Rue de Rivoli,
opposite the Tuilleries Gardens, full south. High-class
Family Hotel. Excellent cooking, superior wines. Safety
lift on each floor.
H. SHENNICR, Proprietor.

WHERE Do You Pass Next Winter? Try
the ENGADINER KÜLIM, St. Moritz, Engadine, Switzer-
land. 6180 deg. alt. Curative air. No epidemics. Health restored.
Pamphlet of Mr. BADRUT, Proprietor. Arrangements made.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted.
Four times the strength of Cocos Thickened yet Weakened with
Arrowroot, Starch, &c.

The faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digest-
ible Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER."
Keeps in all climates. Requires no cooking. A teaspoonful to
Breakfast Cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.
In Air-Tight Tins, at 1s. 6d., 3s., &c., by Chemists and Grocers.
H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam-street, London, W.C.

FRY'S
FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable
article."—Standard.

COCOA.
FRY'S COCOA EXTRACT.
"Strictly pure."—W. W. STODDART,
F.I.C., F.C.S., City Analyst, Bristol.
SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.
Awarded the
GRAND
DIPLOMA OF HONOUR.

CHOCOLAT MENIER, in ½ lb. and ¼ lb.
PACKETS.
For
BREAKFAST
and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.—Awarded Twenty-
Eight
PRIZE MEDALS.
Consumption annually
exceeds 22,000,000 lb.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Paris,
London,
New York.

TRY THE ESSEX FLOUR and GRAIN
COMPANY'S "NEW ROLLER PROCESS" FLOUR.

TRY THE ESSEX FLOUR and GRAIN
COMPANY'S LENTIL FLOUR for Invalids.

OATMEAL.—BEST BERWICK.
ESSEX FLOUR and GRAIN COMPANY.

ESSEX FLOUR and GRAIN COMPANY
supply all kinds of Grain, &c. For List of Prices, apply
to Company's only Address,
LIVERPOOL-ROAD, LONDON, N.

INGHAM'S MARSALA WINES maintain
their unrivalled and world-famed reputation for extreme
purity and delicacy, and are recommended by the Faculty.
Ask for "Ingham's Marsala." Of all Wine Merchants.

SWISS CHAMPAGNE.—Recommended
pure and dry; equal to French. 50 percent cheaper. Three
dozen case delivered in Bond London, on remittance, for 78s.
FRITZ STUBB and CO., Bâle, Switzerland. Agents appointed.

L. TAPIER and CO.
World-famed Claret and Cognacs.
BORDEAUX.
London: 97, Jermyn-street; Cellars, 173, Piccadilly.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.

SUBSTANTIAL ARTISTIC FURNITURE
(Regd.)
OETZMANN & CO.,
HAMPSTEAD-ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN
and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD-ROAD,
near Tottenham-court-road, London. CARPETS, Furniture,
Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass,
Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, Pianos, &c., and
every other requisite for completely furnishing a house through-
out. Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality.
OETZMANN and CO.

REMOVALS and WAREHOUSING.
OETZMANN and CO. undertake REMOVALS by Road,
Rail, or Sea, with their large Patent Vans; also WARE-
HOUSING when required; competent persons, accustomed to
handling valuable and delicate articles, are sent, and the goods
carefully removed and refixed. The charges are very moderate,
and can be ascertained beforehand if desired.
OETZMANN and CO.

THE "SANDRINGHAM" EASY-CHAIR,
full size, upholstered very soft and comfortable, suitable
for any room, price 25s.; Lady's ditto, smaller size, 21s.; also the
Sandringham Couch, upholstered very soft and comfortable,
price 2 guineas. Everyone about to furnish should see these
marvels of excellence and economy. Packed free and dispatched
same day on receipt of order per post.—OETZMANN and CO.

TURKEY CARPETS.—OETZMANN
and CO.—Turkey, Indian, and Persian Carpets and Rugs, at
greatly reduced prices, ranging from 15s. 6d. to 80 guineas. A
reduced Price-List, with sizes and description, sent, post-free,
on application. Prices will be found much below those usually
charged. A quantity of Indian Rugs, 8s. 6d. each; some very
handsome ditto at 35s. to 45s.

BLANKETS CHEAPER THAN EVER.
OETZMANN and CO. are now OFFERING a large
STOCK of stout heavy BLANKETS, all wool, suitable for
Charities, large Institutions, &c.; also Quilts and Flannels.
These goods having been bought for cash during the late
depression, the prices will be found much below actual value.
Reduced Price-List post-free.—OETZMANN and CO.

ARTISTIC CHINA, GLASS, &c.
OETZMANN and CO. invite an inspection of their large
display of Crown Derby China and Royal Worcester Porcelain,
Royal Dresden China, Doulton Ware and Faience, Royal Sèvres
China, Japanese and Chinese China, Nankin Blue and White
China, the new Swiss Decorated Faience, French and English
Terra-Cotta and Parian China Statuettes, Busts, &c.; Royal
Berlin China, Dutch Faience, Flemish Ware, Vallauris Pottery,
Venetian and Irresistible Glass; also a large assortment of both
English and Foreign Table and Ornamental Glass of every
description; the latest Parisian designs in Clocks, Bronzes, and
both ornamental and useful China. Catalogues forwarded post-
free.—OETZMANN and CO.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.
OETZMANN and CO.—Orders sent per post, whether large
or small, receive prompt and careful attention. Those residing
at a distance, or any to whom a personal visit would be incon-
venient, desiring to leave the selection to the firm, may rely
upon a faithful attention to their wishes and interests in the
selection. This department is personally supervised by a member
of the firm, and O. and Co. continually receive numerous letters
expressing the greatest satisfaction with the execution of orders
so entrusted. Persons residing in Foreign Countries and the
Colonies will find great advantages by entrusting their orders
to O. and Co. For further particulars, please see page 376 in
Catalogue, sent free on application.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, post-free.
OETZMANN & CO.,
HAMPSTEAD-ROAD.

THE SEWELL'S KEYLESS WATCHES,
FINEST
WATCHES
MADE.
Price Medal, London, Paris, and Philadelphia.
Damp and Dust-proof, 18-carat cases, adjusted and
compensated for all climates, £10 10s., £14 14s., and
£25; Ladies', £7 7s., £10 10s., and £18 18s.; in silver
cases, for Ladies or Gentlemen, £5 5s., £8 8s., and
£2 2s. Forwarded on receipt of remittance.—J.
SEWELL, 30, Cornhill, London; and 61, South Castle-
street, Liverpool. Illustrated Catalogue free.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES
are superseding all others. Prize Medal—London 1872;
Paris 1875. Silver Watches, from £4 4s.; Gold, from 55s. Price-
List sent free.—77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.

BENSON'S Gentleman's Full-size
GOLD LEVER WATCH, KEYLESS
Action, patent stout damp and dust proof
18-carat cases, crystal glass. Guaranteed
the perfection of workmanship, durability,
timekeeping, and strength. Sent free
and safe per post on receipt of £10 note, by
J. W. BENSON, the Queen's Watchmaker,
LUDGATE-HILL, E.C. Gold Chains at
Wholesale Prices.

JOHN BROGDEN,
ART GOLDSMITH and JEWELLER,
6, GRAND HOTEL-BUILDINGS, CHARING-CROSS.
The attention of the public is respectfully directed to the
great advantage of purchasing from the bona fide manufacturer
at really wholesale prices for ready money, thereby superseding
co-operative stores. The 18-carat Gold Artistic Jewellery is made
in the basement, where some of the most skilled goldsmiths can
be seen at work. The Paris Gold Medal in 1878 was awarded for
"Goldsmiths' Work and Jewellery in exquisite taste"; also the
Chevalier Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Grand Diplôme
d'Honneur, and Gold Medal of L'Académie Nationale, Paris.
Established A.D. 1798.
No agents are authorised to call on customers.